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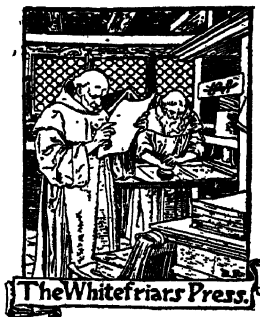
Punch



Vol. cxxxvii.

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Sporting Combines.

To the list of established hybrid games—Ice-Hockey, Bath-Handball (sometimes called Water-Polo), and Pony-Hockey (sometimes called Polo, *tout court*)—it is now proposed to add the sport of Roller-Tennis. Other attractive combinations have occurred to us, such as Airship-Golf, Submarine-Football, Jujitsu-Curling (with humans for stones), Motor-Cricket (petrol interval at 4.30), Express-Patience (for Messenger Boys), Polo-Bridge (like ordinary Bridge but with a mounted

dummy), Croquet-Billiards (played on the usual billiard-table and highly recommended by the manufacturers of the same), Antarctic-Marathon (to find the Pole, then once round and back), Lacrosse-Badminton, and Looping-the-Caber.

“The rejection of the measure would still leave Radicalism committed to Socialism, but in the trough of a wave in which it would be in peril of ploughing the arid sands of Opposition.”—*Belfast Newsletter*. Not arid, surely.

THE GERM-CARRIER.

IN U.S.A. (across the brook)

There lives, unless the papers err,
A very curious Irish cook

In whom the strangest things occur:
Beneath her outside's healthy gloze
Masses of microbes seethe and wallow,
And everywhere that MARY goes
Infernal epidemics follow.

Herself immune and full of beans,
A state her ruddy cheek confirms,
They say she runs, behind the scenes,
A toiling factory of germs;
Wherever, rosy and robust,
She was engaged to boil the victuals,
The family would bite the dust,
Falling about her path like skittles.

What latent seeds of typhoid lurk
In ambush near her every pore,
You'll see in Dr. SOPER's work—
"A Chronic Germ-Distributor;"
A statistician gives his view
That, if she kept a dairy farm, he
Reckons that on her own she'd do
More damage than a German army.

Our MARY, being shut away
For two whole years to get her clean,
Is just as germy as the day
On which she went in quarantine;
And now the Court that tries her case
(Her chance was but the merest cipher) -
Sprinkles aseptics round the place
And says she ought to have a lifer.

And yet she's not the only one
That flings destruction far and wide,
And still contrives somehow to shun
The horrid poison housed inside;
I know a man, with health as rude,
Whose lightest word and simplest wheeze'll
Throw off a germ you can't elude—
Either a mump or else a measles.

As blooming as a perfect peach,
And hard as is the camel's hump,
LLOYD never learned, by sampling each,
To tell a measles from a mump;
Yet where he goes the microbes spread;
You mark, though he is never ailing,
Horror that vainly scoots ahead,
And pestilence behind him trailing.

Among his hundred books (the best),
Lord AVEBURY, counting up his cash,
Was shocked to find his noble chest
Break out into a measly rash;
"Nathaniel," too (that's not his name,
But let it serve for Budget humour),
Secured a brace of mumps that came
And caused a nasty facial tumor.

How deal with one who bears about
These germs of Socialistic rot?
Some would employ, to snuff him out,
A lethal chamber. I should not.
I recommend a happy mean,
A more humane and temperate measure:
I'd have him clapped in quarantine,
There to abide the country's pleasure.

O. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.*)

Little Arthur. Papa, you're a Conservative, aren't you?

Papa. Yes, my boy, of course I am.

L. A. Why do you say "of course," Papa? Couldn't you have been a Liberal?

Papa. Certainly not. Quite impossible.

L. A. Why not, Papa?

Papa. Oh, ab, well, they're a wretched lot, you know, confiscators and all that. They're never happy unless they're upsetting everything, and undermining the Church and the Constitution.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I've heard you say that before, and I'm sure it must be very dreadful. But, Papa.

Papa. Well, what is it? Speak up, you know. I'm only too glad you're showing an intelligent interest in politics.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I'm trying to do that. I was going to ask you if you thought all Liberals were bad men?

Papa. Oh, I don't go so far as that.

L. A. But if they're robbers, Papa, and disloyalists, and if they mean to abolish the King and destroy the Army and ruin the Navy, and if they're revolutionists actuated only by sordid greed and envy—

Papa. Who put all those long words into your head?

L. A. You did, Papa.

Papa. I?

L. A. Yes, Papa. I took them all from your speech at the meeting last week. You said (*reading from a newspaper*): "If you desire to have in power men who are disloyalists steeped to the lips in treason, if you wish the Government of this great country to be carried on by those who would uproot the throne, rob the rich, destroy property, tax the poor man's beer, and place our navy at the mercy of foreign powers; if——"

Papa. Yes, I remember.

L. A. That was what you said, Papa, and a good deal more, too, and then there was loud and long-continued applause.

Papa. Yes, the speech seemed to please them. It was what they'd all been thinking, you know, and when I said it for them they cheered.

L. A. Yes, Papa. William thought it was a good speech, too. He said, "Master did let 'em have it proper."

Papa. You shouldn't listen to what a footman says.

L. A. I couldn't help it, Papa. He said it quite loud, you know, the next morning in the breakfast-room, before you came down. But he said he was a Liberal himself, and he wasn't going to change.

Papa. Oh, he said that, did he?

L. A. Yes; and isn't Mr. Hopwood a Liberal too, Papa?

Papa. Yes, Hopwood's one of the worst Radicals I ever met—not far short of a Socialist, I fancy.

L. A. Oh, Papa, don't say that. That would be too terrible.

Papa. I'm afraid it's true.

L. A. But, Papa, Mr. Hopwood was dining here only two days ago.

Papa. Well, what if he was?

L. A. And after dinner, Papa, when I came in to dessert, you and Mr. Hopwood were talking, and Mr. Hopwood spoke about reform and the land and unearned wealth and the Budget, and you said there was a good deal to be said for it from his point of view, and he'd put it very well.

Papa. Yes, I know; he'd argue the hind leg off a donkey.

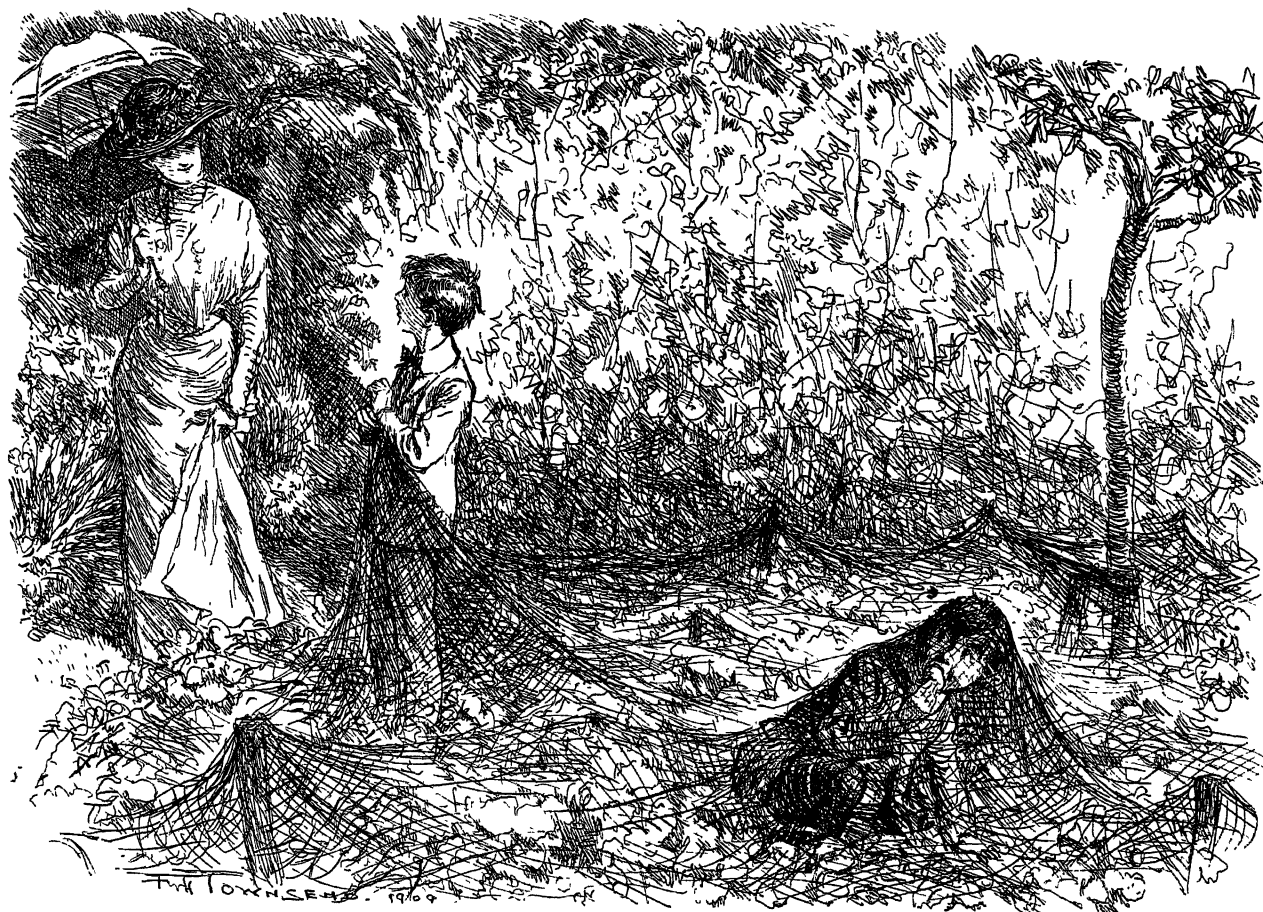
L. A. I should like to see him do that, Papa. And then you said the House of Lords wouldn't have it, and he said you were trying to break up the Constitution; and you said,



THE LAST RIDE TOGETHER.

PRINCE BUELOW. "AT THIS POINT, SIRE, WITH YOUR AUGUST PERMISSION, I PROPOSE TO RESIGN MY HIGH FUNCTION."

THE KAISER. "NAY, NAY, EXCELLENCY; WE WILL BEAR WITH YOU A LITTLE LONGER."



Hostess (who has told her schoolboy visitors to help themselves to strawberries). "WELL, HAVE YOU FOUND SOME NICE ONES?"

Lionel. "OH, YES, THANKS VERY MUCH—AND I'M AFRAID WE'VE TAKEN RATHER A LOT; BUT THEN, AS I SAID TO HERBERT, IT'S THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME."

No, you weren't, and he said, Yes, you were; and then you said in a crisis like this the Constitution didn't matter. I thought it was most interesting.

Papa. Come, that's very kind of you.

L. A. And then you drank a glass of port together, and he said, "The Budget," and you said, "The House of Lords," and you both laughed. You seemed to be rather pleased with him.

Papa. Yes, he'd argued well, but I rather think I got the best of it.

L. A. He didn't think so, Papa. I heard him say afterwards that he thought he'd taken a point or two off you. He said it to Mr. Hammerton.

Papa. Another Radical.

L. A. Yes, Papa, he's a Liberal too; so you had two Liberals to dinner.

Papa. Shows how broad-minded I am.

L. A. Oh, Papa, you're joking now. How can you make a joke of it?

Papa. Why shouldn't I?

L. A. But if they're such bad men, you oughtn't to give them dinner or be pleased with them. You ought to call the police and have them put in prison.

Papa. You think so, do you?

L. A. Yes Papa. They oughtn't to get off because they're rich men. You said yourself in that speech that the beauty of the law was that it was the same for the rich as for the poor.

Papa. So it is; but it won't hit Hopwood and Hammerton for being Radicals.

L. A. Well, all I can say is it ought to, if they're robbers and disloyalists and all that. But perhaps you didn't mean it, Papa. Perhaps you were joking.

Papa. Nothing of the sort.

L. A. Then you ought to tell the King about them and their Government.

Papa. The King?

L. A. Yes, because I read the other day that the King appoints the Government, so the King ought to know that his Government are robbers.

Papa. Oh, the King knows all about them right enough.

L. A. Then I can't understand it.

Papa. No, you can't; and you'd better be off now. I'm busy.

"Until the second hole was reached the game was one of give and take, neither side holding any advantage."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

It almost looks as though the first hole must have been halved.

"The Victoria and Albert Museum was considerably enriched on Saturday for the opening ceremony by many splendid loans. A considerable number of highly distinguished people lent their presence."—*Manchester Guardian.*

This is indeed doing it on the cheap.

A Monopolist.

"This," says *The Irish Times*, "was the fourth outing of the Jersey Lily filly, and she has been first, second and third every time."

This gives you some idea of what women would do in the way of place-hunting if they got into Parliament.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—My hay-party went with a bang, and was voted quite the newest and prettiest function in town this summer. I see the sincerest form cropping up already in several directions. I commandeered Mayfair Square for the occasion, and had ever so many loads of hay brought up from the country; I'm afraid it was a bit damp—several people say they caught cold—pigs! The dancing and supper mar-quees were made like big barns, and the cards I sent out were things of sheer joy, with the dearest little crossed rakes and pitchforks on them, and "Come and make hay while the moon shines." We were all *en paysanne*, of course, and as the men are so obstinate about dressing up I simply laid in a big store of smock-frocks, and made them put them on when they came. Pompom and my newest little darling (an Antarctic spaniel, my dear, a *dream* of doghood, with the sweetest, *weeniest* leggy-legs!) both wore teeny smock-frocks, and everyone was raving about the little thingy-things.

The moon put in a disappointing performance; however, we'd lots of lamps to support her, and the rain kept off, for that occasion only. I took care to have all the proper rustic dishes, syllabub, posset, junket, as well as things people really can eat and drink, and we did country dances, and played kiss-in-the-ring and threading-the-needle, and dancing-down-the-hay, and all the things rustics do, even to saying "ee" and "zee." People brought their own rakes and pitchforks, and some of them were certainly very chic; but mine were easily best—ivory with silver teeth. Norty, who looked awfully snappy in his smock-frock, said he believed it was "alien hay." Wasn't it a shame? I said it wasn't, but he persisted. He declares that even our hay isn't made in England now! For a touch of local colour I had two cows put in a corner of the square, to graze or chew, or whatever it is they do; but unluckily one of them ran at Aunt Goldie—(I'm not a bit surprised; it only shows what a lot of sense animals have!)—and she fainted. *Entre nous*, my dear, she looked most utterly and completely ricky in a short, flowered skirt with panniers, a sunbonnet, and buckled shoes. Isn't it quaint that she should care to come to a hay-party?—at her

age, you know, when, as the Psalmist says, "The grasshopper is a failure."

Of course I managed to secure the dear Empire Editors for dinner while they were in London, and every one said it was *extremely* well done and struck the right note, and all that sort of thing. The menus were in the form of proofs. There was "Consommé à la Rédacteur" and "Sole à l'Imprimerie," and the chief dishes were called "Leading Articles." Of course I'd no "canards" in the bill-of-fare, and no "marrons glacés" among the sweets. My own toilette was very carefully thought out, its *leitmotif* being *intellect*:—plain white satin, cut *princesse*, with

them said they'd never heard of any views or ideas at all like them before! Wasn't it flattering?

The most important piece of news this season is that *ears* are out—quite, and quite *démodé*. As SHAKESPEARE says, "If you have ears, prepare to shed them now," or, if shedding them outright is too diffy, at least hide them, for they're most unpopular features just now—(by the way, *would* ears be called *features* or *appliances*?)

Ears being out, it naturally follows that voices are worn loud and screamy; which reminds me of a little *tragedietta* people are telling each other. You must understand, to begin with, that

Winnie and Cuckoo Delamont have been in the first flight of the earless brigade (they both have the typical Delamont ear—an ear *obviously* intended to lead a very retired life!). The Duchess of Dunstable, with these two girls in tow, was one of the most persistent of the maternal *sports*, who, for a long time, have been patiently stalking Lord Orebright (rather a new creation, but *immensely* pecunious, my dear!). Well, whether old Dunstable at last wore him down, or whether he really did begin to see more in Cuckoo than anyone else has ever been able to see, one can't say, but the affair began to move and get some way on it, and finally came to a head at the Plummerys' garden-party, where, it seems, he proposed while he and Cuckoo were sheltering from the rain under some trees. Mrs. Jimmy Sharpe happened to be passing behind them at the time, and says she heard the offer made in the most formal terms—"I say, look here! What d'you say to you and me toddlin' to church together? I'm willin', if you are." And that unlucky Cuckoo had a heavy bunch of silk cherries over one ear and a great chiffon *chou* in the other, and never knew she'd had an offer! She spoke immediately of something quite irrelevant, and young Orebright thought he was refused; and now, they say, he's quite likely to be Clytie Vandollarbilt's fifth! When the story got round at last to the old Duchess, I hear she tore her transformation, boxed Cuckoo's peccant ears (there's a lot to box in the Delamont ear!), and went to bed for a week to do a rest-cure. The two girls go everywhere now with their ears severely unadorned and very much in evidence; but too late! too late! "After the stable-door is stolen—" you know the proverb.

Beryl Clarges and Babs St. Austin



Wife of Unemployed. "MY 'USBAND FINDS IT VERY 'ARD—VERY 'ARD INDEED, SIR, TO GET ANY WORK AT HIS TRADE." Facetious Gentleman (getting off old joke). "I SUPPOSE HE'S A SNOW-SHOVELLER." W. of U. "INDEED NO, SIR! NO SUCH LUCK! 'E'S ONLY A SNOW-SHOVELLER'S LABOURER!"

no trimmings, and only diamonds for ornaments. I felt perfectly at home with the dear, clever things, for, you know, literature and journalism are quite a fad of mine, and I should devote myself to them a good bit if I could spare time from things that matter more. I don't profess to be among the "Got-theres," or to be anything, at present, but a "Not-yet;" still, some *enormously* kind things have been said about two little signed articles of mine, "What to Wear and What to Say when Aeroplaning," and "Ought Young Girls to run without Blinkers or not?" in *The Sideglancer* and *The Peeress*.

I developed some of my views and ideas about the Press of the Empire to the dear Editors, and one or two of

are at daggers drawn, and have spoken a good deal of but not at all to each other since they met at the International Match at Hurlingham dressed exactly alike! Wasn't it a ghastly business? One likes one's frocks to be admired and applauded, but fancy the horror of having them encored!

They both wore Achille Frou-frou frocks (the new man, you know, who was over here a short time ago as the guest of our Government, and boasts that he dressed Ascot entirely, this year!) of *minon de soie*, in that sweet, undecided, indescribable shade called "Perhaps," precisely alike in every detail, even to the placing of the little touches of fringe that Achille signs all his gowns with. Each accuses the other of hanky-panky in the matter, and they both mean to bring an action against Achille, and apply to the French Government for extra something.

The latest about the Bullyon-Bounder-mere people is that she has engaged a clever little secky, who writes her out short, snappy conversations on "topics of the hour," which the B. B. woman proceeds to "get by heart," and that when they were dining with Bosh and Wee-Wee the other night, the masculine B.B., having, Bosh says, rather mixed his liquors, called out to his wife, just before the women left the table, "I say, M'ria! Not one of your subjects has been mentioned. Ain't it a pity?"

Ever thine, BLANK HE.

SRRERBERT.

ENTERPRISE being ever the badge of *The Eastminster Gazette*, a representative of that journal was in Sir HERBERT BEER-BOHM TREE's dressing-room within at least four days of his acquisition of the coveted honour of knighthood which His MAJESTY has just conferred upon the Lessee of His Theatre. The following is a short summary of the interviewer's experiences:—

Sir HERBERT—or SRRERBERT, as the man in the gallery fondly calls him—was found mopping his brow after his exertions at *Cesar's* bier and the repeated calls which almost automatically follow them. Mindful of MARK TWAIN's recent volume, I asked him, "Is SHAKSPEARE dead?"

"Dead!" he replied with fine emphasis and a lifting of the mobile brow which said as plainly as words—"Have you not just seen the completest contradiction? SHAKSPEARE, aided by his-trionic genius, can never die."

"And what," I asked, "does it feel like to be Sir HERBERT?"

"As natural," replied the great mimic, "as—as nature. To the manner born."



Late Arrival. "How's AUSTRALIA DOING?"

Patient Enthusiast. "WELL, I SHOULD THINK THEY MUST BE HAVING TEA. IT'S SOME TIME SINCE I HEARD ANYTHING."

"SHAKSPEARE," I ventured, "had no such distinction. Do you think that he would have written better had he been SIR WILLIAM?"

"Ah," said Sir HERBERT, "there you pose me. He might, and," he added thoughtfully, "he might not."

"May I record those words?" I asked, drawing out my pad.

"Surely," replied my host; "is not that what you came for?"

I wrote them down and here they are. There would doubtless be more like them but for the sudden appearance of the call-boy, in response to whose sum-

mons the knight vanished with a courtly farewell.

"Ah!" said I to myself, "if only all those whom the KING delights to honour were like that! *O si sic omnes!* Such aplomb!"

Quick Scoring.

"Davis was batting an hour and 55 minutes for his brilliant display, which only contained one very difficult chance. Just before his dismissal he hit 22 fours."—*Manchester Evening News*.

It seems to have been a sort of after-thought.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER III.—GOOD SHOOTING.

"Will somebody give me a cigarette?" said Myra, stretching out a hand.

"I fancy not," I said, "Thomas and I both feel that you are too young."

"I don't really want one, but when I'm locked up in the billiard-room with two dumb men——"

"We were reflecting on our blessed victory."

"Were you thinking of Archie's century or John's bowling?"

"Neither, oddly enough. I was recalling my own catch which won the match. Poetry; let's go and tell Simpson."

"It was a skier," said Myra. "I thought it was never coming down. What did you think of all the time?"

"Everything. All my past life flashed before my eyes. I saw again my happy childhood's days, when I played innocently in the—er—pantry. I saw myself at school, sl—working. I saw——"

"Did you happen," interrupted Thomas, when we both thought he was fast asleep, "to see yourself being badly taken on by me at billiards?"

"Thomas, you're not properly awake, old friend. I know that feeling. Turn over on the other side and take a breath."

Thomas rose and stretched himself, and went over to the cue rack. "You should have heard him siding about his blessed billiards this morning," he told Myra.

"I didn't side. I simply said that anybody could beat Thomas. Do they play billiards much at the Admiralty? I should have thought the motion——"

"Take a cue. Myra will mark."

"Rather; I can mark like anything."

"Once upon a time," I said, "there was a lad who wanted to go into the Admiralty. But his mother said, 'Not until you have learnt to swim, Thomas.' So he had a set of six private lessons for one guinea before he went in for the examination. He came out thirty-eighth, and was offered a lucrative appointment in the Post Office . . . Hence his enormous skill at billiards. Thick or clear?"

"I will adventure half-a-crown upon the game," said Thomas, giving a miss.

"Right O ROTHSCHILD. Now, are you ready, marker? I'm spot. Hadn't you better oil the board a bit? Well, as long as you can work it quickly enough."

I took careful aim, and my ball went up the table and back again, with the idea, I imagine, of inspecting the wicket. It seemed quite fast.

"One all," said Myra, and Thomas kindly brought his ball and mine to the top of the table.

"I fancy I shall be able to swerve from this end," I said. I tried a delicate cannon, and just missed the object ball. "I shall find a spot directly—there's one under the red ball, I believe."

"Do try and hit something," said Myra.

"The marker is not allowed to give advice," I said sternly. "What's the matter, Thomas?"

"I'm not quite sure what to do."

"I think you ought to chalk your cue here," I said, after examining the position.

"I've done that."

"Then ram the red."

Thomas rammed and all but sank it in the left-hand pocket.

"I am now," I said, "going to do a cannon off the cushion. Marker, what is my score?"

"One, Sir."

"Then kindly get ready to put it up to three . . . Rotten luck."

"Wrong side," said Myra judicially.

"No, I meant to hit it that side."

"I mean you wanted a little check side."

"Hang it, this isn't chess. Go on, Thomas."

Thomas, who had been chalking his cue, advanced to the table. "Hallo," he said, "where's the other ball?"

I looked at the table, and there were only two balls on it!

"That's an extraordinary thing," I said in amazement; "I'm almost certain we started with three."

"Did you put me down?"

"Certainly not; I shouldn't dream of doing such a thing. I don't say but what I mayn't have slipped down myself when nobody was looking. Myra, did you notice which pocket I was trying for that time?"

We felt in all of them and at last found my ball in one of the bottom ones. It must have gone there very quietly.

"Score, marker?" I asked confidently, as I prepared to continue my break.

"Oh, you're going over the crease," cried Myra.

I took my ball back an inch. "Will you tell me the score?" I said.

"STEVENSON (in play), three; INMAN, two. INMAN's two were both wides."

Barely were the words out of her mouth when INMAN's score was increased by a no-ball. A miss-cue they call it technically.

"Three all," said Myra. "This is awfully exciting. First one is ahead, and then the other."

"By the way, how many up are we playing?"

"Five, aren't you?" said Myra.

This roused Thomas. He had played himself in and now proceeded to make a pretty break of seventeen. I followed. There was a collision off the middle pocket between spot and red, and both went down. Then plain was unintentionally sunk as the result of a cannon shot, and spot and red sailed into harbour. With Thomas's miss I scored

eleven. Unfortunately, off my next stroke Thomas again went down.

"Billiards," he said.

"You don't think I want to put the rotten thing down, do you? It's such a blessed rabbit. Directly it sees a hole anywhere it makes for it. Hallo, six more. I shall now give what they call a miss in baulk."

"Oh, good miss," cried Myra, as spot rested over the middle pocket.

"That was a gcogly. You both thought it would break the other way."

The game went on slowly. When Thomas was ninety and I was ninety-nine there was a confused noise without, and Archie and Miss Blair burst into the room. At least only Archie actually burst; Miss Blair entered sedately.

"Who's winning?" cried Archie.

"What an absurd question," I said. "As if we should tell you."

"All right. Dahl—Miss Blair, have you ever seen billiards played really well?"

"Never."

"Then now's your chance. Ninety, ninety-nine—they've only just begun. This is Thomas's first break, I expect. There—he's got a clear board. You get five extra for that, and the other man is rubiconed. Ninety-nine all. Now it is only a question of who misses first."

I put down my cue.

"Thomas," I began, "we have said some hard things about each other to-night, but when I listen to Archie I feel very friendly towards you."

"Archibald," said Thomas, "is a beastly name."

"So I told Miss Blair. For a man who was, so to speak, born with a silver billiard-table in his month, to come here and make fun of two persevering and, in my case, promising players, is——"

"You'll never finish that sentence," said Myra. "Try some more billiards."

"It was almost impossible to say what I wanted to say grammatically," I answered, and I hit my ball very hard up the table at the white . . .

"It's working across," said Archie, after the second bounce; "it must hit the red soon. I give it three more laps."

"It's going much more slowly now," said Miss Blair.

"Probably it's keeping a bit of a sprint for the finish. Wait till it gets its second wind . . . No, I'm afraid it's no good; it ought to have started sooner. Hallo, yes, it's—— Got him!"

"It hasn't finished yet," I said calmly. "Look . . . there!"

"Jove," said Archie, shaking my hand, "that's the longest loser I've ever seen. My dear old man, what a performer. The practice you must have had. The years you must have devoted to the game. I wonder—could you possibly spare an hour or two to-morrow to play cricket for us?"

A. A. M.



The Beauty (turning from long gaze in mirror). "I DO ENVY YOU!"

The Friend (pleased but incredulous). "YOU ENVY ME, MY DEAR! I WONDER WHY?"

The Beauty. "BECAUSE YOU CAN SEE THE REAL ME. I CAN NEVER SEE ANYTHING BUT THE MERE REFLECTION."

QUID PRO QUO.

GEOFFREY LOVATT, when we fed
Late together (with respect)
Of the many things you said
One alone I recollect:
"I, dear Bard, would give the Mint . . ."
("Blooming Mint," to be correct)
"For to see my name in print."
Geoffrey Lovatt, Geoffrey Lovatt,
See how well I took the hint!

As it happens, I've a bone;
Let us pick it clean and dry.
All along you must have known,
Neither can you now deny,
It was only when I saw
That you wore low collars, I
Overlooked your every flaw,
And agreed to take you for a
Brother- (woe is me!) -in-law.

Collars always should be low.
She, your self-inflicted wife,
Thinks they should be high, and so
Made a burden of my life;

Raised an everlasting blister;
Pricked it with a ceaseless knife.
So I murmured, when I'd kissed
her,
"Geoffrey Lovatt, Geoffrey Lovatt,
Take (and tame) my little sister."

Out I went and bought a gift,
Even came and helped you wed,
Thinking, "Here's the man to shift
All the nonsense from her head.
Let the champion take the floor,
And, whenas the foe is fled,
I will share the spoils of war,
And in peace and one-inch collars
Live at ease for evermore."

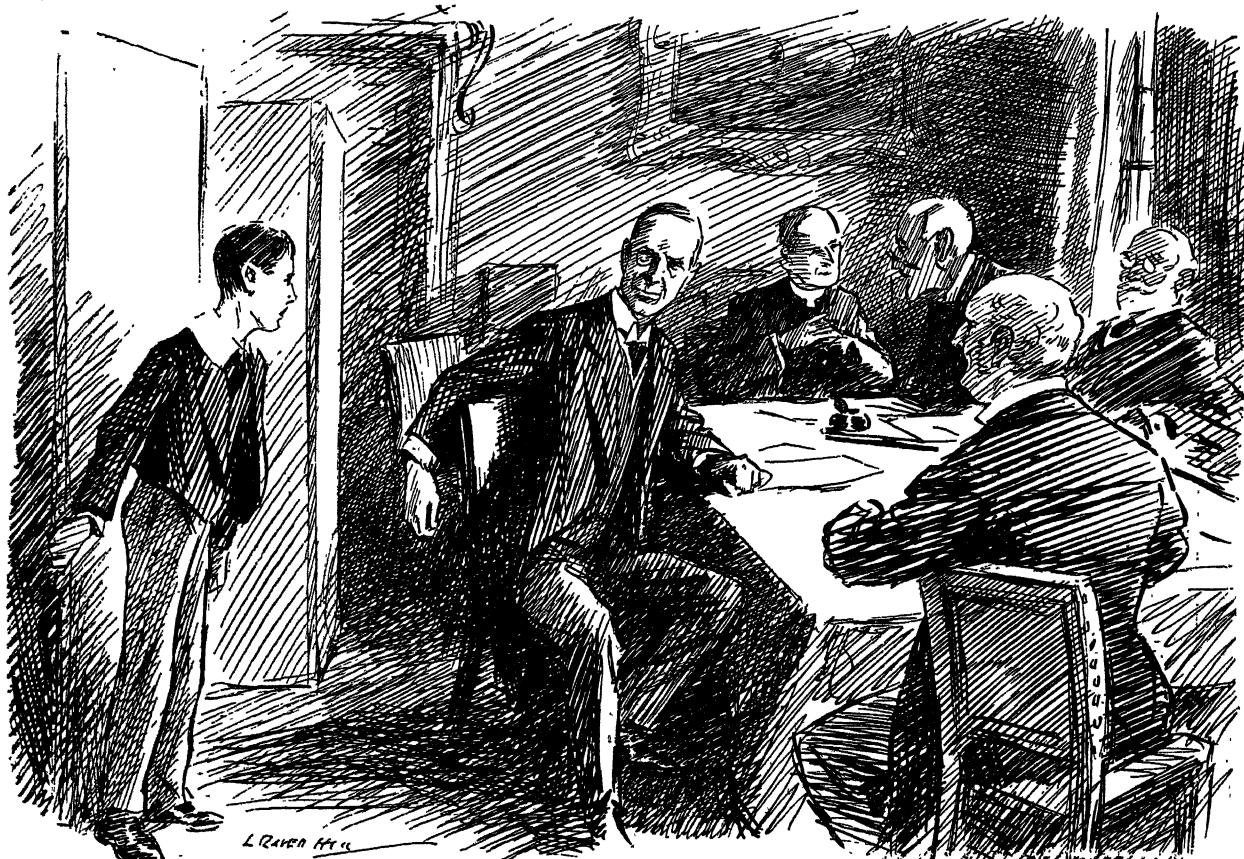
You have cheated all my hope,
And (indictable offence)
Have obtained two Silver Soap-
Dishes by a false pretence.
Oh, to see you sitting there,
Throttled by a stiff, immense
Stretch of linen, which you dare
(Geoffrey Lovatt, Geoffrey Lovatt)
To pretend to like to wear!

Knowing what a woman can,
Guessing what this woman would,
Do to intimidate a man
On his honeymoon, I could
Bring myself, perhaps, to see
Some excuse for you, and should
Almost let the matter be;
But you've got the brazen cheek to
Join her in abusing me.

Geoffrey Lovatt, that is eight
Times you've seen your name in print.
Can you, for it's not too late,
Do as I and take a hint?
Though I feel I cannot quite
Offer, as you did, the Mint,
If you'll show a decent fight
"Geoffrey Lovatt" shall occur in
Every article I write.

Butchered to Make an English Holiday.

"Save a 'chop' which Tyldesley valiantly attempted to hold, Gregory was the backbone of his side."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.



Candidate for Osborne (who has been told by his father to be polite to the Examiners). "THANK YOU SO MUCH. I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF IMMENSELY!"

"NATHANIEL'S" OPERA.

FIRE with enthusiasm to emulate the artistic successes of Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN, who has been felicitously described by *The Daily Chronicle* as "one of the few millionaires who, in addition to being keenly interested in classical literature, is also a poet of no mean ability," Lord ROTHSCHILD is hard at work upon the book of an opera the music of which is by Mr. Allbroke. It may be remembered that Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN's opera, which was performed in selection a few nights ago, deals with the romance of "Dylan, the Son of a Wave." Lord ROTHSCHILD's opera is devoted to "Davy, the Son of a Gun," and is, his Lordship wittily remarks, the only thing that is devoted to him.

Davy is a Welsh freebooter of audacity and address, whose delight it is to rob not only hen-roosts but the English people generally. The First Act rises upon him in his youth as a reputable member of society, paying his taxes like the rest of us. The injustice of them—the year is not given, so that the framer of the particular Budget cannot be identified—excites him to fury. Some day, he vows, he will get some of his own back, or, in Lord ROTHSCHILD's mellifluous and scholarly verse—

A day will surely dawn,
Not this, perchance, but some not distant
morn,
When I will frame
An instrument to harass and inflame!
The British border
Shall know no worse marauder.

In the Second Act Davy is himself the hero of the Marches and the subject of a thousand songs. He it was who scaled the castles of this lord and that, and took from them all they had and more; he it was who, winning his way even to Blenheim—but the episode is so graphically managed by the noble librettist that we must quote it in full:

Davy. Here, here at last,
All difficulties past!
The broad lands bide
Our whelming coming, far and wide.
The fenced fields our favours wait,
We know no check, we conquer fate!
Trouble us not, for we go free,
Friends of the stars and the boundless
sea.

We are the tax-collectors,
The gartered nobles' hectors.

[He forces his way through the gates,
followed by his henchmen.

SCENE II.—The Blenheim Ball-room. A revel
is in progress. Enter Davy.

Davy. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
But recollect there comes a reckoning
day.

The Duke of Marlborough.

Who are you, tell me, pray?

Davy. Know'st thou me not? But I, O Duke,
know thee.

'Tis Davy, Son of a Gun, that you now see.
[Draws Budget, and advances on the
Duke.

The Duke (tenor solo).

My hour has come, alas! that it is so,
That I must quit for ever all this show!
Farewell must say to storied towers,
To lordly oaks and flowery bowers;
But when stern Davy standeth by,
There's no alternative! I needs must
die. [Commits hara-kiri.

Davy. Robbed of his living taxes! Yet, my
beauties,
We'll have our satisfaction in death
duties.

A very near Thing.

"June 21 is the longest day. The sun rises
at 3.44 and sets at 8.18, whereas on the follow-
ing day the sun rises at 3.45 and sets at 8.19."
—*Manchester Evening News*.

In decent June weather one might have
called it a dead heat.

"The attention of the Emigrants' Information
Office has been called to cases of hardship and
destitution among shepherds who have emi-
grated to Chili and other parts of the United
Kingdom."—*Isle of Wight Mercury*.

We should be glad to know of any part
of the United Kingdom to which the
word Chili has not applied during the
recent cold snap.



WHEN THE STORMY WHALES DO BLOW.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD. "OF COURSE I KNOW ALL ABOUT *SUB JUDICE*, BUT, HANG IT, I MUST COME UP NOW AND THEN FOR A BIT OF A SPOUT."

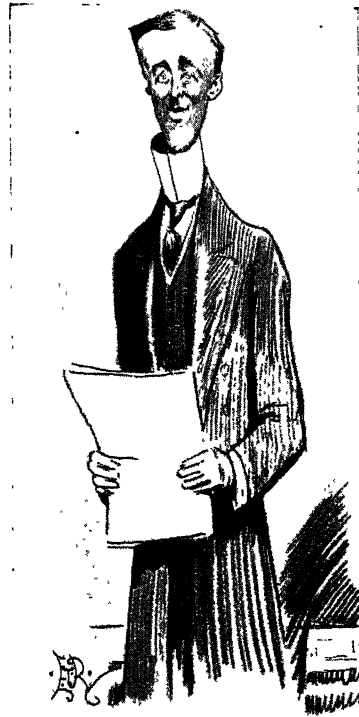
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 28.

—Nothing more touching in modern Parliamentary life than the relationship between Irish Nationalists and Ulster Members. Separated by the narrow gulf of the Gangway they prove afresh that blood is thicker than water. Demonstrations of affection lose nothing by reason of their spontaneity. Should Captain CRAIG or WILLIAM MOORE rise to offer contribution to current enquiry or debate, their brethren below the Gangway instantly break forth in a shout in which appreciation for intellectual supremacy is mingled with note of personal affection. On the other hand, when a Nationalist Member speaks, Ulster uplifts its voice in shrewd suggestion designed to flash a clearer, more kindly light on his purpose.

An instance forthcoming this afternoon. It appears that Miss COLENSO from her personal resources contributed certain sums of money to the defence of DINIZULU. For any person in any quarter of the Empire to have associated himself or herself with revolt against the Crown suffices to secure sympathy of Irish Nationalists. They suggest that the Treasury should reimburse the lady. UNDER-SECRETARY FOR COLONIES, impreguably polite, points out that the Government contributed out of the public purse funds necessary for the defence of the



"IMPREGNABLY POLITE."
(Col. S.-y, D.S.O.)

Zulu Chief. They really cannot extend their bounty to cover the case of Miss COLENSO. Irish Nationalists insist. SEELY shakes his head.

It was here that Mr. MOORE stepped in with suggestion calculated to meet difficulty.

"Will the UNDER-SECRETARY," he suavely asked, "consider the propriety of obtaining a grant from the United Irish League Fund for Miss COLENSO?"

The consideration of the Nationalists for the comfort and convenience of a countryman from Ulster was forthwith testified.

"Sit down! Sit down!" they shouted.

Parliamentary week only just commencing. Mr. MOORE's remarks not lengthy. They had, for example, fallen short of the exposition of the Budget which kept CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER on his legs for four hours. Yet so motherly in its tenderness is the concern of the Southerners for the health and comfort of a brother from the North that they insisted, almost with turbulence, upon his not endangering his health by undue physical effort.

"Sit down! Sit down!" they roared again. Having shot his dart, Mr. MOORE obeyed injunction.

Business done.—Fourth night in Committee on Budget Bill. FITZALAN HOPE propounds conundrum dealing with property let on lease expiring at death of the last survivor of three. A friend of his holds such a lease, the remaining life being that of a virgin of seventy.

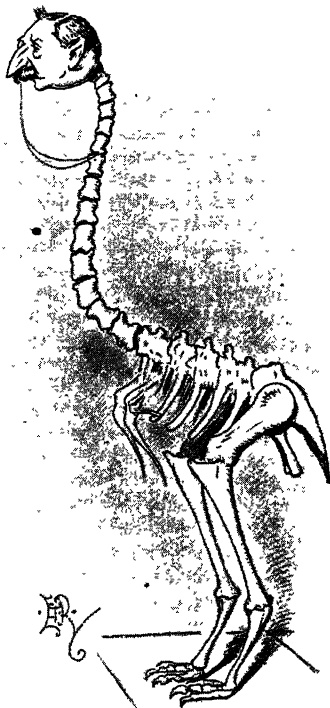
"Now," he said, fixing inquiring eye on CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "what formula has the right hon. gentleman for establishing the exact relations between the value of the property and the life of the old lady?"

LLOYD-GEORGE moved the Closure.

Tuesday.—Transference of the MASTER OF ELIBANK from Lobby to Treasury Bench on promotion to place vacated by BUCHANAN deprives the House of a useful and attractive study in deportment. In addition to his duties as Whip, ELIBANK was Comptroller of His Majesty's Household. From time to time it fell to his lot to bring messages from a gracious Sovereign to the faithful Commons. Arrayed in Court uniform, carrying the white wand of office, he advanced to the Table with due obeisance to the Chair. That comparatively easy. Where natural grace came in was in the retreat, each step taken backward with halt at the precise spot proper for the thrice-made salutation.

Seems easy enough till tried. Many a dauntless Admiral who has blithely trod the quarter-deck in hours of danger, and has subsequently been made Black Rod, has been conscious of the fearsome sinking of the heart that accompanies this expedition. At least one in modern times halted speechless at the Table. MASTER OF ELIBANK took to ceremony from the first as a duckling takes to the water.

To-day, making first appearance as



Dinornis ingens Ulstralis, or Moa Bird
(found in North Armagh, otherwise extinct).
(Count W-ll-m M-re.)



YOU SHOULD SEE ME "REVERSE"!
(Master of Elibank—and of walking backwards.)

Under-Secretary for India, displayed fresh qualities that compel esteem. Each of the half-dozen enquiries on the paper, for which he was prepared with written answer, was followed by what is known as a supplementary question. Other Ministers, weakly yielding to pernicious habit that sometimes leads to ruffled temper and always involves unredeemed waste of time, make answer. MASTER OF ELIBANK, apparently unhearing, certainly unheeding, stared vacantly into space as if he were on the blasted heath (quotation) once visited by *Macbeth*, also as it happened charged with a batch of supplementary questions.

The querist sat dumbfounded, staring at the new Minister as if his silence were due to sudden development of trance. Nothing happening, SPEAKER called next question on paper; there followed another supplementary question, another glacial silence; next question was called, and so business briskly proceeded.

Possibly this remarkable state of things was due rather to necessity than to deliberate design. Having been but a day at the India Office, the UNDER-SECRETARY could hardly be expected to answer off-hand questions sprung upon him as to the population of the Madras Presidency, the code of regulations for European schools in Bengal, or the domestic circumstances of "one Gulab Bano," alleged to have made short work of her husband.

However it be, the value of example remains. If all Ministers would follow it, a practice that deprives the Question hour of much of its usefulness would disappear.

Business done.—Worrying away at Budget Bill.

Wednesday.—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY has made rich discovery of ungotten minerals and promises CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER great haul. Talk about the ordinary hen-roost, what is it compared with the vision discerned by thy mind's eye, HORATIO? Deep down in the cellars of bankers, public and private, there is stored treasure in price far exceeding what the deep unfathomed caves of ocean bear. Bank-notes issued and never presented; balances standing in the name of men and women long since dead and turned to clay; piled up securities representing hundreds of thousands of pounds, not to mention brass-bound boxes bursting with priceless jewels and precious stones.

HORATIO, if pressed, could name twelve banks where there are secured at this moment unclaimed securities worth two million sterling. All this he proposes to pour into the lap of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

To that end brings in Bill compelling bankers to make disclosure of their

dormant balances and other treasures as preliminary to handing them over to service of the State.

Business done.—Clause 1 of Budget Bill passed with trifling amendments.

Thursday.—The INFANT SAMUEL has been "called" again, this time to the Cabinet with rank of Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster. The promotion, for a still young Member rapid and considerable, is hailed with approval on both sides. As Under-Secretary for Home Department he impressed an assembly, the keenest judge of character in the world, with sense of his capacity. Is, withal, free from that pushfulness never absent from exceptional cleverness. It was he who carried, practically with-



"ABER-DEEN GRENNU" (v. NORWEGIAN).

Rubbing it into *The Morning Post*.

[*The Morning Post*, while preaching the doctrine of keeping out the foreigner and giving work to our own people, employed a French architect, an American builder, and used Norwegian granite.] (*Loud laughter.*)—Mr. J. Macdonald Henderson.]

out division, the Children's Charter, declining promotion rather than abandon an incompleting task.

This Government is exceptionally fortunate in its young men. The INFANT is not the least brilliant star in the galaxy.

Business done.—Report of Supply.

Where (nearly) every Prospect pleases.

"NAPLES. — HOTEL First-class. Situated in finest and most select part of Naples. Magnificent view of town, Vesuvius and Proprietors." *Hotel List.*

The best view of the Proprietors is to be had when you refuse to pay the bill.

CHARIVARIA.

AUSTRIA, we are told, has informed the Italian Government that the strengthening of the Austrian Fleet is not directed against her friend and ally. This is quite as it should be.

The new Sultan of TURKEY is to pay a series of visits to the capitals of Europe. ABDUL HAMID's offer to act as *locum tenens* during his successor's absence has, we hear, been declined.

Many persons have been expressing surprise at the fighting power of our modern women. These have evidently never seen them training at clearance sales.

The Smoke Abatement Society reports a steady improvement in the nuisance to which it devotes its attention. It would be interesting to know how far this is due to the Children Act.

Only 150 out of 1,500 miners employed by the Fife Coal Company have accepted the company's proposal to provide bathing accommodation for its employees at a cost of one penny each per week. We can only suppose that under the new eight-hour system you haven't time to get really dirty.

While it is true that one of the exhibits at the annual show of the Pekin Palace Dog Association was valued at £40 an ounce, we are informed that it is impossible to buy a smaller quantity than the entire dog.

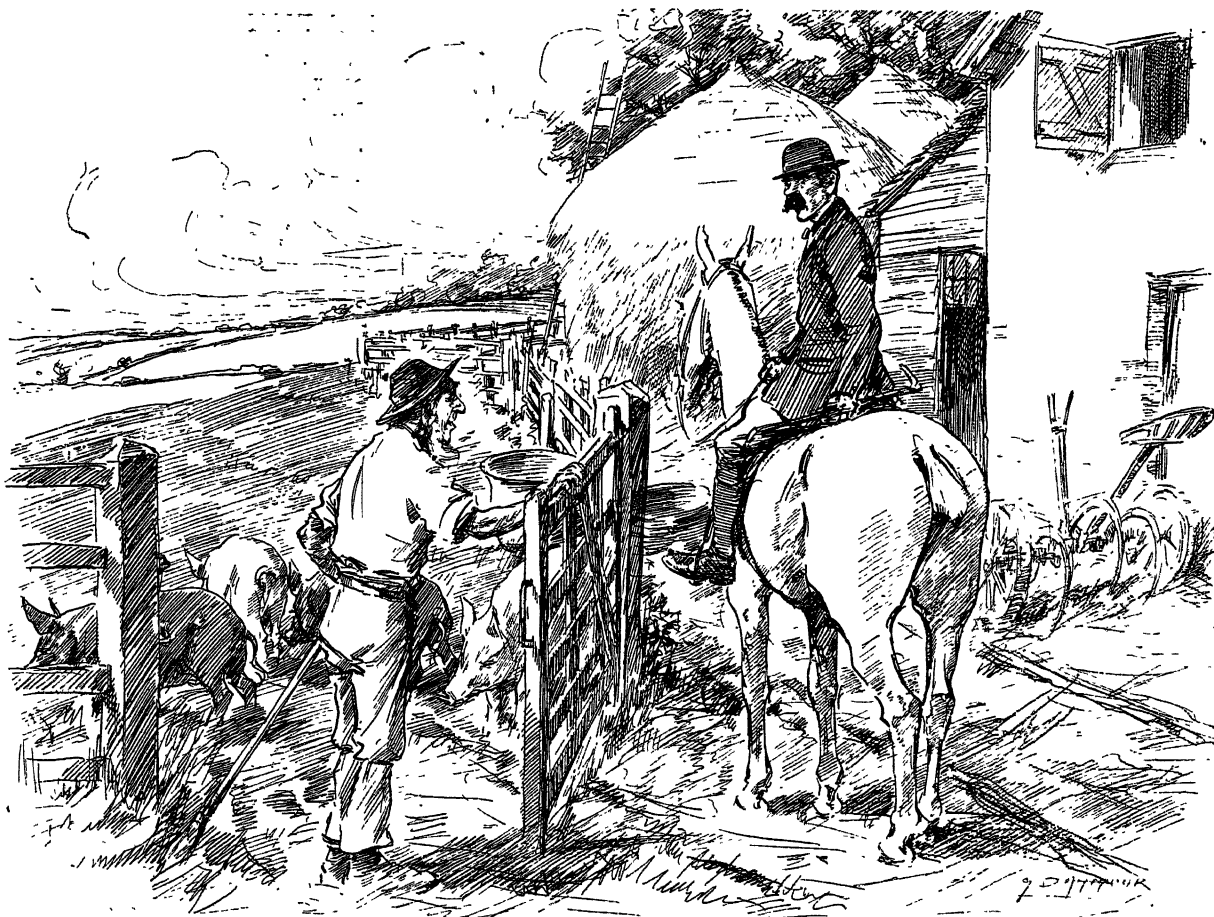
Says an advertisement:—"For Sale, exceptional residential property in Northern Europe, of 3,750 English acres." But what we would like to know is this: How did these English acres get there? Probably they emigrated in fear of being mistaken by Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE for a building-site.

American visitors who love everything old will be interested to hear that, according to the statement of Counsel at the Stratford Police Court the other day, "there is no such thing as new milk in London."

The way we encourage patriotism in this country! A taxi-cab driver was fined last week for keeping the flag flying.

After all, the ballet dancers of the Paris Opera House are not to strike, although there would appear to be good reason for their doing so, for on the pay that they receive they cannot even clothe themselves adequately.

"What's the meaning of that dirty, and dilapidated tyre hanging on the



New Tenant. "TURNING OUT THE PIGS, ARE YOU? WELL, WE DON'T TURN OUT NO PIGS. WE FATS 'EM UP QUICK IN THE STY, AND SAVES TIME."

O'd Pig-keeper. "LAW BLESS YE, MASTER! WOT'S TOIME TO A PIG?"

door of your room?" we asked. "Oh, that's for luck," she said. "We found it in the road. It's the modern horse-shoe."

* *

From America comes news of what is described as the strangest psychic case on record. The spirit of the late Mr. SWAIN GIFFORD, it is said, now inhabits the body of a man who never painted before, but is suddenly producing masterpieces in the style of the deceased artist. The opposite phenomenon—painters with the souls of Philistines—is unfortunately distressingly common.

* *

A wedding took place last week in the Scottish Village at the White City, and Mr. IMRE KIRALFY "presented the wedding ring and a keeper." This frank insinuation that Marriage spells Madness is surely the last word in cynicism.

The Budget and "The Profession."

(Not to be confused with "The Trade.")

The drama is said to be heavily hit, not only by the "super tax," but by the "property tax."

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.

["The average man in the street is as much attracted towards the actress as the proverbial moth to the candle. He is firmly convinced that she is sure to be 'a little naughty,' and not only surprised, but often much annoyed, when she is not."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

WHEN first across the footlights, Flo,

Your glances found my stall,
I felt the magic of their glow
And fell beneath their thrall.
No prudish pride is here, I cried,
No ultra-virtuous haughtiness,
But smiles that flash with just a dash—
The tiniest dash of naughtiness.

Henceforth the moral orb of Nance
Shall pass unheeded by,
Unmoved I'll meet the pious glance
Of Susan's fireless eye.
Such tasteless stuff is good enough
For those that find no fault with it,
But as for me, it seems to be
An egg that has no salt with it.

But in your twinkling, roguish eye
There lurked I know not what
That lured me, as the spell-bound fly
Must seek the honey-pot.

A dash of spice I thought was nice,
And as I hadn't got any,
I longed to go to you, dear Flo,
To save me from monotony.

Methought I saw you in the Park;
Right well you queneed it there,
While many a gay and dashing spark
Did homage round your chair.
Cars stood before your magic door,
Their noble chauffeurs called for you,
While love-sick Guards and long-haired
bards
Grew prematurely bald for you.

Such was my dream. How strangely
Truth

Imagination mocks!
You do not care for gilded youth—
You'd rather darn the socks.
You ply no arts to wile young hearts
And coroneted craniums;
In dull content your days are spent
In snipping your geraniums.

"Now that our ears are so hungry for the novel point of view. . . ."—*Sunday Chronicle.*
"Ears, hungry ears, I know not what they see," as TENNYSON said.

MUSIC IN EXCELSIS.

THE public-spirited announcement of an eminent pianist that he proposes to devote the proceeds of a concert to aeronautical purposes, has, we are glad to learn, been fraught with wide-reaching consequences throughout the entire domain of the youngest of the Arts.

Turning to *The Daily Bamberger* of last Saturday we are confronted with the soul-shaking statement that Mr. Bamberger, accompanied by his wife and their triplets (Mozart Skibo Bamberger, Beethoven Rockefeller Bamberger and Rosebery Glinka Bamberger), will shortly start for Moscow, where it is his intention to carry out a series of experiments with a new flying grand piano of his own invention. On calling at the house of Sir Pompey Boldero, Mr. Bamberger's father-in-law, our representative was assured that the announcement was only too true. But Sir Pompey, who was deeply affected, added that he had extracted a solemn pledge from his son-in-law that he would never take his wife with him on one of his flights, or more than two-thirds of the triplets. The object of the flying piano, the amiable baronet went on to explain, was to intimidate the Nihilists and Anarchists, over whom Mr. Bamberger has long exerted a remarkably sedative influence, and when this aim has been accomplished he proposes to give a series of cross-Channel recitals, in which the audience will be attached in cars to the legs of the piano. Further inquiries from Sir Pompey elicited the interesting fact that Mr. Bamberger intends to present to the National Gallery a colossal equestrian statue of himself, recently executed by Professor Sir Hugo von Erkimer, for which Mr. Frick, the famous Chicago millionaire, vainly offered £100,000.

The Manager of the Crystal Palace confirmed the report which had already appeared in *The Daily Gale*, to the effect that at the next Handel Festival all the performers would sing from balloons or aeroplanes. Madame CLARA BUTT, he went on, had already commissioned the firm of Boulger to build her a huge dirigible, to be called *The Hope and Glory*, in delicate compliment to Sir EDWARD ELGAR's famous march tune. The Manager added that it was intended to lend realism to the performance of the "Hailstone Chorus" by a discharge of several million peas on to the heads of the audience from the superincumbent balloons.

A telegram from Bayreuth conveys the welcome intelligence that, yielding to the urgent appeals of Count ZEPPELIN, Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT, Mr. LATHAM, and others, Herr SIEGFRIED WAGNER has kindly consented to re-write his father's early opera, *The Flying Dutchman*, so as to

meet the requirements of modern aeronautical science. In the new version the special torment of *Vanderdecken* will consist of his never being able to find a proper garage for his airship. The *dramatis personæ* remain practically unaltered, except that *Senta* becomes *Petrola*—a very happy emendation—and the famous Spinning Chorus is cleverly adapted so as to suggest the whirring of the engines of the airship.

M. PADEREWSKI, so we learn from *The Warsaw Inven'or*, a scientific periodical of remarkable ability, has patented a new form of musical parachute, constructed like a concertina, which plays during the descent, and thus warns the denizens of *terra firma* of the approach of the aeronaut. Mr. SPENCER is much struck with the invention, and thinks of having it attached to his new balloon, *The Airy Queen*.

A FILLIP FOR FICTION.

[The following lines are supposed to represent an optimistic author's view of the proposal to publish new novels at a shilling or even sevenpence apiece].

ALL the charms of all the Muses—

Plots to make you smile or weep,

Love that wins and love that loses—

Even now are fairly cheap:

Comic interludes or killings,

Tragic tears and knavish tricks,

Priced at half-a-dozen shillings

May be had for 4s. 6d.

Ah, but on your eager purses

Come, we know, a thousand calls,

Charitable zeal amercés,

So do cabs and music-halls;

Oft enough a decent dinner

Might be purchased with the sum

Authors ask you for the inner

Soundings of a cerebrum.

"Buy your books?" you argue; "no, Sir!

Waste our cash on works of art?

Wherefore, when the nearest grocer

Keeps a fiction-lending mart?

When from bakers we can borrow

Tales that educate the home,

Tales of mirth and tales of sorrow,

Paying 2d. down per tome?"

That is why, to save our calling

(Never flush about the fob),

We've reduced our world-enthraling

Masterpieces to a bob;

Fancies of the fairest tissue,

Radiant as the evening star,

Publishers propose to issue

At the price of a cigar.

Then, perhaps, some Croesus, smitten

By the smart reviewer's mem.—

"Not since *Waverley* was written

Have we seen so rare a gem,"—

Rashly from his pocket raking

All the pence (the damage blown)

May secure that epoch-making

Novel for his very own.

THE HIGH ART OF WALKING.

THE view expressed by Sir VICTOR HORSLEY that swinging the arms while walking is quite unnecessary has attracted widespread attention in stockbroking and other circles. We append a few of the representative opinions elicited by this momentous pronouncement.

Mr. H. A. MILES, of the Engineering Department of the Post Office, writing to *The Daily Mail*, observes that a rapid walker uses his arms in the same way as a greyhound uses its tail.

The POET LAUREATE lays no claim to be considered an authority on pedestrian progress. "A poet," he remarks, "can not altogether dispense with feet, and, if he is a patriot, must be prepared to use his arms, or, to be more precise, his barrels. Personally, in moments of lyrical ecstasy I am only conscious of wings."

Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, in a genial interview, expressed full concurrence with Sir VICTOR. Personally, however, he was inclined to go a good deal further. It was not merely the swinging of the arms that was unnecessary while walking, but the arms themselves. People did not walk with their arms unless they were acrobats. The great object in locomotion was to carry as little weight as possible, and for fast walking the best thing was to remove the arms altogether by a surgical operation.

Miss ORDE MALAN, the renowned votary of Terpsichore, strongly dissents from the view of the illustrious specialist. Rapid walking is of the essence of dancing, and dancing without the serpentine arm ripple is unthinkable. Miss MALAN's view is also supported by Mlle. KARSAVINA, the famous Russian ballerina now performing at the Coliseum, by Mr. PÉLISSIER and Inspector JARVIS. As the Inspector put it, "The Venus of Milo may have been armless, but it seems impossible for a modern woman to advance rapidly without swinging the arms," and here he rubbed his ear ruefully.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW writes to say that the connection of arms and the man is not essential, but only dramatic. The most famous statue of Victory, he adds, was wingless.

"Lucas Malet," the illustrious author of *Sir Richard Calmady*, gives it as her opinion that if, as she has herself triumphantly shown, a legless baronet can be a hero of romance there is no reason why an armless stockbroker should not win the annual walk to Brighton.

"He apparently does not accept the maxim *nemo fire repente turpis simas*."—*Allaha'ad Law Journal*.

A man that would accept that would take anything.



"Yus, BILL, MARK MY WORDS, THE THING WOT'S GOIN' TO MAKE ENGLAND IS TARIFF REFORM—AN' NO MISTAKE."

"WOT BE TARIFF REFORM, 'ENERY?"

"WHY, TARIFF REFORM IS—ER—WELL, IT'S—ER—WHAT THEY TELLS YER AT THE MEETINGS"

THE FAILURE.

It was when we were leaving Oxford that I first noticed him, the little pale thoughtful man in the far corner. I had ordered a tea-basket, and as I lifted the pot the tea was beginning to overflow into the saucer and everywhere else in the usual way. What I said myself I forget, but there are forms of speech for this occurrence, and doubtless I used some of them; but the little man's groans I still distinctly remember. He writhed and wriggled, and at last he spoke.

"Isn't that an iniquity?" he asked.

"This spilling over?" I said. "Yes."

"And it's no new thing to you, I suppose?" he exclaimed.

"Unhappily, no," I said. "It generally happens."

"And you've seen it in other people's houses? Your hostesses have no better teapots?"

"Seldom," I said.

"'Seldom!'" he replied. "You might, I think, say never, unless by accident. Do you know, Sir, there is only one house in England where the teapot cannot do that?"

"Indeed," I said; "and whose house is that?"

"Mine," he answered.

I congratulated him.

"No need," he said. "It is a source of very little pleasure to me; but it ought to be a means of immense profit, if only human nature were different."

I composed myself to listen.

"I am an inventor," he said. "Years ago, when I was a young and active and healthy man, I invented a teapot which would not spill. Could not spill. It was quite simple, just a matter of arranging the angle of the spout, and so forth. I took this quite confidently to a great earthenware and china factory. But would they have it? No. They said that their customers expected tea to be spilt, and would be disappointed if it was not. I was thunderstruck, but I persevered. I went to others, with the same result. I went to the makers of metal teapots, and they also declined. England, they said, is a conservative country, and a woman liked what her mother had liked before her. If her mother's teapot would not pour properly she would see to it that her own

did not. One firm introduced a second objection, and said something about a probable strike among laundries if I persisted. That was years ago, and I have continued the crusade ever since, but with no better success. I am getting old and grey, but I shall not give in.

"But I shall never do any good," he added wearily. "England will continue to be drowned in tea until the end."

"To make an old joke," he concluded, "nothing that I can do will put Britannia on her mettle. I am a failure."

The Descent of Man.

"Darwin was only at Cambridge about three years, but he has left to the present generation three sons, who are resident and hold official positions at the University. Amongst them is a monkey alleged to have been let down in the Senate House when Darwin was given the honorary degree of LL.D. in 1876."—*Eastern Daily Press*.

"I could produce dozens of young men who would pass in the first ten on the Sandhurst list."—"Times" Letter.

But how thrilling if they all entered in the same year.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

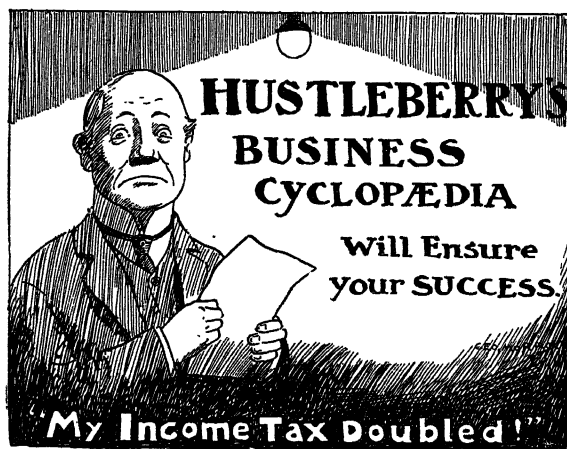
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"THEY'VE etten the maist of the wuts in a neet," said old Mr. Whinnery, referring to the slugs, and the common bookworm will easily devour *The Story of Hauksgarth Farm* (SMITH, ELDER) in that time. Its scenes are laid on the Lancashire and Westmoreland border (the Red Rose shire, by the way, is rather low down in the county fiction championship just now), and EMMA BROOKE has depicted them remarkably well. There is no great subtlety about the plot, or the characters either, but I feel so absolutely certain that they really lived on a real farm (not a literary nor even a newspaper model), and that the farm was exactly where the authoress puts it, that I am glad the date is 1830 or thereabouts, so that nobody is likely to prove me wrong. *Silver Whinnery* was brought up in the same home with *Silence* and *Nanna*, neither of whom was related to him by blood, and having quarrelled with his father went to sea: on his return, finding that *Nanna*, whom he had always loved, was gone, and concluding that she was married, he made *Silence* his wife. *Silver* was a sterling fellow, and *Silence*, as her name implies, was as good as gold, but *Nanna* could have spared an 'n' from the middle of her prænomen without loss to her reputation. So when she came back there was naturally trouble, or "sic a scrowe as niver," perhaps I should have said. The sequel is thoroughly exciting and romantic in the best sense. Two miles north of Arinseat is where Hauksgarth farm lay: I daresay it is gone now, but it doesn't really matter, for I have been inside it all the same.

I fancy that when Miss SHEILA KAYE-SMITH set out to write *Starbrace* (GEORGE BELL) she was actuated, in part at least, by a wish to describe the eighteenth-century hightobyman in his habit as he really lived, and stripped of that romance with which the foolish chroniclers of a later age have loved to invest him. For the better attainment of that end, I can see her at pains to make such a study of the idiom of the class and time as should secure at least accuracy of conversation. The result is interesting, if a little overwhelming. When one of Miss KAYE-SMITH's ruffians observes to another, "The lad's a rum cull; let's keep our snappers and gaffs for the hornies, and hop a flash wag on the road," most readers will incline to wish that she had supplied her book with a glossary. This, however, is but a slight defect in an unusually clever tale. In many ways indeed this story of the lad *Miles Starbrace*, driven to the Road by circumstance and by the tragedy of his own warped character, half animal, half child, is a remarkable piece of work, one that for a beginner in the novelist's art seems to me extraordinary. The last chapters especially are haunting in the poignancy of their analysis. I hardly know how Miss KAYE-SMITH can have endured the writing of them, and I am not at all sure that I owe her any gratitude for having done so. Powerful the book undeniably is, but I hope that next time the author will devote her strength to some less pitiable theme.

Dead men are supposed to tell no tales, but there is nothing to prevent novelists from digging them up to form

characters for their stories. The writer, who calls herself "Handasyde," has exhumed Lord GEORGE BENTINCK for the purposes of *Other Things than Love* (HUTCHINSON), and projected him into an era of motor-cars and modern Tariff Reform. So little, indeed, has she troubled to veil her necromancy, that she only alters the name of the horse with which Lord GEORGE would have won the Derby in 1848 (if he hadn't sold his stud) from *Surplice* to *Surface*. When the book opens, its hero, having just lost his wife, decides to devote the remainder of his life to the cause of Protection, and, considering the title of the story, it might fairly have been expected to be entirely political. As a matter of fact, however, it deals with the gradual consolation of Lord GEORGE by the one infallible remedy known to romance. There are some cleverly drawn characters, notably those of *Sinclair of Sinclair* and his daughter *Betty*, who is charming; but the self-made man to whom the heroine is at first engaged is far too much of a bounder. I must be permitted to hope that Lord Gee-Gee (as his friends called him), having found that he could love again, also repurchased his stud, and won the Blue Riband of the Turf in course of time, with, let us say, *Top Dressing III*.



I do not think that the anxiety which Mrs. Dorrien's relations showed about the disposal of her property will be shared by the readers of *The House of Intrigue* (HURST AND BLACKETT). In a book of this kind a favourite for the stakes is needed whose chances can be supported through thick and thin. Mr. PERCY WHITE, however, has been at such pains to make the competitors clever that he has neglected to make any one of them attractive. Among so many artful and avaricious people my sympathy goes out to Mrs. Dorrien, and if she had left her property either to a society for abolishing caviar (a delicacy which gave her indigestion and psychic experiences) or to one which would teach her relations the value of straightforwardness I should have rejoiced. Mr. WHITE could not write dull dialogue if he tried, but in *The House of Intrigue* he has chosen a subject dull enough to have a depressing effect upon his wit. And surely Herbert Dorrien, who was captain of his county cricket eleven, forgot himself when he said, "In case they should knock down our wickets before we are back in block!" The note of exclamation is not mine, but I should be sorry to remove it.

From a letter in *The Times* :—

"Sir,—Will you allow me a small space to, as a courteous Englishman, give my warm thanks to those ladies who attended the pageant and who responded to my appeal to remove their hats with a unanimity which was simply wonderful considering the unfortunate weather we began the pageant in and the still more unfortunate weather that we ended it in, who without a single exception removed their hats so that every other visitor should have that perfect view of the pageant which as a steward was my great aim?"

A lesser stylist would certainly have forgotten the question mark at the end.

"I hit it!" (from Tarrant's Obiter Dicta).

"Dipper was given out leg-before to a ball which first struck his bat. He was the eighth man to be dismissed in that way."—*Evening News*. How they must long to have ROBERTS back at Bristol.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. JOSEPH BEECHAM, of St. Helens, it is announced, is about to endow a theatre for the production of English opera. It is rumoured that popular prices will be the rule there, and that it will be possible to obtain for a shilling a "box worth a guinea."

"The knighting of an actor," *The Stage* points out, "no longer sets a precedent, but A. W. PINERO is the first serious dramatist to meet with this recognition." There is, we believe, a growing feeling outside the stage that the playwright is almost as important a person as the actor.

Two of the L.C.C. steamboats, which have been purchased by a foreign company, have been steaming down the Mediterranean. By a curious coincidence the Turkish Navy is also undergoing the novel and healthy experience of a cruise on the sea.

The price of beer has now been raised, and this experiment in taxing the food of a large section of the population is being watched carefully by the Tariff Reformers.

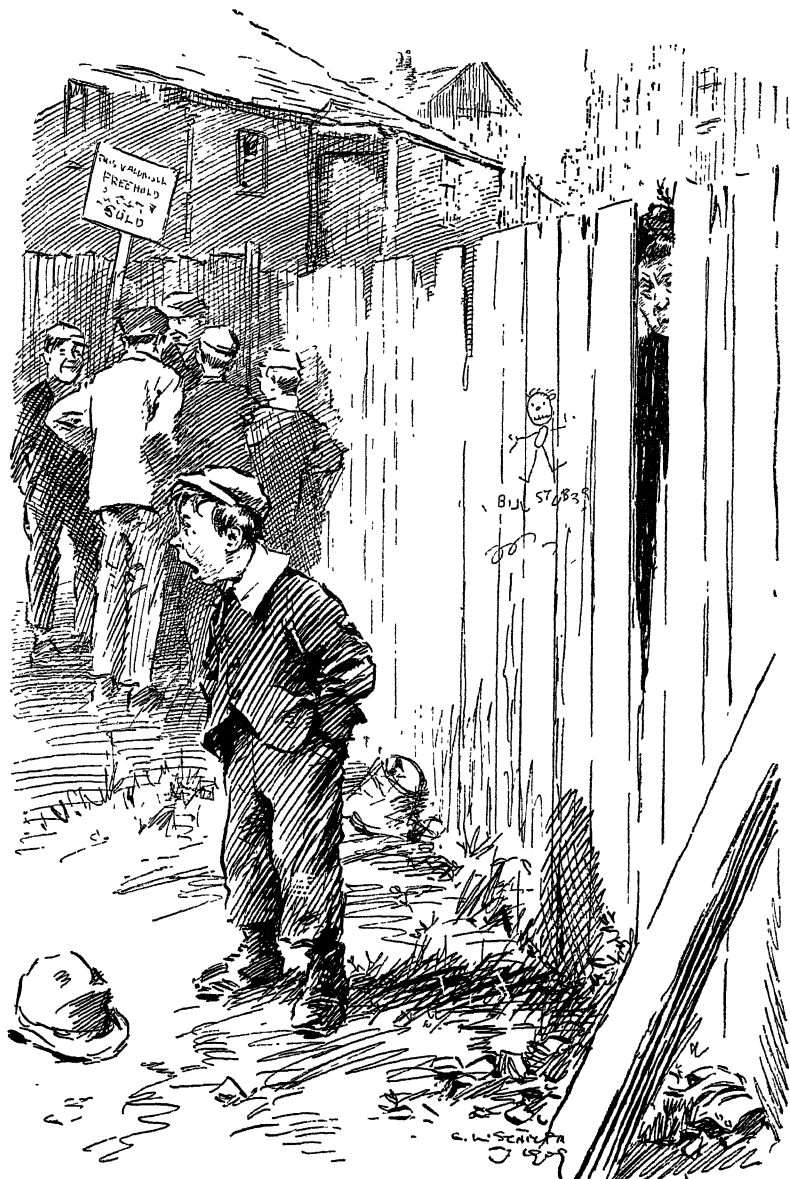
MR. ASQUITH is to address a meeting in the City on the subject of the Budget. Precautions, we understand, will be taken to prevent LORD ROTHSCHILD and LORD AVEBURY from disturbing the gathering disguised as Suffragettes.

"Dramatic art in this country," we are constantly being told, "is going to the dogs." And worse things might happen to it, to judge by the clever quadrupeds who are now appearing at the Palace Theatre.

It is often said that the boys at our public schools are sadly lacking in manners. Some colour is lent to this allegation by the fact that the *Eton College Chronicle* publishes an article on "The Eton Manner." It seems deplorable that the boys of our noblest school should admittedly have only one manner between them.

A man has been charged at Marlborough Street Police Court with the curious offence of clipping off the tails of women's coats. The temptation to the Magistrate to let the fellow off if he would promise to transfer his activities to ladies' hats must have been immense.

"Get a good big cage and put the child in it," suggested the Southwark coroner, last week. "Then if you go out, the child cannot get to the fire." Suspended from a chain in front of a window a cage



"BY ANY OTHER NAME—"

Voice through the Fence. "IS ROSE V'LET THERE?"

Small Boy (shouting). "'ERE, CARROTS, YER MUVER WANTS YER!"

containing a plump baby would make a pleasing change from the hackneyed canary.

LORD LUCAS has admitted in the House that the Territorials are, at the present moment, inferior to an equal number of trained Continental troops, and that it is impossible to say what would happen if an invasion came when our striking force was abroad. No doubt a polite note would be sent to the enemy stating that it was inconvenient to receive him just then, and, if that failed, a really sharp letter would have to be despatched.

A German is to attempt to reach the North Pole in a Zeppelin air-ship, and plant the German flag there. It is a

nice question whether this is altogether desirable. Germany's treatment of the Poles in the past has been open to comment.

He was certainly a very small officer; still it was just as certainly very rude of the young lady to say to him, "And what are you in? The Miniature Rifle Brigade?"

"N. G. HILL.—(1) Odalisque, a female slave in the harems of the East, especially in that of the Sultan of Turkey. (2) You should apply to the Inland Revenue authorities."—*Manchester Guardian*.

We're afraid it won't be much good, though.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

THE LAND CLAUSES OF THE BUDGET.

I FOUND him seated in an exquisite Louis Quinze chair, absorbed in contemplation of one of the many masterpieces of art which adorn his spacious chambers.

"And what do you think of the Land Clauses of the Budget Bill?" I asked.

"I thank Heaven," said Prenderby, "that I had the good sense, years ago, to sell my land, and spend the proceeds upon the works of great artists. Happily LLOYD-GEORGE doesn't bear the same resentment to an Old Master as he bears to what is known as real estate. If he did, I should now have the prospect of paying separate and distinct taxes on the canvas of my pictures; on their materials—oil or water colour; on their foregrounds, their backgrounds, their middle distances; on their figures, human or animal; on their frames; on the wall-space they occupy. As it is, they are exempt from all taxation in my lifetime; and meanwhile I could sell them to-day at an enormous profit, especially if I wrote to the papers and appealed to the public's patriotism to prevent their going abroad. And all this unearned increment is due to the efforts of the community."

"But I don't see," said I, "what the community has got to do with it. It is the result of your own cleverness of selection."

"No more, or very little more, than if I had selected a piece of land in a neighbourhood which gave promise of improvement. The intrinsic worth of my pictures remains where it was. It is the taste of the community that gives them their enhanced market-value; just as the taste of the community might, by the erection of a sausage factory in a rustic suburb, enhance the value of my neighbouring land as a site for artisans' villas. Perhaps I needed a shade more intelligence in the case of my pictures, but only a shade."

"Anyhow," I argued, "you have sunk your talents in a napkin; your pictures yield you no interest."

"On the contrary," replied Prenderby, "they yield me a well-secured interest of at least five per cent. in the form of luxury—the pure joy I get from regarding them. And I pay no income-tax on that."

"Still," I said, "your sophistries will never persuade me that land has not got a special claim to taxation. There's something peculiar about land."

"There is, indeed," he said. "For one thing, you can't move it."

"That's my point," I cried triumphantly. "Land is the country itself; and the nation is its only rightful owner. I'm a bit of a Socialist on this subject."

"But it already exercises the rights of ownership," replied Prenderby. "Apart from existing rates and taxes for which this particular class of property is selected, the community reserves to itself the privilege of running railroads and new streets across your land, and chopping it up into allotments. It doesn't do that kind of thing with other forms of property—your furniture, for example. It doesn't give the proletariat the run of your bath, or commandeer your grand piano to serve as panelling for its municipal slaughter-houses."

"Dear Prenderby," I said, with a touch of pity, "I am sorry that a person of your gifts should not yet have been emancipated from the old feudal spirit."

"The old feudal spirit?" Ah, there you touch the Higher Socialism," he replied, in what I carelessly assumed to be his best vein of paradox. "Let the State," he continued, "instead of levying fresh pecuniary burdens on the land, demand feudal service—military service—of every man that holds its soil in fief, and we shall be taking one right step backwards in the direction of national self-respect."

"This is a free country," I said, but not very assertively.

"It is nothing of the sort," snapped Prenderby, "or you, for one, wouldn't be paying taxes on anything."

"I should pay them voluntarily," I said, but without conviction.

A touch of affectionate anxiety betrayed itself in Prenderby's eye. "You have been overworking," he said. "You should see a brain-doctor and take a rest-cure."

"You think," I said, "to distract my attention from the weakness of your arguments by an affectation of solicitude for my health. But I ignore your red herrings. Let us get back to the land."

"We shall be the only people there, if we stay long enough," said Prenderby. "But, to be serious—"

"Do I understand that we have been having humour up to this point?"

"Humour," replied Prenderby, "is like Truth; it takes two for its achievement—one to speak and one to hear."

"Well, try being serious," I said.

"To be serious," resumed Prenderby, "you said just now that there is something peculiar about land, and I agreed with you. For one thing, I said, you can't move it. For another thing it is a form of property which, more than most luxuries, demands the employment of labour. Even a pronounced Free Trader like yourself would be permitted to encourage this form of Home Industry."

"Go on," I said, "don't mind me."

"Well, if you *must* treat the owner of land as if he were a moral pest, why not make allowance for his redeeming qualities, and let him have a rebate on every labourer he employs?"

"Is that your own idea?" I asked.

"Better than that," said Prenderby. "I got it in conversation with a soldier who thinks."

"A soldier who thinks!" I exclaimed. "What business has he to do that? Why doesn't he stick to his soldiering?"

"Because he has none to stick to," replied Prenderby. "He happens to be one of those keen and distinguished soldiers to whom the War Office is just now giving a rest. This leaves him leisure for thinking out other things."

"I am not sure," said I, "that Mr. HALDANE would approve of your friend's line of thought if it came to his ears. Anyhow, I can't take two of you on single-handed. Perhaps I'd better go off and consult a sailor."

"Try CHARLIE BERESFORD," said Prenderby; "I hear he's at large. And the Admiralty might be glad for him to have a little quiet occupation—something connected with theories about the land, instead of the sea." O. S.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

"ROSES I bring, and lay them at thy feet,

But what rose ever bloomed that could compare
With thee, my Queen of Flowers? Thou art more sweet
Than roses, and than lilies even more fair;
Oh, say my gift within that golden heart has stirred
Some answering thrill!" He paused, but she spake never a word.

Falling upon his knees, he sighed again:

"When thou dost speak the very birds are still;
Thy smile is summer sunshine after rain,
And the whole world with happiness doth fill!
Wilt thou not smile on me, Love, and dispel my care?"
Still she was silent, and he groaned in sheer despair.

"Thine every look, a sunbeam from the skies,
Pierces my heart like Phœbus' burning ray!"

But she was smiling into other eyes;

Therefore he rose and cast his book away,
Addressing her in righteously indignant tones:
"This is the third time you have missed your cue, Miss Jones!"



THE BATTLE OF THE BUDGET.

BELlicosE PEER, "MY LORD, THESE PLUNDERING BUDGETEERS DRAW NIGH. IS IT YOUR WISH THAT WE SHOULD UTTERLY ROUT THEM, OR SHALL WE CONTENT OURSELVES WITH CUTTING UP THEIR ADVANCE GUARD?"

GENERAL LANSDOWNE, "WELL, DO YOU KNOW, I REALLY HAVEN'T QUITE MADE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO HAVE A BATTLE AT ALL."



Customer (trying on mackintosh). "GOOD WEATHER FOR YOU—AND MACKINTOSHES."

Salesman. "YES, SIR. BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, TRADE IN GARDEN-HOSE IS ABSOLUTELY AT A STANDSTILL."

SCOTTISH SUPERIORITY.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Have you ever brought your massive intellect to bear on the solution of that eternal riddle—Why do Scotsmen always succeed? I think I have discovered the clue in a question which was put in the House of Commons last week—on Monday the 5th, to be precise:—

"Sir John Jardine asked, as regards the incidence of the increment tax on land feued in superiorities in Scotland, whether the tax would become exigible under the Finance Bill from the date of sale by a vassal or only after the feu had ceased to be full and infeftment had taken place, and whether it would be exigible on an intermediate sale by the purchaser from the vassal and before any infeftment."

People have a stupid way of asking from time to time, "Stands Scotland where she did?" My answer is, "Of course she does, and, if possible, more so," and I think no reasonable person can possibly dissent after this soul-shaking question of Sir JOHN JARDINE'S. In the first place it is the only division of the United Kingdom in which superior vassals exist. But above and beyond all it is in Scotland and in Scotland

alone that infeftment takes place, and I have no hesitation in ascribing the extraordinary talent for success shown by the Scot, as compared with the Englishman, the Irishman, or the Welshman, to his enjoyment of this unique advantage. The Englishman has some great qualities—solidity, doggedness, reserve—but he is never lifted to the higher plane of achievement which results from that magic process. And so with the nimbler Western Gael. You have only to look at the Houses of Parliament to realize the difference. For example, what is it that lends fascination to the discourses of Mr. WEIR on immature fish? Infeftment. What enables Lord PENTLAND to hold the gilded chamber in the hollow of his hand? Infeftment, and nothing else. To define this extraordinary and magnetic quality is no easy task. It is implicit in the "superiorities" of Scotland. But unless and until the Southron contrives to inoculate himself with it he will always fight a losing battle in every walk of life with the unconquerable, because infefted, Scot.

Infeftionally yours,

A WEAKER VASSAL.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE Independence Day Celebration statistics have caused a painful sensation throughout the States. It had been hoped that the average would be well maintained, but as a matter of fact the figures show a decided falling off when allowance is made for the increased population of the country. In New York only two persons were killed, six seriously and fifty slightly injured. New York is certainly the second biggest city in the world, and this grudging attitude on the part of her citizens, this disinclination to offer an adequate annual tribute to the Goddess of Liberty, can only be regarded as a sign of decadence and degeneracy.

Without Honour in his own County.

"Blythe, Kent's fast bowler, took his hundredth wicket on Monday."

This from, of all papers, *The Kentish Observer*.

Really Slow Bowling.

"Lubbock was bowled by one that kept low in the last two minutes."—*Daily Mirror*.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER IV.—A FEW WIRES.

A HUNDRED and eighty for none. The umpire waved his lily hand, and the scorer entered one more "four" in his book. Seeing that the ball had gone right through a bicycle which was leaning up against the pavilion, many people (the owner of the bicycle, anyhow) must have felt that the actual signalling of a boundary was unnecessary; but our umpire is a stickler for the etiquette of the game. Once when—— But no; on second thoughts, I shan't tell you that story. You would say it was a lie—as indeed it is.

"Rotten," said Archie to me, as we crossed over. (A good captain always confides in his wicket-keeper.)

"Don't take Simpson off," I said. "I like watching him."

"I shall go on again myself soon."

"Oh, it's not so bad as that. Don't lose heart."

The score was two hundred when we met again.

"I once read a book by a lady," I said, "in which the hero started the over with his right hand and finished it with his left. I suppose Simpson couldn't do that?"

"He's a darned rotten bowler, anyway."

"His direction is all right, but his metre is so irregular."

At the end of the next over, "What shall I do?" asked Archie, in despair.

"Put the wicket-keeper on," I said at once.

The idea was quite a new one to him. He considered it for a moment.

"Can you bowl?" he said at last.

"No."

"Then what on earth——"

"Look here; you've tried 'em with people who *can* bowl and they've made two hundred and twenty in an hour and a half; somebody who *can't* bowl will be a little change for them. That's one reason. The second is that we shall all have a bit of a rest while I'm taking my things off. The third is that I bet Myra a shilling——"

Archie knelt down and began to unbuckle my pads. "I'll 'keep' myself," he said. "Are you fast or slow?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Just as it occurs to me at the moment, I expect."

"Well, you're quite right; you can't be worse than some of us. Will you have a few balls down first?"

"No, thanks; I should like to come as a surprise to them."

"Well, pitch 'em up anyhow."

"I shall probably vary my length—if possible without any alteration of action."

I am now approaching the incredible.

The gentle reader, however (the boisterous reader also for that matter), is requested to touch wood with one hand and to listen very carefully with the other to what follows. When he has heard my explanation he will perhaps understand.

Bowling is entirely a question of when you let go of the ball. If you let go too soon the result is a wide over the batsman's head; if too late, a nasty crack on your own foot. Obviously there are spaces in between. By the law of averages one must let go at the right moment at least once. Why not then at the first ball? And in the case of a person like myself, who has a very high action and a good mouth—I mean who has a very high delivery, such a ball (after a week of Simpsons and Archies) would be almost unplayable.

Very well, then; I did let go at the right moment, but unfortunately I took off from the wrong crease. The umpire's cry of "No-ball" and the shattering of the Quidnunc's wicket occurred simultaneously.

"Good ball," said Archie. "Oh, bad luck!"

I tried to look as though, on the whole, I preferred it that way—as being ultimately more likely to inspire terror in the batsman at my end. Certainly it gave me confidence; made me over-confident, in fact, so that I held on to the next ball much too long, and it started bouncing almost at once.

The Quidnunc, who was convinced by this that he had been merely having a go at the previous ball, shouldered his bat and sneered at it. He was still sneering when it came in very quickly and took the bottom of the leg stump. (Finger spin, chiefly.)

Archie walked up slowly and gazed at me.

"Well?" I said jauntily.

"No, don't speak. I just want to look, and look, and look. It's wonderful. No elastic up the sleeve, or anything."

"This is where it first pitched," said the Major as he examined the ground.

"Did you think of letting in a brass tablet?" I asked shortly.

"He is quite a young man," went on Archie dreamily, "and does not care to speak about his plans for the future. But he is of opinion that——"

"Break, break, break," said Simpson.

"Three altogether."

"Look here, is there anybody else who wants to say anything? No? Then I'll go on with my over."

Archie, who had begun to walk back to his place, returned thoughtfully to me.

"I just wanted to say, old chap, that if you're writing home to-night about it you might remember me to your people."

Blair was about the only person who

didn't insult me. This was because he had been fielding long-on; and as soon as the wicket fell he moved round about fifty yards to talk to Miss Fortescue. What people can see in her—— Well, directly my next ball was bowled, he started running as hard as he could to square leg, and brought off one of the finest catches I've ever seen.

"The old square-leg trap," said Archie. "But you cut it rather fine, didn't you? I suppose you knew he was a sprinter."

"I didn't cut it at all—I was bowling. Go away."

Yes, I confess it. I did the hat trick. It was a good length half volley, and the batsman, who had watched my first three balls, was palpably nervous. Archie walked round and round me in silence for some time, and then went over to Thomas.

"He's playing tennis with me this evening," he began.

"I played billiards with him last night," said Thomas proudly.

"He's going to let me call him by his Christian name."

"They say he's an awfully good chap when you know him," replied Thomas.

I got another wicket with the last ball of the over, and then we had lunch. Myra was smiling all over her face when we came in, but beyond a "Well bowled, Walter" (which I believe to be BREARLEY'S name) would have nothing to do with me. Instead she seized Archie, and talked long and eagerly to him. And they both laughed a good deal.

"Arkwright," I heard Archie say at the end. "He's sure to be there and would do it like a shot."

Like a wise captain Archie did not put me on after lunch, and Simpson soon began to have the tail in difficulties. Just after the eighth wicket fell a telegram came out. Archie took it, and handed it to me. "From MACLAREN, I expect," he said with a grin.

"You funny ass; I happen to know it's from Dick. I asked him for a wire about the Kent match."

"Oh, did Kent win?" said Archie, looking over my shoulder. As I opened it the others came up, and I read—

"Please be in attendance for next Test Match.—HAWKE."

* * * * *

I got three more that afternoon. One from FRY, one from LEVESON-GOWER, and one from MACLAREN. They all came from Lord's, and I've half a mind to take my telegrams with me and go. Then Myra would probably get six months in the second division.

"I shouldn't mind *that*," said Myra. "You could easily bowl—I mean bail me out."

A silly joke, I call it.

A. A. M.

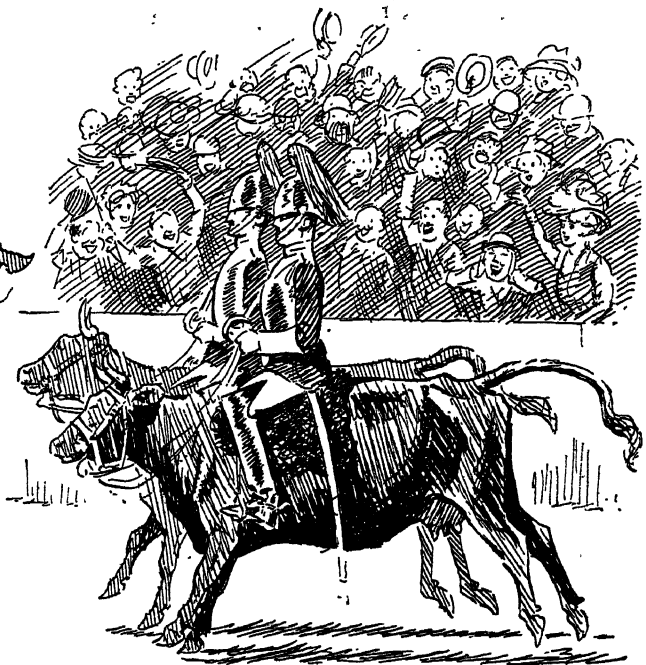
SERIOUS SHORTAGE OF ARMY HORSES. THE NEW SUBSTITUTE.



THE NEW COW-GUN—"ACTION FRONT!"



SHOCK TACTICS—CHARGE OF THE BULLOCK BRIGADE.

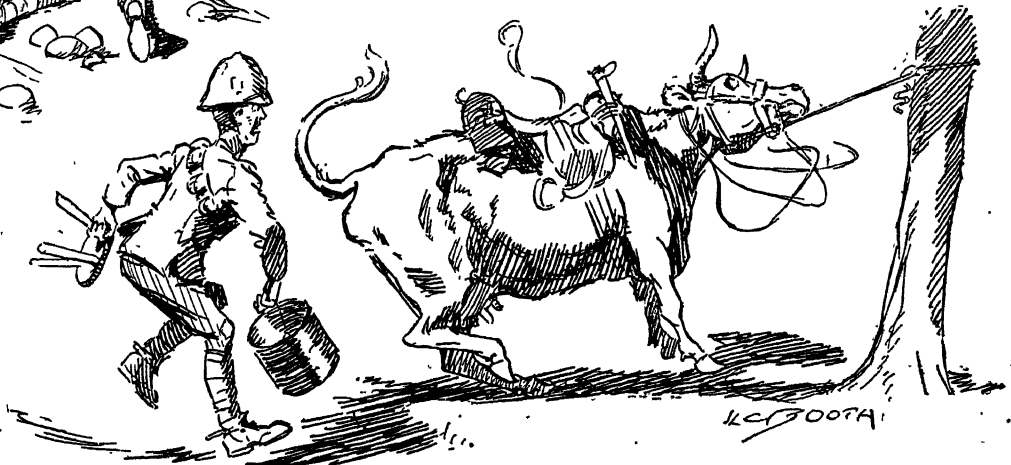


GREAT DRAW AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT—MUSICAL RIDE OF THE ROYAL COW-GUARDS, TO THE AIR—"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?"



AS GOOD COVER AS THE HORSE, AND A BETTER RIFLE REST.

AND ON SERVICE THE ACTIVE SOLDIER COULD GENERALLY BE SURE OF A DRINK.



KC 7007A

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; Uncle John—Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars—aged 44.*)

Little Arthur. What were you talking about to yourself, Uncle John, when I came in just now?

Uncle John. Singing a bit of a hymn, wasn't I?

L. A. No, Uncle John, I don't think it was a hymn.

U. J. Sort of hymn, I think, wasn't it?

L. A. Well, Uncle, it wasn't like any hymn I've ever heard.

U. J. Wasn't it, old man? But perhaps you don't understand my way of singing 'em.

L. A. I don't think it was that, Uncle John. And, besides, you weren't singing at all.

U. J. That's just it: everybody says that about my singing. It's not having an ear that does it.

L. A. Oh, but, Uncle, I've heard you sing splendidly, and Mamma says you used to sing *Tom Bowling* and *Sally in our Alley* so as to make people cry.

U. J. Ah, well, that was long ago. I've lost the hang of it now. It's the hard life I've had that's driven it out.

L. A. But, Uncle, when you said that to Papa the other day he said it wasn't the hard life but the hard living that had bowled you over. Papa thought that was funny, because he laughed.

U. J. So he did; but then your father and I never quite agreed about jokes.

L. A. No, Uncle; and I don't always agree with Papa about jokes myself.

U. J. The deuce you don't; but you ought to, you know. Must respect your father's jokes, Arty, or things'll happen to you.

L. A. Well, Uncle, if you think so I'll try. But what was it you were talking about when I came in?

U. J. Can't think, old man. What did it sound like?

L. A. Well, you'd got a pencil in your hand, and a bit of paper—there it is—on the table in front of you, and you were saying that Bandersnatch had been forced up far beyond his proper price and he was a wrong 'un anyhow, and if French Mustard got home you'd paint the town red.

U. J. Oh, I said that, did I? Funny thing I should be talking to myself, but I was always the boy for doing sums out loud. Comes easier, you know.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, it does; but it didn't sound like sums. I haven't got Bandersnatch or French Mustard in my arithmetic book.

U. J. Ah, but you ought to have. If a Bandersnatch and a half can eat one pint of French Mustard in a week, how many gallons of beer will a Dutchman drink in a fortnight? That's rule of three.

L. A. Well, it's not like my rule of three; but I'll try to work it out if you like, Uncle.

U. J. I wouldn't worry about it, Arty. It's a regular teaser, and I'm not dead sure I know the answer myself. However, if you'll promise not to let it go any further, I'll tell you a secret. They're horses.

L. A. Who are horses, Uncle?

U. J. Bandersnatch and French Mustard; and very disappointing horses I'm afraid they'll turn out.

L. A. (in a tone of great pain). Oh, Uncle John! Then you were betting!

U. J. No, sonny, not at that precise moment. Just running through my book to see how I stood.

L. A. But does that mean that you do bet sometimes, Uncle?

U. J. An occasional sixpence, old man—never more.

L. A. But why do you do it, Uncle?

U. J. Born so, I expect.

L. A. But may I bet, too, Uncle?

U. J. Certainly not, you young dog. You keep clear of the pencilers or I'll know the reason why.

L. A. I don't know what pencilers are, but Mamma says betting is a great curse.

U. J. And she's dead right.

L. A. But if you think she's dead right, Uncle, you oughtn't to bet yourself, ought you?

U. J. Oh, I don't know. I don't think I could quite make a habit of not betting. Only sixpence, Arty. Hardly counts, you know.

L. A. But Mamma says men always begin with sixpence and—

U. J. End with a monkey. I suppose that's what she said?

L. A. No, Uncle, she didn't say anything about monkeys. She said they ended by losing all they had.

U. J. I always said your mother was the most sensible woman I knew.

L. A. Thank you, Uncle, I'm sure she is. But, Uncle!

U. J. Well, what's up?

L. A. I remember now you're a Vice-President of our branch of the Anti-Betting League.

U. J. What!!!

L. A. Yes, Uncle, Mr. Harding, the Vicar, is the President, and Papa and you and Mr. Mortimer, the Curate, are Vice-Presidents.

U. J. It's a fairy tale.

L. A. No, Uncle, I don't think it is. There's the card on the mantelpiece.

U. J. (taking card and reading it to himself). Yes, there I am, sure enough, "Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars." It's enough to make a cat laugh. Rule 1. "All members of the League pledge themselves—" the dickens they do. I see what it is. Mary put my name down and never told me: a bit steep. Must make the best of it. (To Little Arthur) Yes, there's my name, Arty; you're quite right. I suppose it slipped my memory. But I'm all for it, old man, all for it. I told you I wouldn't have you betting, didn't I?

L. A. Yes, Uncle, and of course you won't bet yourself, will you?

U. J. Couldn't do it even if I wanted to, could I? They'd find me out if I did.

L. A. Does that mean you won't, Uncle?

U. J. I'm a Vice-President, and I shan't forget it. Now toddle off to your music.

"The Daily Chronicle" and "Mr. Punch."

UNDER the heading, "Mr. Punch Nods," our friend, *The Daily Chronicle*, falls foul of the frontispiece to our new volume. "*Mr. Punch*, like many others," says *The Chronicle*, "has not looked at the Budget Bill or read the debate, or he would have known that gardens such as he shows are exempt from taxation, however valuable the plot may be. So that the notice ought to read: 'This land reserved as an open space by reason of Lloyd George's Budget.'"

Mr. Punch, like many others, has no idea what the last sentence means; but he has a large heart, and will be glad to reserve a wide open space in it for a class deserving of great pity—those, to wit (if any), who are likely to be imposed upon by this statement of *The Chronicle*. For himself, he is content to take Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE at his own words, without the assistance of an interpreter. And Mr. GEORGE has very plainly and cynically told us that all pleasure gardens (one skimpy acre only being exempted) must either be sold for building purposes, as not being at present used "to the best advantage"; or thrown open to the public; or pay an annual penalty of $\frac{1}{4}$ d. in the pound on its capital value.

Mr. Punch does not "nod" to this; on the contrary, he shakes his head at it by way of vigilant protest.



A REMINISCENCE OF HENLEY.

Over-heated Person (who has been working valiantly since lunch). "IT'S NO GOOD, I ABSOLUTELY CAN'T GET AN INCH FURTHER."

His Wife. "I WOULDN'T TRY, DEAR. AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE TURNED ROUND AND WENT BACK FOR TEA."

THE DOGS' PAGEANT.

EVERY dog used to have his day, but now that HIS MAJESTY has made our Toby Sir Toby, every dog thinks he ought to have his knight too, and eke his pageant. And why not?

For dogs are not what they were. Dogs have become not only characters in novels, as readers of Mr. GALSWORDLY know, but characters in plays too, as Mr. LAURENCE IRVING is now showing; and only a week or so ago the sum of £5,000 was refused for a Pekin toy spaniel. This being the case, a dogs' pageant is not only right but necessary, and we are glad to be able to announce that the preparations for such a spectacle are now in full swing.

The Dogs' Pageant, under the supervision of Mr. LOUIS N. BARKER, will be held at Battersea during the Dog Days. Among the patrons are Sir H. W. LUCY, Sir E. J. POYNTER, Mr. OTTO BEIT, and Mr. MUIRHEAD BONE.

The first tableau will represent the creation of the dog. According to the old legend, the want of a dog being felt, the other animals were invited to contribute

to his making. Man gave responsibility, woman affection, the lion courage, the deer swiftness, the monkey mischief, and the tree bark. (Help!) Anyhow, the dog emerged, and the world was complete. Tableau I. will illustrate this.

Tableau II. shows the dog as the friend of man. Burglars stealthily approach man's house, and the dog warns him. Man is overcome by the snow, and the dog saves him. Man falls into the water (it is hoped that the Sage of Battersea, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, will undertake this part), and the dog pulls him to land.

Tableau III. illustrates the dog as the ally of man. Man hunts the fox and the dog kills it. Man shoots the partridge and the dog retrieves it. (Song: "Dare to be a spaniel.") Man is molested by rats and the dog catches them. Man would fain eat roast beef, and the dog turns the spit. Man desires a pair of gloves, and the dog dies near a tannery.

Tableau IV. is dangerous, but the Committee hopes for the best. Here we see Sir VICTOR HORSLEY and the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE in conflict over a terrier. The contest is very spirited

and Mr. LOUIS N. BARKER has surpassed himself in the dialogue; but it is recognised that trouble may ensue.

Tableau V. is the most impressive. All the famous characters of history who have had dogs will march past, leading them. NOAH (with two), ALCIBIADES, LEAR, King CHARLES, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, COWPER with Beau, Mrs. BROWNING with Flush, BISMARCK, MATTHEW ARNOLD with Max, Kaiser, and Zeist, Mr. GLADSTONE with Petz the Pomeranian, Mr. HARRY CUST with Buluwayo, Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE with Bully-boy, and Mr. BARRIE with his famous St. Bernard.

Tableau VI. and last, very controversial—Votes for Dogs.

The Cult of the Classical.

One of the Russian dancers at the Coliseum is called Monsieur ORLOFF.

"General Sir Ian Hamilton tells the following story against himself with much gusto. He was in Mufti a few months ago and was watching," etc.—*Manchester Evening News*.

Answer to Correspondent: Mufti is a little village quite close to Aldershot.



ACTIVE SERVICE CONDITIONS.

Subaltern. "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU FELLOWS DOING? THERE HASN'T BEEN A HIT SIGNALLED FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR."
Private. "I THINK WE MUST 'AVE SHOT THE MARKER, SIR!"

THE NEW PHILANTHROPY.

WE are assured on unimpeachable authority that it is true that a gentleman, whose name is widely known to the public, has intimated his willingness to contribute £10,000,000 towards the rebuilding of our fleet. It will be remembered that, when the announcement was first made, it was accompanied by the statement that certain preliminaries were under discussion. It now transpires that the superb offer of this patriotic and munificent millionaire is attended by only one single condition—viz., that fifty other individuals should each contribute the same sum in the course of the next fortnight.

The announcement that an anonymous benefactor had offered £2,000,000 yearly to provide pay for the rank and file of the Territorial Army seemed almost too good to be true. On inquiry at the War Office, however, it turns out to be per-

fectly accurate. The offer had undoubtedly been made, but certain conditions were attached to it, as, for example, that no Territorial would be eligible unless he were (1) a vegetarian, (2) a Tolstoyan. The War Office authorities declined to divulge the name of the gentleman, but they added that, as a result of careful investigations, they had satisfied themselves that his income was as much as £150 a year.

The name of the heroic philanthropist who proposes to devote £5,000,000 to the erection and endowment of a National School of Dancing is Commodore Gillowson. His princely gift is hedged about by only one stipulation—that the foundation stone is not to be laid until Commodore Gillowson has been appointed First Lord of the Admiralty and Colonel MAPLESON Secretary of State for War.

In spite of all attempts to preserve his anonymity, the name of the splendidly

generous philanthropist who has subscribed £200,000 to provide all the inhabitants of the Grand Sahara with niblicks has become public property. It is, as was generally apprehended, none other than our old friend ANDREW CARNEGIE. No conditions accompany the gift, except the negligible one that the ratepayers of Timbuctoo shall contribute to the upkeep of a Temple of Arbitration, with Free Library attached, on the banks of Lake Tchad.

From an advertisement in *The Scotsman* :—

"Villa & aparts, June, July, part or whole, with, without; onwards, without."

"Onwards, backwards" would have been a much brighter ending.

"Weather forecast for South Wales :—Some showers; mostly rain."—*South Wales Echo*.
 Oh, the little more, and how dry it is!



Linley Sambourne Del. 9 July 1909

BRITANNIA COMES TO TOWN.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 5.—

To quit the House of Commons, cross the corridor that parts and joins the two Chambers, and enter the House of Lords, is like passing out of the noisy street into the holy calm of Westminster Abbey. There is this further similarity. In the Abbey only a small proportion of congregation can hear what is said in the pulpit. Proportion in Lords that enjoys like advantage is probably a trifle smaller. But what would you? As in Cathedral, outer rim of congregation feel assured that right thing is being said in proper words. Never mind a lapsed syllable, a sentence murmured into the confidence of the bosom of the noble lord on his legs.

This afternoon House almost bustling. Business lasted full hour less five minutes. EBURY had question on paper relating to operation of Small Holdings Act. Rules governing questions in Lords are peculiar and expansive. Complaint sometimes made in Commons of latitude permitted to supplementary questions. In freer atmosphere of Hereditary Chamber, regular debate may, often does, arise upon ordinary question addressed to Minister, supplemented by unchecked flow of others. EBURY hav-

ing made a speech in extension of printed question, MARLBROOK (returned from the war) followed. With native ingenuousness, hereditary modesty, he posed as one in search of information. Actual impression left on mind was that he was lecturing the PRESIDENT, showing him how much better business of his department might be managed if a younger Peer were placed in charge.

When MARLBROOK sat down there fell a solemn pause. In Cathedral this would have been suggestive of taking up a collection. Designed merely to provide opportunity for any other noble lord whom the spirit might move to give utterance to his



EARL CARRINGTON, K.G.—“HOPS IN BAGS PROPERLY MARKED.”

(The noble President of the Board of Agriculture moved the second reading of a Bill prohibiting the importation of foreign hops, except in bags properly marked. July 8.)

thoughts. No one showing disposition to rise, CARRINGTON casually approached Table, laid upon it notes made whilst EBURY and MARLBROOK spoke.

As soon as he had murmured opening sentence of his remarks, a messenger approaching from doorway behind Woolsack landed him a note. Leisurely opened it, read its contents, meditated upon them for a moment, noble lords looking on. Would he resume his seat, write an answer, thereafter taking up thread of his speech? No one familiar with House of Lords ways would have been surprised had that course been followed. After moment's hesita-

tion, PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE concluded reply would keep; so, scanning his notes, picked up his dropped sentence, completed it, added a few more in conversational tone, and sat down.

Pause. Clerk at Table rose to read next item on agenda. EBURY interposed, whispered a few remarks, probably dealing with state of weather. Another pause. Tall gowned figure of Clerk at end of Table shoots up again like automatic note of exclamation. As by action of invisible lever this brings up a Peer from above Gangway to the right. Note of Exclamation subsides. *A propos de bottes* Peer asks for a return showing something or other. CARRINGTON back at Table; glances towards messenger by Lobby door. Apparently he has not at the moment further private correspondence in charge; PRESIDENT accordingly replies to Peer who wants return.

Selah. LORD CHANCELLOR, having had it out with his wig on the right-hand side, turns to the left also; vigorously remonstrates with its habit of falling off his shoulders and clinging to his face. Note of Exclamation at end of the Table again rises. This time becomes vocal. “Child Murder Trial Bill, third reading,” it said.

By this time noble lords too exhausted



“MARLBROOK FOLLOWED.”

(The Duke of Marlborough.)



CRUELTY TO A PRIZE BULLDOG.

(Mr. Ellis Griffith and Mr. Swift MacNeill were swept away with abhorrent indignation at "the exhibition at the Royal Society Conversation of a bulldog who wore a leather strap with sharp nails secured round his neck, his feet being immersed in glass jars containing salts in solution," etc. Mr. G. adstone said, "I understand the dog stood for some time in water to which had been added a little common salt. If my hon. friend has ever paddled in the sea he will understand the sensation." (Laughter.)

We make these gentlemen a present of an even more brutal piece of ill-treatment of a noble animal which has recently come to our knowledge (Admiral Sir J-hn F-sh-r, G.C.B.).

to offer objection. Bill accordingly read a third time.

Then LAMINGTON wants to know all about crisis in Persia and the truth touching Russian advance on Teheran. CREWE, nervously washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water, makes reply with maximum of politeness conveying minimum of information. LORD CHANCELLOR, having finally subdued recalcitrant wig, suggests, "That the House do now adjourn."

Which it straightway does.

Business done.—Seventh night of Commons Committee on Budget Bill.

House of Commons, Tuesday, 4 A.M.—*Lillibullero!* 'Tis the stroke of day. House just up. Sat continuously for thirteen hours. Twelve devoted to Committee on Budget Bill. With the weary legislators struggling forth to greet the blushing morn comes STANLEY WILSON. Others fight for the few cabs about or, failing opportunity of securing one, button up their coats, hoist their umbrellas, and trudge home through sloppy streets under wet skies. STANLEY, carrying hat in hand, walks bare-headed. Is grateful for the July rain which audi-

bly hisses as it falls on his heated brow.

Has been making a night of it. Whilst experts argued round amendments, he, seated behind Front Opposition Bench, played part of the Greek Chorus. Whenever there was pause in conversation his voice was heard offering more or less relevant observations.

"Why," he once asked, "should we sit here all night whilst the PRIME MINISTER is snugly tucked up in bed?"

Again, sternly regarding LLOYD-GEORGE momentarily resting from rarely intermitted contribution to debate, he remarked, "And there sits the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, speechless through the whole evening."

When the Closure was moved he met it with reiterated cry, "Scand'less! Scand'less!"

CALDWELL, doggedly wakeful in the Chair, accepting Closure, righteous indignation was turned upon him. On the stroke of 3 A.M. STANLEY ordered a new Chairman as, being at supper, he might have asked for a fresh poached egg or another grilled bone.

"Get a new Chairman," he commanded.

As there happened not to be one at hand, Mr. CALDWELL retained his situation. Observing this, STANLEY fell back upon his familiar observation.

"Scand'less! Scand'less!" he cried aloud, smitten to the heart with indignant sorrow that such things should be in the home of the Mother of Parliaments.

Business done.—After all-night sitting, Committee turns to again at Budget Bill. Still engaged on Clause 2.

Thursday.—HENRY COTTON, Knight of the Star of India, rather looked forward to a good week. Scraped up a lot of tittle-tattle designed to show that the men who hold India for the Empire, meanwhile bestowing sedulous care on the welfare of its teeming population, are in their public acts animated by mean-

cowardly motives. Strung hotchpotch together in series of five questions which, subdivided, made aggregate of ten. What a time he would have to be sure, with MACKARNES, RUTHERFORD and ROBERTSON cheering, LUPTON at minute-gun interval contributing an approving snore!

After these things were printed at public expense and circulated with Parliamentary Papers came the grim tragedy at the Imperial Institute. A man who had given all his thought through the best years of his life to the service of the natives of India was struck down by the hand of a sympathiser with the *clientèle* of certain hon. gentlemen below the Gangway. There are some points at which even a Chatterjee is halted. With the unburied body of CURZON WYLLIE lying in the bereaved home, it was perhaps just as well to postpone enquiry into the case of GANESH DAMODAR SAVARKAR, sentenced to transportation for publishing matter which found its logical issue in the murder of a harmless man; and to leave for more convenient season lament on the treatment of ACHYUT BALWANT KOLHATKAR for circulation of seditious utterances. So when the string of questions was reached COTTON made no sign, and they were passed over.

The MEMBER FOR SARK does not con-



THE PRIDE OF HOLDERNESS GIVES TONGUE ONCE TOO OFTEN.

(Mr. Stanley Wilson retires after a merry "burst" and a few home truths from the Chairman of Committees.)



HINTS TO YOUNG ANGLERS. No. 5.

IN PARTS OF WALES THE CORACLE—A KIND OF BASKET-BOAT—IS MUCH USED BY THE NATIVES FOR FISHING. THE IDEA OF ANCHORING IT WITH A BIG STONE SEEMS, HOWEVER, TO HAVE ORIGINATED WITH A VISITING ANGLER. THE EXPERIMENT IS NOT RECOMMENDED TO BEGINNERS.

ceal his disappointment at this temporary predominance of discretion over valour. The patience of the House of Commons sometimes seems illimitable. Would have been interesting, might have proved useful, to seize opportunity at this particular crisis to let obscure groups of sedition-mongers in India know what it thinks of their problematically well-meaning but indubitably unwise advocates at Westminster.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

THE PRECIOUS GIFT OF SPEECH.

SCENE—Smoking compartment between a suburb and the City. 9.30 A.M.

First Man (to the man in the corner). Do you mind if I open the window a little?

Second Man. Not in the least.

Third Man. Ah! that's better. It was getting very close.

First Man. Ten passengers all smoking make it rather close, don't they?

Fourth Man (with a commanding eye, who looks at every one as he speaks). Fresh air's a very good thing—if you don't have too much of it. Ha, ha!

[Laughter.]

Third Man. Extraordinary how quickly a current of air becomes a draught.

First Man. Yes, indeed.

Sixth Man. Some people don't mind draughts; and some are so sensitive to them that to be in one is a misery.

[Looks anxiously at the window.]

Fifth Man (on the seat back to the engine). Well, draughts don't hurt me. A current of air's a good thing, I say.

Fourth Man. Yes—if you don't have too much of it. Ha, ha!

[Laughter again.]

Sixth Man. Perhaps as you don't mind a draught you wouldn't object to change places with me?

Fifth Man. Delighted, I'm sure, only riding with my face to the engine always makes me feel sick.

Sixth Man. That's very strange. I thought it was riding back to the engine that had that effect.

Fifth Man. Ah, yes, I believe it is so with ordinary people; but not with me. I'm very peculiar in many ways.

Sixth Man. I wonder if we have had enough fresh air for the moment?

Fourth Man. Enough is as good as a feast, they say. Ha, ha! [Laughter.]

Sixth Man. At any rate I think we might have the window up a little now.

Say three inches. No need to have our heads blown off, is there?

[Feeble laughter from the more kindly passengers.]

Third Man. Well, what I say is, fresh air is the best friend of man. Get all the air you can and you'll live long and die happy.

Fourth Man. Yes, of course; but one mustn't live too long, you know—mustn't be a nuisance to one's friends, and all that. Ha, ha!

[Laughter.]

[And so on, to the Terminus.]

From an advt. in *The Halifax* (N.S.) *Herald*:—

"The interest coupons will be payable half-yearly at par at Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, London, G.B., and Boston."

"London, G.B.?"—heavens! that's us!

The Journalistic Touch.

"In one Kentish orchard a single frosty night about a month ago decimated the currants by as much as 80 per cent."—*Daily Mail*.

We had never dared to hope for such a perfect example of it as this. It is too much—we are not worthy of it.

THE OFFICE LARK.

Our William is a model lad,
And, be it clearly understood,
His ninety-nine per cent. is good,
And only one per cent. is bad.

Discreet and sharp, polite and strong,
He is a perfect office boy,
With one per cent. (v.s.) alloy—
A fatal tendency to song.

To this the Senior Pard demurred.
"Although he is a splendid thing,
I do not care to hear him sing."
Wherein the Head Cashier concurred.

"Speak gently to the youthful Bill,
And tell him, though himself is dear,
His music's not, O Head Cashier."
The Head Cashier replied, "I will."

"Dissuade, or at the most forbid.
His tender feelings do not hurt.
Be neither rude nor harsh nor curt,
But stop him singing, please." He did.

For two long weeks our William led
A tuneless life; his music dumb,
And when he felt he'd like to hum
He chewed a caramel instead.

By some ill-omened circumstance
Our Head Cashier it did befall
To be invited to a Ball
(For even head cashiers must dance).

And there there fell upon his ear
A soul-enchanting melody,
So pleasing that next morning he
Must voice it, William standing near.

And, though he ceased, the sweet refrain
Almost before he had begun,
It was too late. The harm was done,
And William's song is heard again:—

How he would have us all remark
(And to that end he spares no pains)
Though Home is sweet, the fact
remains
He dare not go there in the dark.

"Quickly after starting Trinity showed in front, but it was for a few strokes only, for Clare closed on them at the quarter-mile, led by a quarter of a mile at the half-mile, and were nearly clear at Fawley."—*The Morning Post*.
It seems that Clare's magnificent spurt was too good to last.

"Sharp grieved for the loss of Tyldesley. They are the Jonathan and the Absalom of Lancashire cricket."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

This makes SHARP out to be a contemporary of DAVID (TYLDESLEY's father). He must be quite a veteran; which would account for his selection.

"Rhodes made a few nice hits, and in company with Lilley put on 1."—*Belfast News-Letter*.

Not bad for a Test Match.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"My dunderheaded neighbours," said the Squire, "the whole affair is a confounded nuisance, especially when I've got a touch of the gout; but my position in the county seems to demand that I should take the chair to-night, and introduce our new Candidate to this miscellaneous and not over-intelligent gathering. Naturally you know nothing about Mr. Gawker, who lives quite five hundred miles from here, and I know very little, except that his father made a fortune out of bath-taps and he himself is a member of three sporting clubs and the English Bar. Why he wants to represent us in Parliament I can't, of course, imagine—I suppose it's merely his disinterested love for us. But here he is. Let him explain for himself." And, with a proud and impressive gesture, our Chairman swept the water-bottle from the table and sat down.

(Well, perhaps he didn't say quite that; to tell the truth, the noise outside the place kept me from hearing a word; but fortunately he has a very speaking face.)

Then up rose Mr. Gawker, a tall, pale young man with a single eyeglass. The stewards, rosetted like prize cattle, clapped their hands, and we made a joyful sound of welcome with our umbrellas.

Mr. Gawker felt round the inside of his collar with one finger and began.

"My good asses," said he, "I know you expect me to promise you the moon, so I'll do so at once, and I heartily wish you may get it. But you know as well as I do that when once I'm in the House I shall simply have to obey the Party Whip, like any other Johnny who wants to advance his—I mean, who wants to serve those great and glorious principles that we all have so much at heart. I've sent a cheque to your Cricket Club, and I hope to goodness you'll think it big enough. I know I do. Now about the Budget . . ."

(No, possibly I haven't got him down verbatim; but, with a free fight going on outside to an accompaniment of police whistles, is it surprising if I had to guess at a word here and there?)

For ten minutes Mr. Gawker kept the even tenor of his oratorical way, and I sat in a temperature of 90° Fah. firmly clutching the counterfoil of the pink ticket that entitled me to pass out. Once or twice I said, "No, no," in a gently deprecating fashion; for, when all is said and done, Tariff Reform at least means (I hope) a good twopenny cigar. Then the inevitable happened. A shrill voice rose, vibrant and desperate, to the glass dome overhead (we were in the Corn Exchange), and fell amongst the startled audience.

"Will you give women the Vote?"

Mr. Gawker, with an air of pained surprise, turned rather limply to the Chairman.

"Put her out!" shouted the Squire angrily (I knew the gout had got him), and the rosetted ones rallied to the onslaught. Out she went, an unwept martyr.

"Statistics," thought I, as our speaker began ticking off the fingers of one hand with the forefinger of the other. And then a lady sitting behind me whispered in my ear.

"I quite agree," I replied; and a steward watched us with latent ferocity, ready to pounce. Despite the risk I rose—I couldn't refuse so obvious a duty—and, leaning gracefully on my umbrella, extended my right hand upwards and outwards.

"Will you give—" I began.

Of course I knew the words were ill-chosen as soon as they escaped my lips. But, all the same, I'll never, never forgive the Squire or play croquet with his daughters again.

Whirlwind and earthquake followed, and a chaos of black-garbed limbs, red faces, and tri-coloured ribbon, while the floor rose and fell. I killed three stewards in the hall and two on the step. Then I found myself outside the Corn Exchange, sternly grasping a tattered handful of rosette, while the pale moon, that has witnessed so many follies, looked down sadly on man and his fevered violence.

"If you had allowed me to finish my sentence," I said coldly to one of the stewards who survived, "I was going to say, 'Will you give orders, Mr. Chairman, to have a window opened?' I only wanted fresh air, you joskin."

"Well, and now you've got it," said Perkins crossly, looking for his collar. Perkins is an ironmonger, and I resolved at once to transfer my custom to his rival. Last year I bought a small file from him, but "never again," thought I.

And then an awful thing happened. Three Suffragettes surrounded me, patting me, admiring me. "Well done, well done!" they cried. And the moon went behind a cloud.

To suffer martyrdom for a cause one contemns is bad enough. To be congratulated upon it is a sorrow's crown of sorrow.

"Ladies," I said, "I have been misunderstood. Never would I assail the glorious right for which our forefathers bled, the ancient sacred, inalienable British right of Free Speech—for People on Platforms. What you witnessed was the result of a misapprehension on the part of my friend Mr. Perkins, to whom, however, I bear no malice." And I turned to shake him by the hand.

But Perkins had gone into the hall again to guard our ancient liberties.



Scottish Cabby (explaining historic landmarks of Edinburgh to American tourist). "Yon 's THE HOUSE O' JOHN KNOX."
Tourist. "WAL, WHO WAS THIS JOHN KNOX, ANYWAY?"
Cabby (shocked). "MON! DO YE NO READ YER BIBLE?"

THE TEMPESTUOUS PETTICOAT.

[Fashion experts predict the impending doom of the *Directoire Mode* and the revival of ampler garments, with the "tempestuous petticoat."]

Gossamer petticoats, frothy frivolities,
 Thrilling with pleasure we greet you again;
 Long have we missed your ebullient qualities
 While at the top of the cupboard you've lain;
 Ruches and rucks,
 Gathers and tucks,
 Dear to our ankles your sorcery still is;
 Extra large feet
 Shrink and look neat
 Framed by your fluttering tumult of frillies.
 Sisters, have done with the cult of the sinuous,
 Struggle no more to be straight up and down,
 Aim not at figures austere and continuous,
 Curveless in profile from slipper to crown.
 Paris declines
 Skinny designs,
 Skin-fitting toilettes, in weight a few ounces,
 Granting instead
 Garments that spread
 Fringed by a flutter of filigree flounces.

MOTTO FOR A PARVENU.—Snoblesse oblige.

P. O. POLITENESS.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S order to Post Office servants, pointing out the advantages of "courtesy, good humour, and an obliging disposition," should have been accompanied by hints for the use of beginners in the art of politeness. Thus:—

PLEASE (pronounced *plēz*).—This word is an abbreviation of "If you please." It is generally placed at the beginning or the end of a request, distinguishing it from a command.

THANK YOU (colloquially pronounced *'kū*).—Post Office officials may have noticed that this is the expression used by the stamp-buyer on receiving his stamps, and with a little diligence they will soon get into the way of saying "Thank you" when the money for the stamps is given to them.

A SMILE.—This is a most valuable accomplishment, by which the trouble and difficulty of saying polite things can frequently be dispensed with. A customer would often, indeed, prefer a smile to speech. It is produced in the following manner: let the lips rest lightly and naturally together, gently contract the facial muscles in a manner that lengthens the mouth. If possible, allow the corners of the mouth to curve upwards, and do not resist the tendency of the lower eyelids to close towards the upper. If the teeth are pearly, the lips may be slightly opened.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

STORIES of village life are rather like the little girl in the celebrated poem—when they are good they are very, very good, and when they are bad they are horrid. Fortunately, however, *A Little Green World* (HUTCHINSON) seems to me to be very good indeed. J. E. BUCKROSE is, I observe, the author of various other books, which have escaped me, but which have evidently been greatly to the liking of several critics. So far as the present volume is concerned, I make haste to add my own voice to the chorus of praise. Hardly since the days of Miss MITFORD or Mrs. GASKELL has the comedy of an English countryside been treated with such entire success. J. E. BUCKROSE writes of it with a delicacy and a gift of sympathetic laughter which, if those reviewers are right who prefix a "Mr." to the name, is oddly feminine. Of story there is little—just a group of very ordinary people, some engagements, a general shake-up, and a fresh pairing. It is the treatment of rural character that gives the book its charm.

One recalls with especial gratitude the vicarage family, always on their beam ends, and always imperturbably cheerful about it. In short, *A Little Green World* does convey an actual impression of greenness and the feel of the genuine country. It is above all things a book for summer reading in the open air, and a copy of it should be included by every well-appointed household in the list of what the advertisements call "Garden Requisites for the Season."



Fond Mother (calling attention to the total on each telegraph board). "OH, CLARENCE, LOOK HOW CLOSE THE TWO SIDES ARE KEEPING TO EACH OTHER!"

The Perjurer (CONSTABLE) is rather a melodramatic book about not very attractive people. The women don't actually command the men to unhand them, but that is the sort of atmosphere which hangs over the dialogue. The hero, *Lord Lavernock*, is the most unpleasant bounder who has appeared in fiction recently, but for some reason Mr. W. E. NORRIS and all the other characters are reluctant to acknowledge this. "*Julyan*" (for instance) "knew *Lavernock* very well, had a species of liking for him, and did not deny him certain merits." Well, he must have known him very well to have discovered the merits. Anyhow, *Lavernock's* suicide on p. 201 was most welcome, even though it was the beginning of the misunderstandings. The fact was that *Forester* and *Julyan* had each promised *Helen Monk* that he would not gamble any more with *Lavernock* (her cousin), and so when the latter killed himself as the result of losing heavily at *écarté* to *Forester*, *Julyan*, knowing that *Forester* had been provisionally accepted by *Helen*, took the blame on himself, although (or rather because) he too loved *Helen*. At the inquest he perjured himself valiantly. *Helen*, of course, was freezingly polite to him afterwards and full of admiration for *Forester*. The truth came out in the end, but not until *Julyan* had been stabbed by *Lavernock's* actress wife. The story is extremely well put together, and would seem quite natural and probable if the dialogue had been less formal. It is this formality

of conversation, too, which makes the characters seem so unreal.

The Bronze Bell (GRANT RICHARDS) is a story of destiny and intrigue, of Rajputs and Babus, of mystery and adventure, which tells how a member of the Indian Secret Service, of the true KIPLING brand, with the help of a young American called *Amber*, nipped in the bud a projected native rising which would have easily eclipsed the horrors of the Mutiny in '57. My salaams to Mr. LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE. I have followed with deep interest every step of young *Amber's* perilous path, as he is led by the finger of Fate through the ghastly Gateway of Swords to save India for the English and the girl he loved for himself. It is one long succession of first-class thrills. Only why does Mr. VANCE make the *Bronze Bell* speak—in purest Sanskrit—at the supreme moment? That seems to me an unnecessary departure from the *vraisemblance* of his story, which in every other respect is as real as it is ingenious. However, it is a very slight blemish, which will be readily forgiven him by his readers in this country and in India, because he has made his

American hero a thorough Englishman.

I confess that in *The Condition of England* (METHUEN) Mr. MASTERMAN rather bores me. From his natural altitude he surveys the kingdom in mass and in detail and behold it is very bad. Whether the point under discussion be the spirit of the people, the Englishman abroad, at home, in town or in suburbs, at work upon science or literature, nothing satisfies the master mind of the author. What is

additionally provoking is a habit of setting forth commonplace of criticism in glittering phrases that to the unwary suggest novelty. As was said about a dear departed friend who dyed his hair, England is really not so black as Mr. MASTERMAN paints her. An exceptionally interesting and informing chapter is the one whose scope he disguises, with characteristic effort to find an arresting word, beneath the title "*Prisoners*." It deals with the home and workshop condition of men, women and children labouring under the Factory Acts. Here Mr. MASTERMAN's Ministerial position has afforded him opportunity of studying official documents. He uses it so well as to make me the more regret the others he has lost.

Hurling the Hurler.

"The Greek sport of discobolus throwing, which has become so popular now, was also one of the features of the day, and was won by Sakelarides with a throw of 82ft"—*Paris Daily Mail*.

This event, however, will never be really popular with the discobolus himself.

"From the public point of view it is a pity that he became a member of the Upper House while still in the full vigour of his mental powers."—*The Sketch*.

Still, after all, they must have one or two like that.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that the recent visits of German deputations to this country have had the most satisfactory results. All the visitors have come to the conclusion that a little island where it is nearly always raining is really not worth taking.

A contemporary points out that the present summer is not yet the worst we have had. We regard as positively criminal this attempt to put the rain-department on its mettle.

The leader of the Conservative Party in the Reichstag referred to Prince BUELOW, on the eve of his retirement, as "our dear Chancellor." The exact figure was £25,000,000.

In time of war, Mr. HALDANE states, the cavalry of the Territorial Army would act in conjunction with the Regular Cavalry. This would to some extent get over the difficulty of the scarcity of horses. First, we take it, the Regulars would charge the enemy: then they would return, dismount, and give the other fellows a chance.

TARIFF REFORM
MEANS

JUST TAXATION
says *The Express*.
"Just this, and nothing more?" asks a frivolous Free Trader.

Once more a claim has been put forward for an after-life for animals. Which reminds us that it is not, we believe, generally known that there is quite a sharp division of thought among animals as to whether there is an after-life for men and women.

A lady was robbed of her dressing-case at Euston last week. It contained

nothing of value, and is supposed to have been taken in mistake for her jewel-case. This is the sort of thing that sours so many criminals.

the benefit of the small classified advertiser. This should dispose of the report that the new departure was intended to benefit *The Daily Mail* itself.

The business of a certain publishing house notorious for a certain type of novel has been turned into a limited company. It is satisfactory to know that the limit has been reached at last.

The *Joint Stock Companies Journal* proposes that there should be examinations for Stockbrokers. They are to be a sort of Honours examination, to distinguish them from the ordinary examinations in Bankruptcy.

The Hicks Theatre has changed its name and is now The Globe Theatre. Our oldest evening contemporary will, however, retain its title and not be called *The Hicks*.

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Mail* to express the hope that the Great Western Railway will not abolish second-class carriages, as, on another line which has done this, he always has to travel first. This should put an end to any hesitation on the part of the G. W. R.

In distributing prizes at a City school, last week, the LORD MAYOR recalled the occasion on which, at the age of five, he was kissed by a former Lord Mayor in that same room. "I never thought then," he said, "that I should one day be here as Lord Mayor myself." Here we see Nature's wonderful

law of compensation at work.

"Young Man wants situation, Doorman; take fire if required."—*Advt. in "South Wales Echo."*
We like this spirit. It is the stuff that martyrs are made of.



A DESERVING CASE.

Loafer "CAN YER SEARE US A A'PENNY, MATE?"

Working Man. WOTCHER WANT A A'PENNY FOR?"

Loafer. "COS I GOT ONE, AND I WANTS ANOTHER FOR THE PRICE OF 'ARF A PINT."

Working Man. "EVER DONE A DAY'S WORK IN YER LIFE?"

Loafer. "No, GUV'NOR, CAWN'T SAY AS I 'AVE."

Working Man. "WELL, YER NEVER DONE A PORE BLOKE OUT OF A JOB, ANYWAY. 'ERE'S YER A'PENNY."

A "Greater London" edition of *The Daily Mail* has been planned, so *The Daily Mail* informs us, partly for the purpose of enabling this journal's host of readers in the metropolitan area to secure more London news, and partly for

HOME-DEFENCE AT SHORT NOTICE.

'Tis Liberty alone that trains a nation
To fight without a moment's preparation.
Modern British Humourist.

["You say Lord Roberts has got hold of the wrong ideal, and with your verdict I thoroughly concur. Does the noble lord think for one minute that the men of this country would remain mute to the call if our islands were about to be invaded?"—*From a letter, typical of British intelligence, appearing in "The Daily Chronicle."*]

An untrained citizen addresses a recruiting sergeant:—

"Landed this morning,' did they? That's all right;
Don't go and worry; you may count on me;
If native pluck can do it, by to-night
We'll push these beggars back into the sea;
We'll show old Boss his error;
Once they attack us, we're a holy terror.

"We should have liked a longer notice, true—
Ten days or so, to get us nice and fit;
But then it's just these bolls from out the blue
That test the latent worth of British grit;
None but the brave would dare
To sleep until the enemy is there.

"I'm brave like that. When scare-crows come and say,
'Now, my good lad, you've got to learn to shcut,'
I send 'em double quick about their way,
Wearing the order of the hobnail boot.
'National Training?' What O!
No slavery for Britons—that's my motto!

"But if the foe has really crossed the tide,
If he's already camped on England's shore,
Why, then the patriot swells in my inside,
And of my own free will I ask for gore;
I ask to up and at 'em,
By the Great Eastern Railway or the Chatham.

"My rifle? No, I never touched that game;
But I can soon pick up your bag of tricks—
Which end to stuff the bullet, where to aim,
And how to pull the bally part that clicks;
And if the thing went wrong
I've got a pair of fists would come out strong.

"No use for fists at over half a mile?'
Still, I could always shout 'Hooray!' 'Brayvo!'
I'd work my lungs and maffick all the while,
To cheer my comrades, blazing all they know;
And make things hum the merrier,
Giving 'em 'Go it, Tommy!' 'Good old Terrier!'"

O. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Uncle John—Captain John Lambert,
late 28th Hussars—aged 44.)

Little Arthur. It was very kind of you to take us all to the theatre yesterday, Uncle John.

Uncle John. Don't mention it, old man, don't mention it. I'm only too glad you enjoyed yourself. Must buck up your father and mother now and then. Can't let 'em rust in the country all the year round.

L. A. I'm sure they thought it was very kind of you, Uncle; and it was a great treat for me.

U. J. That's all right, Arty. We've got to make a man of you, you know.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I quite see that. Do you think seeing *The Belles of Belluno* will make a man of me quicker?

U. J. Of course it will, my boy. Pretty music, pretty girls, pretty dresses, and all that. Got to see 'em some day, you know, so you may as well see 'em now—eh, what?

L. A. Yes, Uncle, and that's why I'm so much obliged to you. But when I'm grown up will people do what they do in *The Belles of Belluno*?

U. J. What do you mean?

L. A. Will they all sing things together and dance?

U. J. Well, perhaps not all of 'em.

L. A. But will some of them?

U. J. One or two might. But we're living in England, you know, and *The Belles of Belluno* were in Italy, weren't they?

L. A. Yes, Uncle. Is that what they do in Italy?

U. J. You bet they do—every time.

L. A. Then I don't want to live in Italy.

U. J. That's right, Arty, you stick to that. You're an Englishman, and don't you let 'em forget it.

L. A. No, Uncle, I won't. But, if people are not going to do things in that way when I'm grown up, I don't see how the play will help me to be a man.

U. J. Ah, I daresay you don't now, but you will some day.

L. A. I hope so, Uncle. But was it a very clever play, Uncle?

U. J. Well, I enjoyed it all right.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I know you did. You laughed much more than Papa, and Mamma didn't laugh at all.

U. J. Didn't she? Ah, well, she's a woman, you know. She can't help it, so we mustn't throw it in her teeth.

L. A. No, Uncle, I'll try not to. I'm sure it ought to be a clever piece.

U. J. Why?

L. A. Well, three people wrote the music, and three others wrote the words, and another man produced it, so it ought to be much cleverer than if only one man did it.

U. J. So it ought, Arty. You've just about hit it.

L. A. Do all the ladies in Italy wear very short dresses, Uncle?

U. J. Every one of 'em, Arty. It's a national custom.

L. A. I thought it must be, because *Lady Dolly Vavasour* didn't wear a short dress all the time, did she?—and she's supposed to be English.

U. J. What a chap you are, Arty, for noticing things.

L. A. But in the last Act her dress was the shortest of all. I suppose that was because she was getting accustomed to Italian ways.

U. J. That's it, of course. Doosid smart she looked, too.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I thought so, too.

U. J. Did you now. You've got an eye, young man.

L. A. Thank you, Uncle; but I didn't like her singing.

U. J. No, poor Kitty never could sing for nuts, but she keeps piping away. Does her best, you know.

L. A. I'm sure she does, Uncle; but why did you all clap your hands so at her song?

U. J. What song?

L. A. It's in the book here (*taking book and reading*):

"I'm Dolly this, and I'm Dolly that,
And I'm Dolly in prose or rhyme,
I'm Dolly thin and I'm Dolly fat,
And I'm Dolly all the time."

What does it all mean, Uncle?

U. J. Blessed if I know.

L. A. Then why did you clap your hands and say *encore*?

U. J. Oh, it went, you know—catchy sort of thing.

L. A. But it wasn't very clever, was it, Uncle?

U. J. You can't have everything clever, you know.

L. A. No, Uncle; but you ought to have clapped your hands at the clever things.

U. J. Oh, I ought, ought I?

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I tried to. But, Uncle!

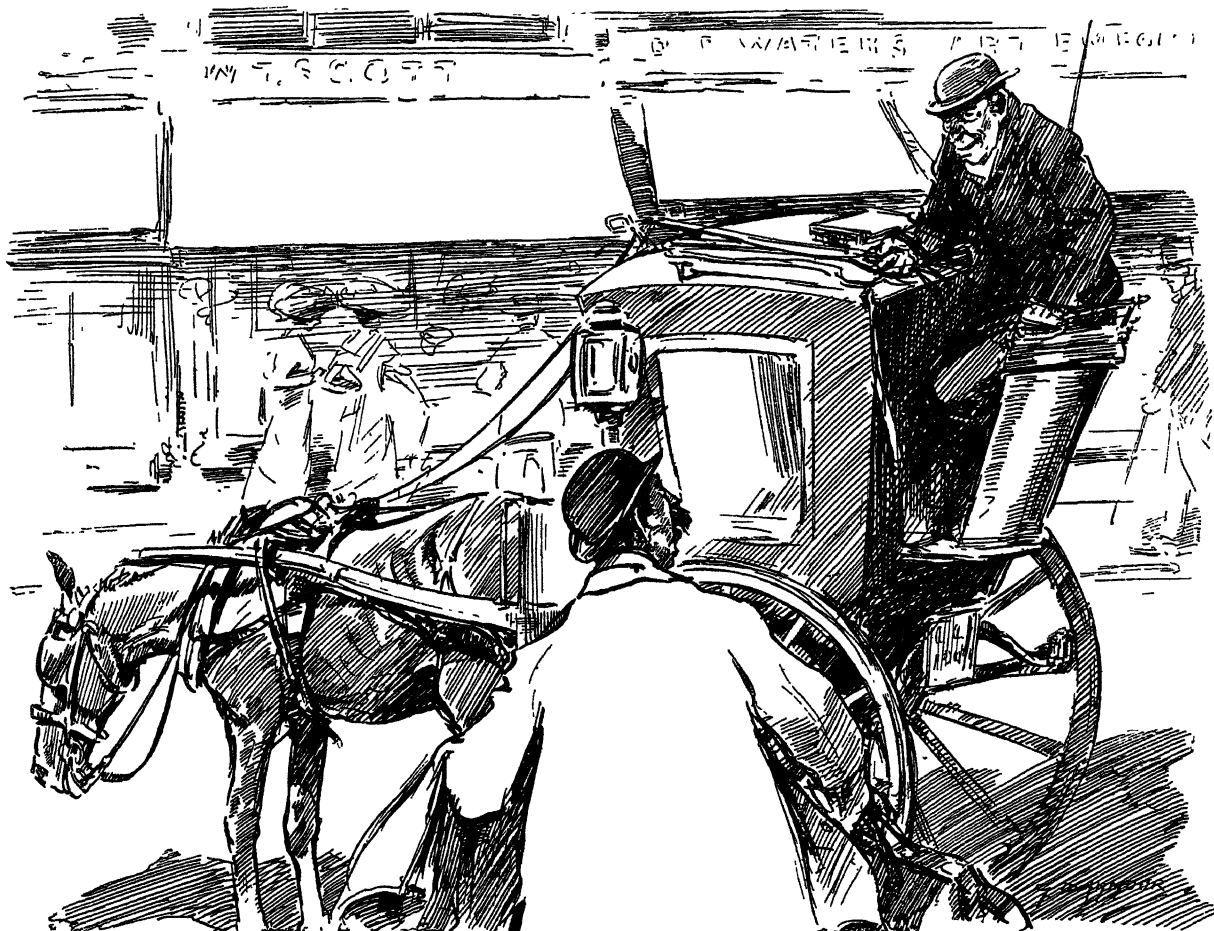
U. J. Yes, old boy.

L. A. Isn't *Lady Dolly Vavasour* a married lady?



“ONE WHO KNOWS.”

ABDUL HAMID (in retirement at Salonika—reads). “‘CAPTURE OF PERSIAN CAPITAL BY NATIONALISTS—DEPOSITION OF THE SHAH.’ DEAR! DEAR! ANOTHER OF US MOVING WITH THE TIMES!”



"HALF-A-SOV. FOR YOU IF YOU GET ME TO KING'S CROSS IN SIX MINUTES."

"IT AIN'T NO USE, CAPTAIN; YOU MAY BRIBE ME, BUT YOU CAN'T CORRUPT THE OLD 'OSS."

U. J. Rather. Very much so.

L. A. But all the other men were making love to her.

U. J. So they were; Italy, you know.

L. A. But did you think they ought to, Uncle?

U. J. No, certainly not—but those Italian johnnies are a bad lot.

L. A. But you seemed very pleased, Uncle. You were rolling about in your seat with laughter, and so was Papa.

U. J. No, no, we weren't—not with laughter anyhow. It was anger, Arty, that's what it was.

L. A. Well, I've never seen Papa angry in that way before.

U. J. Perhaps not, but I've known your father longer than you have.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, I suppose so. But when—

U. J. Can't listen any more, old man. Got to take the dog out.

LOWER RIVER CAUSERIE.

(For similar information as to social functions on the Upper Reaches, see the *Society papers*.)

SOUTHEND is unusually full this year, in spite of the Budget proposals, and the countless attractions of this favoured spot appeal with irresistible force to an ever-increasing *clientèle*. Not without reason has Southend been described as the Venice of the Home Counties, and many of the most exclusive members of Limehouse Society are to be seen at this delightful resort. The pier, from which the sea is visible at all states of the tide, is thronged with a gay crowd of loungers who are attracted by the unique collection of slot machines and the

view of the ironclads in the offing. The absence of saloon bars on the Government ships has, however, been adversely commented upon by several visitors whose opinions on such matters are entitled to respect.

The return of Mr. and Mrs. Barking-Plaistow from their honeymoon to take up residence in their Plumstead villa was signalled by an informal gathering of friends, who welcomed the happy couple to this charming riparian resort. At 5.30 a most tasteful repast was put before the delighted guests. We are privileged to state that the chief ingredients of the meal were assorted shellfish and Ceylon's premier product. The day was somewhat sultry, and the gentlemen, displaying that touch of Bohemianism which gives such a *cachet* to Plumstead, removed their coats. An exquisite rendering of some of the most popular melodies of the day was given on the gramophone, and brought a very agreeable evening to a conclusion.

The Naval Pageant has caused considerable excitement among L.C.C. nautical circles in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars. Criticism of an unfavourable character has been expressed at the failure to provide the crews with any orchestral diversion in the shape of concertinas and cornets—a regrettable omission on the part of a cheese-paring Admiralty. A local expert, who invited the crew of a destroyer to retrieve the coppers which he had thrown in the river, is understood to have formed an unfavourable opinion as to the capabilities of our tars.

Our Isle of Dogs and North Woolwich chit-chat is unavoidably held over until the middle of next week.

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER V.—AT PLAY.

I SELECTED a handkerchief, gave a last look at the weather, which was beastly, and went down (very late) to breakfast. As I opened the door there was a sudden hush. Everybody looked eagerly at me. Then Miss Fortescue tittered.

Well, you know how one feels when that happens. I put my hand quickly to my tie—it was still there. I squinted down my nose, but there was no smut. To make quite sure I went over to the glass. Then Simpson exploded.

Yet nobody spoke. They all sat there watching me . . . and at last I began to get nervous. I opened my mouth to say "Good morning," but before I got it out Miss Blair gave a little shriek of excitement. That upset me altogether. I walked up to the teapot and, pouring myself out a cup, said, with exaggerated carelessness: "Rotten day, isn't it?"

And then came the laughter—shout after shout.

I held out my hand to Myra. "Good-bye," I said, "I'm going home. Thank you for a very jolly time, but I'm not going to be bullied."

"Oh, you dear," she gurgled.

"I am rather sweet before breakfast," I admitted, "but how—"

"It was too heavenly of you. I never thought you would."

"I think I shall go back to bed."

"It was rather rough luck," said Archie, "but of course the later you are, the worse it is for you."

"And the higher the fewer. Quite so. If this is from 'Breakfast Table Topics' in *The Daily Mirror*, I haven't seen them to-day; but I'll do my best."

"Archie, explain."

Archie took up a piece of paper from the table and explained. "It's like this," he said. "I came down first and looked at the weather, and said—"

"Anyone would," I put in quickly.

"Well, then, Blair came in and said, 'Beastly day,' and then Simpson—Well, I thought I'd write down everybody's first remark, to see if anybody let the weather alone. Here they are."

"It's awful," put in Myra, "to have one's remarks taken down straight off. I've quite forgotten what I said."

This was the list.

Archie: "Bother." (So he says.)

Blair: "What a beastly day!"

Simpson: "What a jolly day!"

The Major: "Well, not much cricket to-day, hey?"

Myra: "Oh, my dear, what a go!"

Miss Blair: "What a terrible day!"

Miss Fortescue: "Oh, you poor men—what a day!"

Thomas: "Rotten day, isn't it?"

Me: "Rotten day, isn't it?"

"I don't think much of Thomas's remark," I said.

Later on in the morning we met (all except the Major, that is) in the room which Myra calls hers and Archie calls the nursery, and tried to think of something to do.

"I'm not going to play Bridge all day for anyone," said Archie.

"The host should lay himself out to amuse his guests," said Myra.

"Otherwise his guests will lay him out," I warned him, "to amuse themselves."

"Well, what do you all want to do?"

"I should like to look at a photograph album," said Thomas.

"Stump cricket."

"What about hide-and-seek?"

"No, I've got it," cried Archie;

"we'll be Boy Scouts."

"Hooray!" cried everybody else.

Archie was already on his hands and knees. "Ha!" he said, "is that the spoor of the white ant that I see before me? Spoorly not. I have but been winded by the water-beetle."

"Sound, sound the trumpet, beat the drum,
To all the scouting world proclaim
One crowded stalk upon the tum
Is worth an age without a name."

"Archie!" shrieked Myra in horror.

"It is too late," she added, "all the ladies have swooned."

We arranged sides. Myra and I and Simpson and Thomas against the others. They were to start first.

"This isn't simply hide-and-seek," said Archie as they went off. "You've got to track us fairly. We shall probably 'blaze' door-posts. When you hear the bleat of a tinned sardine that means we're ready. Keep your eyes skinned, my hearties, and Heaven defend the right."

"We ought to have bare knees really," said Myra when they'd gone. "Boy scouts always do. So that when they go through a bed of nettles they know they've been."

"I shall stalk the stairs to begin with," I said. "Simpson, you go down the back way, and look as much like a vacuum-cleaner as possible. Then they won't notice you. Thomas and Myra—Hush! Listen! Was that the bleat of a fresh sardine or the tinned variety?"

"Tinned," said Myra. "Let's go."

We went. I took the Queen Anne staircase on my—in the proper stalking position. I moved very slowly, searching for spoor. Half-way down the stairs my back-fin slipped, and I shot over the old oak at a tremendous pace, landing in the hall like a Channel swimmer. Looking up I saw Thomas in front of me. He was examining the doors for "blazes." Myra was next to him, her ear to the ground, listening for the gallop of horses' hoofs. I got up and went over to them.

"Hast seen aught of a comely wench

in parlous case, hight Mistress Dahlia?" I asked Thomas.

"Boy scouts don't talk like that," he said gruffly.

"I beg your pardon. I was thinking that I was a Cavalier and you were a Roundhead. Now I perceive that you are just an ordinary fathead."

"Why," said Myra at the foot of the stairs, "what does this button mean? Have I found a clue?"

I examined it, and then I looked at my own coat.

"You have," I said. "Somebody has been down those stairs quite recently, for the button is still warm."

"Where is Scout Simpson?"

At that moment he appeared breathless with excitement.

"I have had an adventure," he said hurriedly, without saluting. "I was on the back stairs looking like a vacuum cleaner, when suddenly Archie and Miss Blair appeared. They looked right at me, but didn't seem to penetrate my disguise. Archie, in fact, leant against me, and said to Miss Blair, 'I will now tell you of my secret mission. I carry caviare—I mean dispatches to the general. Breathe but a word of this to the enemy, and I miss the half-holiday on Saturday. Come, let us be going, but first to burn the secret code.' And—and then he struck a match on me, and burned it."

Myra gurgled, and hastily looked solemn again. "Proceed, Scout Simpson," she said, "for the night approaches apace."

"Well, then they started down the stairs, and I went after them on my—scouting, you know. I made rather a noise at one corner, and Archie looked round at me, and said to Miss Blair, 'The tadpoles are out full early. See yonder where one lies basking.' And he came back and put his foot on me and said, 'Nay, 'tis but a shadow. Let us return right hastily. Yet tarry a moment what time I lay a false trail.' So they tarried and he wrote a note and dropped it on me. And afterwards I got up and here it is."

"The secret dispatch," cried Myra.

"It's addressed to the Scoutmistress, and it says outside, 'Private, not to be opened till Christmas Day.'"

Myra opened it and read: "*Your blessed scouts are everywhere. Let me just have five minutes with her in the nursery, there's a dear. I'd do as much for you.*"

But she didn't read it aloud, and I didn't see it till some days afterwards. She simply put it away, and smiled, and announced that the scouts would now adjourn to the billiard-room for pemmican and other refreshments; which they did. The engagement was announced that evening.

A. A. M.



Father. "NOW, LOOK HERE, YOU GIRLS—WHEN YOU GROW UP ONE OF YOU MUST BE ABLE TO SPEAK FRENCH, AND THE OTHER GERMAN."

Brenda. "ALL RIGHT, DAD; AND MURIEL HAD BETTER LEARN GERMAN, BECAUSE SHE CAN GARGLE BEST."

"THE DICTATOR" UNBENDS.

By the courtesy of the Editor of *The Dictator*, who has placed his advance proofs at our disposal, we are enabled to forestall the interesting correspondence which will appear in our esteemed contemporary's next issue:—

THE CALL OF THE DABCHICK.

SIR,—The curious variations of opinion about the exact interval of the cry of the dabchick may be possibly explained by the following remarkable experience which fell to my lot when I was ranching in Canada several years ago. In those days I had a pet dabchick which used to sleep, standing on one leg, on the top of my cruet-stand. When visitors entered my sitting-room he used to cry out, "Wipe your feet, wipe your feet," in an anapaestic measure, the first two syllables being on the same note, the last being a minor tenth below. (This I have on the authority of my landlady, who was a Primitive Methodist with an absolute sense of pitch). On one occasion a French officer came to see me and was greeted by "Baba" with the usual salutation, but at a different pitch. I at once rang the bell for the landlady, who informed me that the interval was a major sixth. When this was told the officer he nearly fainted with amazement, but on recovering his self-possession exclaimed, "But that is me! I am a Major in the Sixth regiment of Chasseurs!"

But "Baba" was altogether an exceptional bird. On my return to England I trained him to mark golf balls, and no matter how deeply it was embedded in heather or whins, he would invariably fly like an arrow to the globe, keeping up a constant twitter until the caddie had located it. Unfortunately, when I was playing at Musselwick last February with an Austrian Archduke, my partner sliced his drive so badly that he struck "Baba," who was sitting on the tee-box, and killed him on the spot.

I am, Sir, etc.

A. LEGGE PULLAR.

8, Marine Prospect, Brondesbury.

P.S.—If your readers' patience is not exhausted I wonder whether they will assist me in ascertaining why it is that the old English name for the dabchick is "the Nope"?

[We are delighted to print Mr. Legge Pullar's fascinating letter, and only regret that we are unable to reproduce the photograph of "Baba's" tomb, with which it is accompanied. So gifted a creature, indeed, deserved princely obsequies. We can assure Mr. Legge Pullar that, whatever may be the case with our readers, our patience is never exhausted by these recitals. They enable us to face the dreadful prospect of Mr. LLOYD-

GEORGE's Budget with renewed fortitude. As regards the beautiful old English word "Nope," we may be allowed to remark that it has been transplanted to America as a synonym for "No," but we are not aware that "Yep," the transatlantic for "Yes," was used by GILBERT WHITE as the nickname for any bird. Yet "Yep" is a singularly pleasing monosyllable with a true Elizabethan ring about it.—Ed. *Dictator*.]

CHRISTIAN NAMES FOR ANIMALS.

SIR,—One of your correspondents has called attention to the pleasant habit of giving birds Christian names, e.g. Thomas Tit, William Wagtail, Philip Sparrow. In our household this practice is not confined to a few birds, but is of universal application. From earliest infancy my children have been taught to address all animals alliteratively—Bartholomew Blue-bottle, Millicent Mouse, Christopher Cockroach, &c. The result is to be seen in the extraordinary tameness of all the fauna in our neighbourhood. Only yesterday a wood-pigeon flew into my dressing-room while I was shaving and remained perched on my head until the operation was finished. I ought to add that I have trained a squirrel to act as a pen-wiper while I am writing, and that we have a pet cricket and a tame bat who are the best of friends.

I am, Sir, &c. D. D. PHIBBS.
Verity Parva Vicarage.

STRANGE CONDUCT OF A SEMI-BOMBAY DUCK.

SIR,—A valuable semi-Bombay duck in my farm-yard, which habitually quacks in the key of D flat, has suddenly and without any warning taken to quacking in the key of F sharp minor. The odd thing about it is that this rise in pitch should have synchronised with a fall in the thermometer.

Congratulating you on your splendid defence of the House of Lords,

I am, Sir, &c.,

(Mrs.) ANNA NYASS.

The Oaks, Much Lycham.

[Ducks are very imitative creatures, and it is possible that the bird in question may have heard some one playing a piece in the romantic key of F sharp minor, and temporarily attuned its cry to the piano. It is, indeed, a pleasure to know that our policy in regard to the House of Lords has commended itself to the possessor of this talented fowl.—Ed. *Dictator*.]

THE BUNTING FAMILY.

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me whether the yellow Bunting is the baby Bunting mentioned in the historic ballad.

I am, Sir, &c. PAUL PRIOR.
Bosham.

[We have always been under the im-

pression that the Bunting family were human beings, who were much addicted to the chase. But we are open to correction. Perhaps Mr. Prior could get the information of which he is in need on applying to the First Sea Lord at the Admiralty.—Ed. *Dictator*.]

"THE DICTATOR" TENT AT BISLEY.

SIR,—The generous interest of your readers, who have, as in former years, provided a *Dictator* tent at Bisley, emboldens me to send you the accompanying brief account of the entertainments held therein during the past week:—

The aim of the tent is to refresh and amuse riflemen, after their day's shooting is over, by a succession of exhilarating programmes. This year several of the old features have been retained, but a number of new items have been added. Thus the entire staff of *The Dictator* have given imitations of various animals and birds, notably the cuckoo, the peacock, the chaff-chaff, the corn-crake, the night-jar, the jay, and the screech-owl. The Editor has lectured on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday on "Do Field-mice use field artillery?" and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday on "Bastiat and the Budget." The tent holds forty persons, but one day last week, during a lecture on "The Fiscal Inwardness of Persian Cats," fifty-seven people managed to get inside.

I am, Sir, etc.,

HAROLD VILLIERS PEEL,
Hon. Sec. Free Trade Entertainment Association.

[In the circumstances for us to offer any comment might seem to savour of egotism, but we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE did not see his way to attend the lecture on "Bastiat and the Budget." A debate in a tent, as LINCOLN remarks, is a soul-shaking experience. *A propos* of fieldmice, can any of our readers supply us with any authentic anecdotes about the mole of HADRIAN?—Ed. *Dictator*.]

Candour from a Golf Committee.

"Rule 10.—Disputes respecting the play shall be determined by the Committee, with power to add to their number."

The cause of the present bad weather has now been scientifically explained by the ha'penny press thus:

"It is only necessary for the barometer to undertake a steady and sustained rise in England, France, and Germany, for the distribution of pressure to become favourable for a spell of real summer weather."

You see how impossible it is for the pressure to do anything until the barometer makes a start.

P. O. POLITENESS.

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON'S promise of rewards for civility is causing such a revolution in post-office officials that several customers are complaining of shock. The following dialogues, overheard in a local office, may be taken as average samples of the state of things at present prevailing:—

First Customer. How much is this parcel?

Counter Clerk (ticking off telegram). Excuse me one moment. (*Finishes message.*) So sorry to keep you waiting, but we are short-handed to-day. That parcel will be fourpence, if you please, *parcels post.*

First Customer. What will it be *letter post*?

Counter Clerk. It will be fivepence halfpenny, *letter post*; and in case you care to know, it would be precisely the same by *book post.*

First Customer. Dear, dear—that seems very expensive. Will you weigh it again to make sure?

Counter Clerk. With pleasure. Yes, that is correct—let me jot down the amounts for you on a piece of paper.

First Customer (stares at paper and hesitates for thirty seconds). I've changed my mind; I think I'll send it by hand, after all, if you'll give it back to me.

Counter Clerk. Certainly. The weather looks like rain, but I hope it will hold off till you get home. Good morning, and thank you.

Second Customer. If I send a letter to my husband's mother at Little Billeby about nine to-night, what time will it be delivered?

Counter Clerk. I must just look it up—I won't keep you a moment. Ah! it won't be delivered till to-morrow afternoon at Little Billeby—but if they send to Great Billeby they can collect it to-morrow morning.

Second Customer. They wouldn't do that, now John George is busy hay-making. But if my husband's mother leaves home this evening and spends to-morrow in Manchester, and they forward it, would she get it before she left the day after to-morrow?

Counter Clerk (looks it up in book). Yes, if they catch the first post from Little Billeby.

Second Customer. Well, but would Emma Jane leave her Sunday pie making to do that?

Counter Clerk. I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I can't tell you that.

Second Customer. Then I think it'll be safest not to write, but to wait till she comes home. That's all this morning.

Counter Clerk. Nothing else I can do? Good morning, and thank you.

Third Customer. Will you give me a penny stamp?



SKILFUL DRIVING.

First Irishman (in London Tube). "SURE AN' 'TIS A MIGHTY STRANGE WAY OF TRAVELLING."

Second Irishman. "BEDAD, 'TIS A WONDHER WE DON'T SHTRIKE AND BURST SOME WATHER-PIPE!"

Counter Clerk. Delighted. What unseasonable weather!

Third Customer. Oh!—ah—yes—very (*tenders sovereign*). Smallest I have.

Counter Clerk. Don't mention it. How would you like the change?

Third Customer. All silver, please—and three shillings in sixpences and threepenny bits—new ones, if possible.

Counter Clerk. I only have two new sixpences and four new threepenny bits this morning. I'm so sorry.

Third Customer. Oh, well, that'll do. (*Counts change.*) Nineteen and eleven—that's right—but where's the stamp?

Counter Clerk. Here it is. May I lick it for you? The taste of the gum is a little unpleasant to some customers.

Third Customer. Much obliged.

Counter Clerk. Not at all—a pleasure. Good morning, and thank you.

From an advt.:

"There is nothing I have had so much confidence in placing before my Lady Patrons than my Shampoo Powder. I have no hesitation in making the above remark. It does not change the colour of the hair. It removes scurf."

It is a bad remark for all that, and made our hair stand on end.

"Jeffries is not old, but he finds difficulty in reducing his portly waist to the dimensions of the prize-ring."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Even if it was only a 16 ft. ring, JEFFRIES should have had no real difficulty.



Mackintosh (to his Elder, who has advised him to try and check his strong language at Golf by picking up pebbles, one for every bad word, and bringing them to the Elder on Sunday after kirk). "HERE, MAN, IS A HANDFU' FOR 'BOTHERS,' AND HERE, MAN, IS ANITHER FOR 'HANGS.'"
 Elder. "WEEL, THAT'S NO VERRA DREADFU', I'M THINKING."

Mackintosh. "AY, BUT BIDE A WEE, THERE'S A CART COMING UP THE HILL WI' THE 'DAMNS!'"

TO A HUNTRESS.

WHEN you survey the trophies of your cunning,
 And muse, Corinna, on the grim remains
 Of those poor wights who, hardly in the running,
 Were led to think themselves your happy swains,
 And when they learnt the truth despaired and blubbered,
 And left their sculps to fill your Indian cupboard—

Take special heed (I do not ask for mercy;
 The mariners of old were wise to shun
 A second visit to the shores of Circe),
 But in that horrid pile take heed of one,
 A striking chevelure that (proud tormenter)
 Was trained to part exactly down the centre.

That one is mine; and if you have them labelled,
 And with your sister Sioux sometimes swop
 Impressions of the war-path true and fabled,
 I charge you to observe this pious crop,
 And tell them how its wearer took his gruel,
 A dauntless paleface, in the love-god's duel.

Some there may well have been who tumbled nicely,
 And when you told that immemorial fib
 Of how you'd be a sister, said precisely
 The sort of things you liked of love *ad lib.*,
 And ceaseless adoration that should flow on
 Till death untimely supervened, and so on.

But not the present writer; loth and lagging,
 He took some time to conquer, and he turned
 Nobly to bay, indignant of the bagging,
 Gave you an awkward interlude when spurned,
 Thrilled with the anger of a wounded poet,
 Thought you a hardened flirt, and let you know it.

Therefore, I say, do honour to a victim
 That gave you such an anxious hour to stalk,
 That struggled manfully, and, when you tricked him,
 Not lightly yielded to the tomahawk;
 And when the tales of triumph are recounted
 Revere that votive tuft and have it mounted.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice in *The Daily News* a photograph of an orator on a chair with an audience of six boys. It is placed beside a photograph of a Woman's Suffrage gathering, and entitled "A Contrast in Audiences. (2) Tariff Reform." In *The Daily Mail* I observe a group of the same figures, but the legend this time is "A Free Trade Orator and his Audience." I shall be glad if you will allow me space to inform editors of these and other papers that I am now touring the provinces with "Victor," my tame donkey, and that I am ready to be photographed in suitable positions as

- (1) A Tariff Reformer and his Following.
- (2) Explaining the Budget to a Sympathetic Audience.
- (3) Brother Socialists.

My fee is half-a-guinea. Yours faithfully, PRO BONO PUBLICO.



UNITED SOUTH AFRICA.

[The Act of Union is about to be presented, for sanction, to the British Parliament.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 12.—One of the most difficult tasks that falls to the lot of a Leader of either House is the pronouncement of panegyrics on departed statesmen. On a historic occasion Dizzy, remembering MOLIERE's avowed practice of taking his good things wherever he found them, got over the difficulty by incorporating in the details of his lament a purple passage from a eulogy spoken by a French orator at the tomb of a great Frenchman.

GLADSTONE at his best on these occasions. His panegyric on PEEL, with its apt quotation of the splendid lines beginning, "Now is the stately column broke," is a precious possession. PRINCE ARTHUR touches a high level. C.-B., who on more than one occasion joined him in paying tribute to the mighty dead, was, in quite different style, a worthy compeer. The present PREMIER, called upon to bewail the passing of his predecessor, struck a note that surprised as it pleased the House by its genuine emotion expressed in terms of simple eloquence.

To-night, CREWE, rising to pay a tribute to the memory of Lord RIXON, established

a fresh claim on steadily growing esteem of a mercilessly critical Assembly. His brief speech was lofty in conception, perfect in phrasing. Beneath the reverence of a still young statesman for the memory of a veteran who had filled with distinction most of the offices which are the prizes of a political career, was heard the note of personal affection for one whom, as he simply said, "I have known all my life."

The Commons spent their tenth night in Committee on Budget Bill. Before it was reached disturbing effect created by inquiry submitted by LANE-FOX. Strategically acquired commanding position by drawing from unsuspecting WAR MINISTER admission that on the battlefield the cavalry of the Territorial Army will act in conjunction with regular cavalry.

"Very well," said LANE-FOX, shaking his bridle hand, and nipping with relentless



"THEN 'ERE'S TO BOBS BAHADUR."

(Dedicated to the National Service League.)

Earl Roberts, K.G., sees the real enemies of his country (Generals von Sloth, von Slacking, and Rotten-Optimism) and, as ever, goes for them straight. (Alas, he discovers that the modern Englishman "will do anything in reason," but he won't learn to defend his home.)

knees an imaginary horse, as if prepared to ride down the hapless Minister, "what would happen if the order to charge were given to the Yeomanry—?"

Here assistance came from unexpected quarter. SPEAKER interposed with remark that to ask the MINISTER FOR WAR what would happen if the Yeomanry were ordered to charge is a projection of imagination carried too far for the Question Hour.

House laughed; LANE-FOX sat down with his question not only unanswered but incomplete. Its effect nevertheless unmistakable and enduring. Through the long hours that followed, when Members were ostensibly discussing methods of ascertaining the original site value of land, or contemplating the contingency of decrement instead of increment, one could see the troubled look on pallid faces as lips silently formed the fateful question, "What would happen if the order to charge were given to the Yeomanry?"

Business done.—Commons still harping on Clause 2 of Budget Bill.

Tuesday.—Like the traditional British soldier of whom he is himself the best type, BOBS never knows when he is beaten. Since he laid down the arms of active service has devoted himself to crusade designed to bring about



"IF THE YEOMANRY WERE ORDERED TO CHARGE."

A Battle Picture.

(Mr. G. Lane-Fox, the "Caran d'Ache" Yeoman.)

universal Army service. Made several assaults on citadel of the Lords. Now, advancing with flags flying, drums beating, trumpets blaring, sits down before it in force. Or, as the Parliamentary reports put it, "Lord Roberts moved the second reading of the National Service Bill."

NORTHUMBERLAND submits resolution involving rejection of Bill. As his Grace stood behind Front Opposition Bench consulting manuscript on which his *jeux d'esprit* were written there was nothing in his bearing or personal appearance to suggest the PERCY whom DOUGLAS knew at Chevy Chase. On the contrary, rather suggestive, as SARK observed, of "the Waterloo House young man" known to another generation now grown into the sixties. Appearances notoriously deceptive. When in fine passage the Duke intimated his readiness, if necessary, to "see this fight out on his stumps," a wave of emotion ran through habitually icy audience.

This was last night. Debate resumed this afternoon in same conditions of crowded benches and thronged side galleries whence bright eyes, the owners gown'd in daintiest summer frocks, rained influence. Affair admirably stage-managed. Whilst MILNER was on his legs expounding heroic views in halting sentences, Heaven's artillery suddenly brought into action. Peal after peal of thunder broke over startled town; through the open windows was heard the plash of battalions of torrential rain.

LANSLOWNE, in one of his masterly balanced speeches, damned the Bill with faint praise of motives of its supporters. By common consent honours of debate rest with MAYO. In carefully prepared address, which comprised slight *résumé* of Peninsula War that left much to be desired in NAPIER, he artfully led the listening senate up to Trafalgar. His intent, born and nurtured in the study, was to cite the date of the battle, let it come with a clash like the roar of a *Dreadnought* gun, and then sit down.

Turn which circumstances took unfortunately not only spoiled a well-designed plan, but prevented the House from knowing exactly how it would have worked out. That is a detail. What happened was that MAYO, having skilfully prepared the ground for his *coup*, remarked:

"As your lordships know, the battle of Trafalgar was fought in the year—er—in the year—er—er—"



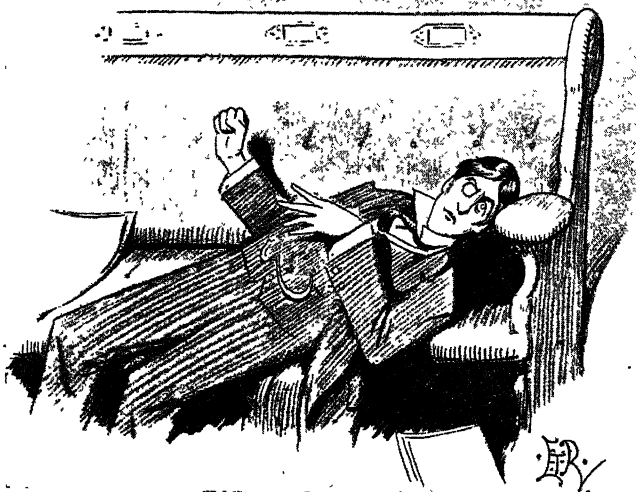
DESCENDED FROM HOTSPUR.

D-ke of N-rth-mb-rl-nd. "Oh, my de-ar friends, do not let our de-ar brother Roberts draw you aside from the true path! Believe me, an armed camp is the haunt of the—ahem! —of Beelzebub, and no-o-o pla-a-ace for our de-ar sons!"

He had forgotten the date. Worst of it was that, looking helplessly round, he found no noble lord sitting near or far who was able to supply it.

"Well, my lords," said MAYO, brisking up, "for the purposes of my argument it does not matter in what year Trafalgar was fought."

Plucky this. But general impression remained that it was a trifle inadequate.



CELEBRITIES VERY MUCH AT HOME.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason takes the Finance Bill lying down.

Business done—Lord ROBERTS's Bill thrown out by 123 votes against 103.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Once upon a time a learned judge—was it Mr. Justice CHANNEL?—summing up a case, remarked that he "had a great mind to" take a certain course. In the index of the current *Law Reports* appears the line, "Mr. Justice Channell: his great mind."

The MEMBER FOR SARK, indexing to-day's Parliamentary Reports, writes the line—

"Mr. Speaker Lowther: his blank mind."

No suggestion of damnatory objurcation lurks in the phrase. It merely records the masterly attitude of ignorance assumed by the SPEAKER at a critical moment. During a sitting which commenced yesterday afternoon at 2.50, closing this morning a few minutes after 9, a noble earl took occasion to observe that a gentleman belonging to West Ham and the Labour Party was not in a condition usefully to take part in debate. The gentleman, from West Ham, refraining from attempt to mince matters, retorted that the noble lord was a liar. Further, he indicated readiness to "ram the words down his throat." Declining to obey order from the Chair to withdraw the offensive term, the gentleman from West Ham was directed to withdraw himself. This he did, pausing at the Bar to invite the noble earl to walk out with him and "see if you are as sober as I ; m."

On resumption of sittings to-day, the SPEAKER was approached with request for advice on the matter. It was here that the right honourable gentleman's mind revealed its incorrigible blankness.

"I must," he said, "decline to admit any knowledge of what has occurred. The official report is not yet published. Reports in the newspapers may or may not be reliable. My mind is unaffected by any account I may have seen."

No getting over that. So the matter dropped for the time, and Clerk proceeded to read Orders of the Day.

Business done.—Education Vote in Committee of Supply.

"The bridesmaids wore dainty dresses of French or Organdy muslin with sun bonnets of the same trimmed with bunches of ribbon, and carried bouquets of shaded green peas to match."

Car isle Journal.

This is the latest fashion. Economical bridegrooms will find one managold-wurzel apiece comes even cheaper.



"SEEMS A BIT DRY, DON'T 'E? KEEPS ON DRINKIN' WATER."

"IT AIN'T BECOS' 'E'S DRY THAT 'E WANTS WATER—IT'S BECOS' 'E'S EATIN' 'IS OWN WORDS."

THE MAY-FLY.

THIS interesting creature is to be found in parts of Great Britain and in certain of the United States of America. Its favourite habitation, however, is the Pas-de-Calais, the natives there giving it the name of *Peut-être*.

By night it stays quietly within some place of shelter, appearing only for brief periods in the daytime. Its organism is a frail one, and easily gets out of order; but when it is in good health its movements—sometimes a swift progress along the ground, at others a graceful ascent into the air—are very interesting, and its glistening wings make it a thing of beauty. In the air its gambols are in the form of circular flights of several minutes' duration.

Though the May-fly exists on both sides of the Channel, curiously enough one has never been known to cross from one country to another up to the time of writing. The strong winds prevailing there may be the reason, for the May-fly is most sensitive to aerial dis-

turbances other than a breeze of the right strength from the right quarter—a breeze that is very rare at this time of the year. Other kinds render it exceedingly shy and retiring.

The May-fly is very fond of newspapers, an affection which is warmly reciprocated.

Strong ambition and great courage, tempered by caution, are the chief characteristics of the creature. This last quality is apt to interfere with its plans; but, after all, the other qualities are in the majority, and are likely to prevail in the long fly.

From San Francisco comes the news that the police have in their possession a gentleman who has married ten widows and is engaged to fourteen more. This is carrying specialisation too far.

"Mayfair and Belgravia set the note which is followed, of course, afar off in every gentile suburb."—*Standard*.

This does not refer to Bayswater.

The following simple and explicit directions are posted up in a hotel on the Nordfjord:—

"The fire escape!

Direction for use:

The one end of the rope is to be fixed at the hook in the window frame, the other is to turn out of the window. The plaited snorter, which is fixed at the log of wood, is to be put under your arms, whereupon you may safely let yourself slide down. You may regulate the hurry by keeping the rope under the log. If more persons are to be saved, you have to pull up the contrary end of the rope, fix this at the hook and go on so till nobody is left."

"There are forty bed-rooms, with hot and cold water laid on, while one-half that delicate attention is lavished on the putting greens of the new course."—*Daily Graphic*

We are still in doubt as to which half of the delicate attention is lavished—whether the greens get forty bedrooms' worth of either hot or cold, or twenty bed-rooms' worth of both.

THE KELT.

THE youngest subaltern came in behind the tea-tray and asked me the usual first question before we had finished shaking hands.

"Do you fish?"

"Well, I *have*, you know," I admitted, "at bazaars—parcels with loops of string on them, and all that."

"Then you haven't heard about me?"

"I really couldn't say. I've done nothing but hear about people ever since I've been in Ireland, and everybody seems to be related to everybody else, either through the Quinns of Killy—what-is-it, or the Gores of Bally—something-or-other, so if you happen in some way to be a Gore or a Quinn, Mr. Smithson—"

The youngest subaltern sighed and helped himself to potato cake.

"I'm afraid not," he said; "but you can't think how I've enjoyed meeting someone who doesn't know all about me."

"You're not a Channel-swimmer, are you?" I asked hastily.

He shook his head.

"I have it then; you've been flying."

"I wish I had! You know a fellow, even in the Army, must have a hobby for his few spare moments. In the hunting season one could put in two or three days a week with the hounds, but now there's nothing to do but fish. I did think of a motor once, but the Budget came in and I took a fishing instead. I thought it would be cheaper, but I'm not so sure of it now. Well, I fished for a month—Sundays too—and, at last, I got a bite!"

His manner was full of suppressed tragedy, and from an uneasy movement of his tea-cup hand I saw that he would have liked to pull his moustache. I was glad he couldn't, for it was a mere seedling, and I implored him to go on.

"It was a great moment. You never felt such a beggar to pull—jerked the line like a young cart-horse. I got quite excited, and so did all the others."

"The other fish?"

"No, the other people. There were lots of them—couldn't say how many—jumping up and down, yelling 'Sure but the gentleman's met a fish.' Seemed to come up out of rabbit holes and from behind bushes all over the place—like special correspondents. There was some red hair, and a squint, and a pair of patched trousers, I know; but I'm hanged if I could say whether the trousers and the squint went together, or whether the hair belonged to them or to another person who was tied together with straw bands and bits of rope."

"Gores or Quinns?" I murmured.

"I think it was trousers who gaffed him, and I know it was the squint who squatted down beside him and said, 'Sorr, he's a Kelt!'"

"Ireland for the Irish again!" I exclaimed indignantly. "I hope you told him that it didn't matter to you whether the fish was a Kelt or a Pan-Anglican?"

I meant to say "Syro-Phœnician," but the other word came more handy, and he didn't seem to notice anything.

He shook his head sadly.

"You're supposed to put all Kelts back again into the river, it seems. Well, mine wasn't a very—er—Keltic Kelt, and it was my first fish, so I put it into my basket instead."

"What did the Gores say—I mean the natives?"

"They were very kind and tried to buck me up about it, but the man who has the opposite fishing came along, and he went dead against me. I suppose you haven't met him yet? I forget his name. Anyhow, he made money out of bacon. He's one of your red-faced sportsmen, chock-a-block with conceit. Looks like a strutting turkey-cock!"

"Pride in his port, and all that?"

The youngest subaltern looked at me peevishly for a moment.

"I don't know about his cellar—never dined there myself; still, he's full-blown—very. We had an interchange of compliments over the river—I'm rather glad, now I come to think of it, that the river was there. Had the cheek to ask me if I'd ever hooked a salmon before. As a matter of fact I hadn't, or I shouldn't have been so keen on keeping that fish—so I left him bellowing on the bank. Jones and Batherson were the only fellows in the mess when I got back to barracks, and neither of them knows a Jock Scott from a—a—. Well, I was just telling them how it feels to have a real beauty like that on the end of your line, when into the barrack yard comes the Colonel's motor. He never does anything himself, you know; he's a slummocker!"

"Esperanto?" I asked faintly—it sounded bad.

"Tommy' for a lounge. He trots into the mess, and the first thing he says is, 'Hello, Smithson, Mr. Hanrahan (that's the bacon man's name) tells me you killed a Kelt this afternoon. If that's true, I wish you boys would be more careful; I won't have this known as the Cockney Brigade! Most unsportsman-like!' And that's the sort of thing that has gone on ever since. I've given up fishing. If I go down to my stretch of river, old Hanrahan comes up and asks me how many Kelts I've got. Never even talk of fishing now, but everybody knows. Wherever I go I hear someone saying, 'That's the man who took a Kelt!' Prettiest girl in the county, barring her mouth, keen on fishing too, wouldn't even look at me at the Regimental Ball."

"Well," I said, rising, "it's a nasty

proverb to mention under the circumstances, but aren't there as many good fish in the sea as ever came out?"

"Oh, rather," he assented; "and, I say, I have enjoyed your talking to me, you know!"

ANOTHER NAVAL CRISIS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have got myself into trouble, trouble with a charge of gunpowder at the end of it. Laugh away, *Mr. Punch*! Laugh away, and do not stop laughing just because I add that you have got yourself into the same trouble, too.

You remember, though you may have tried to forget, a jolly little poem of mine about one Geoffrey Lovatt. It appeared in your issue of July 7, and dealt courageously with that gentleman's high collars and want of manhood, marking the subjection in which his wife held him. I have had it out with the wife, my own dear sister, and referred her to the *Punch* office, telling her that *Mr. Punch* is responsible by the etiquette of journalism, and that he's an excellent target by the grace of nature. Take my advice, *Mr. Punch*, and be out for some years, because she is of a persevering character and uncompanionable in her off moods.

It does not, however, end there, for there is this Geoffrey Lovatt to be reckoned with. It happens that he is a sailor, who, instead of sailing, boosts about the home waters in a nasty submarine, carrying with him two thoroughly unscrupulous torpedoes and a lot of warlike enthusiasm. It also happens that there is to be a naval review in the Thames, and this G. L. informs me darkly that he will be lying off Temple Pier with his little thingummy, ready to settle accounts.

You in Bouverie Street and I in the Temple are, I feel, much too accessible. What shall we do? Shall we allow the heart of the literary and legal world to be blown nowhere, merely withdrawing our two valuable selves inland before the catastrophe? Or shall we take our chances? There is this about it, that in order to fire upon us he will have to get the bows of his submarine well out of water, even on to the Embankment. He is an ingenious fellow and may manage that, but, if he does, you and I can always summons him for riding on the footpath.

That is our only hope, as far as I can see. You may have rather a taste for being in more than two places at once, but personally I strongly disapprove of being spread over London. So I say now—and when I say a thing I mean it—that, if this Geoffrey Lovatt persists in his idea and blows me up, I shall never speak to him again.

Your indignant CONTRIBUTOR.

THE PICTURE COLLECTOR'S GUIDE.

THE huge totals realised at certain of the season's sales at CHRISTIE'S are not unnaturally turning the thoughts of struggle-for-lifers towards art virtuosity as a means of livelihood if not wealth.

A few hints to parents who are thinking of making their sons successful collectors may not be out of place.

To those lacking capital the important thing at the outset is to pick up a real treasure for nothing and sell it advantageously. It is the first step that counts. To do this one should haunt the miscellaneous sale rooms, where many an Old Master has been discovered in job lots among carpets, safes and feather-beds. Everything that is old and grimy was not necessarily painted by MURILLO or REMBRANDT, RAPHAEL or TITIAN, but all might have been. Remember that.

Remember that beneath the top picture may always be another. If you buy a genuine Rembrandt and, on scraping it, find a portrait of WELLINGTON, stop scraping at once.

Cultivate your voice. Many masterpieces have been picked up for a mere song, and it would be dreadful to have no mere singing power when one was offered to you. Cram your repertory with mere songs.

Be wary. Remember that COROT painted nearly everything except the canvases that bear his name.

When purchasing of a dealer always look at the back of the picture first: it inspires respect, and puts him off from trying on his little games.

Bear in mind that a dealer's a dealer for a' that. He may wear clothes like yourself and talk like you, and sustain life in more or less the same way, but none the less he is a dealer.

Visit the National Gallery and learn how the great artists painted. This will make you the less likely to buy every Rembrandt that is offered to you. Study the difference between the styles of PERUGINO and CROME.

Keep a photograph of the Holbein Duchess on your wall. Let that be your star. Some day, say to yourself, I too will sell a picture to the nation.

THE CATS' PAGEANT.

THE Dogs' Pageant having been arranged for, the Cats' is now under consideration. Mr. LOUIS N. BARKER having no special leaning towards this spectacle, it is in the hands of his neighbour at Kensington, Mr. TOMS. Among the patrons are the PERSIAN AMBASSADOR, Mdlle. JANOTHA, Mr. Milkie Bard, and the Mayor of Cowes.

The first Tableau (to be spelled tabbyteau in honour of the occasion)



Distressed Mother (to little boy with a bad cold). "JIMMY DARLING, YOU REALLY MUSTN'T SNEEZE LIKE THAT!" Jimmy. "I DON'T SNEEZE, MUMMY; IT SNEEZES ME!"

will represent the origin of the cat. According to the old legend there was for a while no cat, nor was it missed. But after a while the earth became more populous and there were no longer as many men as women, and an old maid appeared; so the first cat was evolved to keep her company. As in the case of the dog the other animals contributed to her devising, the tiger giving a miniature of itself as a model. The leopard gave liveness, and the panther its spring, the fox cunning and the dormouse sleepiness, the giraffe disdain and the seamew its second syllable. Thus was the cat made.

Tabbyteau II. Prehistoric competition to find a name for the new creature. After many thousands of coupons have

been filled in the prize goes to the reader who suggested C.A.T.

Tabbyteau III. (Very magnificent and educational.) A procession of kings, from David to George III., at whom cats have looked.

Tabbyteau IV. Historic cats. NOAH, as before, with two. ODIN's cat. GRAY's cat. The Kilkennycats. Dame Wiggins of Lee's cats. The Brown cat (with thanks). Charley's Aunt, with cat laughing.

Tabbyteau V. (Very popular.) A procession of all the living "principal boys" who have played *Di k Whittington*, each with his cat. Cameras not permitted except to representatives of the weekly illustrated papers.

Final Tabbyteau. (Very controversial.) Votes for cats.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HOWEVER kindly I may feel disposed to Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS, I am bound to believe that she wrote all the tales published under her name in *The Conversion of Con Cregan, and other Stories* (HUTCHINSON). On the other hand I am not bound to accept the numerous laudatory statements on the outside pages as admissible evidence on her behalf. Sitting as judge, I feel inclined to pass a severe sentence of very penal servitude upon her for her plots and to award her a gold medal and a birthday honour for her atmospheres. She frivols without purpose in Ireland among hunters and racers, Pats and "asthorses," and is natural and charming. She busies herself seriously in England with lost wills, compromised *débutantes* and impossible barristers, and is conventional and horrid. At her worst she takes pages to solve childish mysteries, which I, who have never before known the joy even of suspecting the guilty party, saw through at once. At her best she gets plenty of delightful fun out of the schemes and loves (but mostly the sport) of thoroughly Irish Irishmen. Wherefore this Court directs the public to read *The Conversion of Con Cregan* and most of the other stories, but binds Miss CONYERS over to keep the peace and on no account ever again to have anything to do with plots.

I understand that Mr. ARTHUR APPLIN originally published *The Stage Door* (WHITE) as a serial in the morning journal with the second largest net sale—a fact which, rightly considered, explains much. *David Gellion* was a starving dramatist, who sold his masterpiece to one *Hershman*, a manager of the deepest dye. But when the play was produced it was badly cast and was a failure; whereupon *Gellion* sought out *Hershman* in the managerial office, and smote him so that he fell into the fender and expired.

After which he himself jumped into the Thames. You may think that this ends the book. Not a bit of it. We are now introduced to Sir *James Fitzwater*, an opulent member of the *Hershman Syndicate*, who, seeing that what has taken place is really a first-class advertisement for the piece, promptly revives it, with the dramatist's widow as leading lady. Of course, the thing is a howling success, and subsequently *Biddy*, the heroine, arranges to marry *Fitzwater* on condition that he produces all her late husband's plays. The arrangement is a little difficult to follow, and is complicated by the reappearance of *Gellion*, who was only washed down the river as far (apparently) as Germany, whence he returns, under an alias, with a black beard and an entirely new and original musical comedy. Subsequently he rescues *Fitzwater* from a conflagration and gets his false beard burned, and so dies, this time in his proper person. The other characters, one supposes, live happy

ever after. Of them, I much prefer the fascinating *Biddy*, especially when she uses her influence over *Fitzwater* to make him abolish cloak-room fees and provide drinkable whisky in the theatre bars. So few heroines think of these things.

To insist upon the defects of a book when one finds oneself in sympathy with its motives is an ungracious task. Let me say at once, then (and have done with grumbling), that HUGH S. WALPOLE'S *The Wooden Horse* (SMITH, ELDER) is not without incongruities, and that the humour of title is too arbitrary to be amusing. To those, however, who detest snobbery and abhor rigid conventionality this history of the *Trojan* family will make an instant appeal. Upon his return to

Cornwall after an absence of twenty years *Harry Trojan* found that his son, *Robin*, was a martyr to good form. The *Trojan* rule was to know the right people, to be meticulously correct in speech and manner, and to remain aloof and aloft. Brought up in this numbing creed by his Aunt *Clare*, *Robin* was afraid either to show the smallest enthusiasm or to be in the least sentimental, and his father—in full revolt against *Trojan* traditions—determined to make a man of him and to win his love. A battle royal between *Harry* and *Clare Trojan* followed, and although in the struggle it is impossible to be on *Miss Trojan's* side the pathos of her position is revealed so clearly that it is equally impossible not to be sorry for her. Mr. WALPOLE is warmly to be praised for the clear perception he has of Cornish life, and for drawing attention to the vandals who—marching under the banner of progress—wish to change beautiful villages into band-swept watering-places.

The chief trouble with Mr. *Opp*, who gives his name to a new novel (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) by ALICE HEGAN RICE, author of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, was that nature designed him for a philanthropist and unkind circumstances turned him

into a combination of commercial traveller and newspaper editor. Neither his store for the sale of shoes (this was Mr. *Opp's* particular line of dry goods) nor his paper, *The Opp Eagle*, attained the measure of success which his virtues deserved. And, since his courtship also missed the mark, Mr. *Opp* cannot truthfully be said to have made what they call over there "a good thing" of his life. But while the author debases him in every worldly way—and an American who fails in business is debased indeed—she contrives to create in him a type of unselfish goodness which should have a wide appeal. "Pity," says CHAUCER, "runneth soon in gentle heart," and, since all readers are "gentle," Mr. *Opp* is sure of abundant sympathy for his misfortunes and self-sacrifice.

"Amazon parrot.—Having holidays; take 30s. or £3."—*Glasgow Herald*. We had no idea a parrot's holidays took as much as that.



THE MODERN BOOK-STALL BOY.

"I CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND THIS NEW NOVEL BY THE WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR OF 'A PINK-FACED DEVIL.' IT DEALS VERY SUBTLY WITH THE SEX PROBLEM, AND IS A MASTERPIECE OF LITERARY STYLE."

CHARIVARIA.

A REPRESENTATIVE of *The Express* has been interviewing M. CLEMENCEAU. "The Ministry," said the ex-Premier, "was not overthrown on a question of politics, but on a personal question. I will put it differently"—and, says our contemporary, *M. Clemenceau moved his hat to the side of his head, as he invariably does when he is going to be witty out-of-doors.* "The Ministry was not overthrown at all. I was." If only all our friends would assist us like this when they are about to make a joke, what a help it would be.

The ruling passion! While taking a

It is rumoured that a wealthy American has made an offer for the L. C. C. steamboat *Shakspeare* with a view to presenting her to the museum at Stratford-on-Avon.

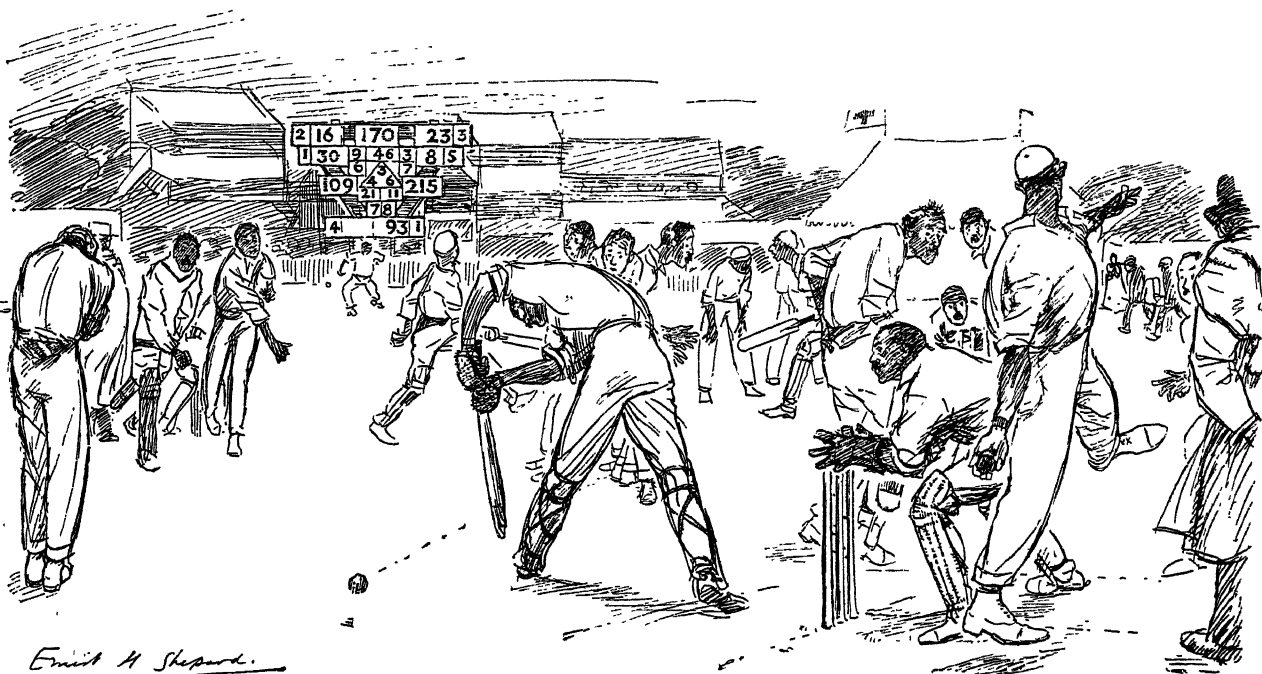
There is talk of a decline in the extravagance of female dress. It is to be hoped that this desirable movement will spread, so that even if a husband be legally entitled to his wife's clothes necessity will not compel him to wear them, but he will be able to afford some of his own choice.

As the result of his investigations at St. Mary's Hospital, Dr. DISTASO has expressed the opinion that "Every

three great divisions of this country—Men, Women and Suffragettes—will be reduced to two by the elimination of the women.

We cannot help thinking that the ideal Channeler has yet to make his appearance. What is required is a combination of Mr. LATHAM and Mr. HOLBEIN. One half could always do the piece that the other half left undone.

When charged at the Thames Police Court, last week, with using bad language, a lady bearing a Scotch name declared that she was only speaking Gaelic. The magistrate, however, held it to be Gaelic.



STUDY OF A "TRIANGULAR" TEST MATCH.

brief week-end holiday at Brighton Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE amused himself by throwing money from the pier to the ragamuffins below.

Conservative associations are issuing numerous placards bearing the words:—

REGISTER, REGISTER, REGISTER!

It cannot be too clearly understood that these reminders are addressed to Conservatives only, and any Liberal taking advantage of them is no gentleman.

While the royal train conveying the Austrian CROWN PRINCE and his suite from Roumania was passing the frontier town of Toenoes last week, four shots were fired by some unknown person. A local landowner has been arrested. He has not improved his case by stating that he was merely shooting bears.

child should have its large intestine and its appendix removed when it is two or three years old." The suggestion, we hear, has been received very badly in juvenile circles, and arrangements are being made for thousands of protesting youngsters to march at an early date to Kensington Gardens with banners bearing the inscription, "What we have we'll hold!"

During the next few weeks, we are told, there will be showers of meteors. We are not surprised that the stock of rain should be giving out.

The Carnarvonshire Education Authority has decided to give cookery lessons to the boys in the Llandudno district. This is sheer panic. We do not believe that the day will ever come when the

HORSE FLIES

is the sensational announcement in the list of contents of a Natural History contemporary. The feat, however, is scarcely a novelty. Pegasus, if we remember rightly, did it some years ago.

Mince or Wince?

It is reported that, owing to a terminological inexactitude, Lord LANS-DOWNE spoke the other day of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL as Mr. MINSTON CHURCHILL.

"'Quick march' boomed down the line, like a vastly magnified echo came the crash of a drum, the band broke into a tumultuous melody, the station gates swung back and the great cavalcade marched out into the sunlight."—*Evening News*.

So there are such things as Horse Marines after all.

THE NEW RESISTANCE.

[A novel form of opposition is threatened on the part of mutinous wives. The development is due to the success of certain Suffragettes who, after being admitted to gaol of their own heroic choice, have contrived by dint of fasting to prevail on Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE to let them out.]

No, Frederica, no; I may have knuckled
Under, at times, to woman's soft appeal;
But now I have my armour on and buckled;
Tears cannot melt that tegument of steel;
That which I've said I've said:
"You *shall not* wear a bee-hive on your head!"

I have allowed you loosely to conduct your
Home-life according to your lack of taste,
But to permit this pestilential structure
Would be to have my dignity displaced;
Frankly I draw the line
At such a hat on any wife of mine.

When we exchanged our pledges at the altar
You undertook to honour and obey;
And though, ere now, I have been known to palter
With manhood's rights, this time I'll have my way;
I lay the law down flat,
Saying, "You *shall not* wear a thing like that."

Nor would it shake my purpose should you follow
The lead of Suffragettes that live on air,
Refusing, out of cussedness, to swallow
Your salutary meals. I shouldn't care
Two paltry jots or tittles
What attitude you took about your victuals.

You might adopt a course of strict starvation,
But you would never break my manly pride;
You might arrest the fount of sustentation
Till you were just a bag of bones and hide,
But that would not disturb
A man of stouter stuff than GLADSTONE (HERB.).

Believe me, I am anything but brutal;
I take no pleasure in a hollow cheek;
I could not get my heart to hum or tootle
If you were slowly waning week by week;
But here I must be firm,
Or I should show no better than a worm.

And, if you stuck to it and went on sinking
Until you failed to draw another breath,
Your widower would console himself with thinking
That there are tragedies far worse than death:
Dishonour may be reckoned
The first of such, and your bee-hat the second.

O. S.

Welsh Punctilio.

From the official directions for the "National Pageant of Wales":—

"Performers must make a point of being on the ground three-quarters of an hour before the time appointed for their entrance. Provided that they do this, they need not put in an earlier appearance."

We have worked this out and find that if you turn up half-an-hour before the time, you have to put in a much earlier appearance. So the best plan is to come earlier, because then you can come later.

Our Weekly Home Hint—No. 39.

"The easiest way to clean a cereal cooker is to turn it upside down in a pan of white flannel laid with the soft side on the inside and quilted on the machine; edge with a binding of white tape."—*Oxford Times*.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.*)

Little Arthur. Papa, do you know what Miss MacBrayne told me this morning?

Papa. No, my boy; what was it?

L. A. She said you were going to be a Member of Parliament soon, and I must work very hard so as to fit myself to be the son of so distinguished a father.

Papa. Oh, she said that, did she? Well, we never can tell, Arthur. Stranger things have happened. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

L. A. Oh, yes, Papa. If it pleases you, I'm sure it ought to please me; and Mamma will be glad, too, won't she?

Papa. Yes, I daresay she'll be glad enough.

L. A. Then is it true, Papa?

Papa. Well, you see, the Earl of Cookham has just died, and so Lord Taplow succeeds to the Earldom, and we're left without a candidate.

L. A. Does that mean that *you* must be a candidate, Papa?

Papa. Oh, well, not exactly that; but there's some talk about it. Anyhow, we shall see.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I suppose so. But shall you *really* like it, Papa?

Papa. Why do you ask?

L. A. Because you said the other day, Papa, that it was a dog's life, and you wondered any decent man could lower himself to such a thing. You said it to Mr. Schmitz, Papa, and he said "dere vill always be plenty dogs to shnap it up."

Papa. I can't have you imitating Mr. Schmitz like that. It's most disrespectful.

L. A. I'm sorry, Papa, but I thought if I said it like him you'd remember it better. Then you said that for your own part you wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole, and Mr. Schmitz said, "I tink"—I beg your pardon, Papa—he said, "I think you would touch it mit bose"—I mean "with both hands." That's what he said, Papa.

Papa. Well, he's a German, and he doesn't know everything, especially about Englishmen.

L. A. No, Papa, but he's right this time, isn't he? You would take it, wouldn't you?

Papa. Isn't it your tea-time?

L. A. Not yet, Papa. Miss MacBrayne has promised to stamp on the floor three times when tea's ready.

Papa. Well, I wish she'd stamp quickly.

L. A. So do I, Papa, because I'm rather hungry. But, Papa!

Papa. Yes, what is it?

L. A. I really think it *will* be nice for you to be a Member of Parliament.

Papa. Do you? That's very good of you. But why do you think it will be so particularly nice? What's it going to do for *you*?

L. A. I didn't mean that it would be nice for me; because I shall have to work so hard to fit myself to be your son—

Papa. Well, you'll be my son anyhow.

L. A. Thank you, Papa; but I meant it would be particularly nice for *you*.

Papa. Why?

L. A. Because you hate taxes so, Papa.

Papa. Well, upon my word! What's that got to do with it?

L. A. I thought, Papa, that if you were a Member of Parliament you would be able to vote against all the taxes. You said in your speech on Wednesday (*takes newspaper cutting from his pocket and reads*): "I consider it to be a



THE ALL-NIGHTMARE.

"STILL IT CRIED 'SLEEP NO MORE!' TO ALL THE HOUSE."—*Macbeth*, Act II., Scene 2.



Dear Old Lady. "WOULD YOU KINDLY TELL ME THE NUMBER OF THAT PICTURE?"
 D. O. L. "IS IT A SEA VIEW?"
 D. O. L. "OH! THANK YOU VERY MUCH INDEED. YOU SEE, I'VE JUST COME FROM THE OCULIST, AND I PROMISED HIM I WOULDN'T USE MY EYES!"

Total Stranger. "TWO THOUSAND AND FORTY-SIX."

patriotic duty to vote against these taxation proposals. They are nothing better than plunder and confiscation, and their effect can only be to cripple industry and lower this country in the scale of nations." I cut it out of the *Gazetteer*, Papa.

Papa. Ah, but I was speaking about the taxes proposed by this rascally Government.

L. A. Yes, Papa, but if our side came in they would vote against all taxes, wouldn't they? And so we shouldn't have any taxes at all, should we?

Papa. And how do you think the country's going to be carried on?

L. A. I don't know, Papa; I'm trying to learn. Do taxes carry the country on?

Papa. Well, we've got to pay for the Army and the Navy somehow, and there are lots of other things.

L. A. Oh, I see, Papa. But you want the army to be bigger, don't you?

Papa. Yes, certainly. Every young man ought to be made to serve in the Army in some way.

L. A. Yes, Papa, and you want many more ships in the Navy. You said so in the same speech.

Papa. Quite true, and I stand by it. The safety of the country requires it.

L. A. Yes, you said that too, Papa. But then won't the

Army and the Navy cost more? And if they cost more won't there be more taxes?

Papa. I daresay.

L. A. But then our side couldn't do away with the taxes, could they?

Papa. We should propose different ones—distribute the burden more fairly.

L. A. But if they did that, Papa, would you have to pay less?

Papa. I should hope so.

L. A. But then, wouldn't somebody else have to pay much more?

Papa. Probably.

L. A. But he wouldn't like that, would he? And, Papa?

Papa. Well?

L. A. If taxes pay for the Army and Navy, you ought to like being taxed, oughtn't you? Because you like the Army and the Navy, don't you?

Papa. Now look here, you're much too young to understand these things. You're only muddling your brains by asking questions about them.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I'm afraid I am. But I did think, as you hated taxes, you'd vote against them if you were a Member, and so—

Papa. There's tea. Run away quick. [Three stamps are heard on the floor above.]

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER VI.—IN AND OUT.

"Well," said Thomas, "how are we going to celebrate the joyful event?"

We were sitting on the lawn watching Blair and Miss Fortescue play croquet. Archie and Dahlia were not with us; they had (I suppose) private matters to discuss. Our match did not begin for another hour, happily for the lovers; and also for the croquet-players, who had about fifty-six more hoops, posts, flags and what not to negotiate.

"It's awfully difficult to realise it," said Myra. "My own brother! Just fancy—I can hardly believe it."

"I don't think there can be any doubt," I said. "Something's happened to him anyhow—he's promised to put me in first to-day."

"Let's have a dance to-morrow night," continued Thomas, relentlessly pursuing his original idea. "And we'll all dance with Miss Blair."

"Yes, Archie would like that."

"I remember some years ago when I was in Spain," said Simpson—

"This," I murmured appreciatively, "is how all the best stories begin." And I settled myself more comfortably in my chair.

"No," said Simpson, "I'm wrong there. It was in Hampstead." And he returned to his meditations.

"Tell you what," said Thomas, "you ought to write 'em an ode, Simpson."

"There's nothing that rhymes with the lady."

"There's hair," I said, quite unintentionally.

"I meant with Dahlia."

"My dear man, there are heaps. Why there's azalea."

"That's only one."

"Well, there are lots of different kinds of azalea."

"Any rhymes for Archie and Man-nering?" said Simpson, scornfully.

"Certainly. And Simpson. You might end with him—

'Forgive the way the metre limps on,
It's always like that with Samuel Simpson.'

You get the idea?"

"Hush," said Myra, "Miss Fortescue has passed under a hoop."

But it is time that we got on to my innings. Archie managed to win the toss, and, as he had promised, took me in with him. It was the proudest and most nervous moment of my life.

"I've never been in first before," I said, as we walked to the wickets. "Is there any little etiquette to observe?"

"Oh rather. Especially if you're going to take first ball."

"Oh, there's no doubt about my taking the first ball."

"In that case the thing to remember

is that when the umpire calls 'play' the side refusing to play loses the match."

"Then it all rests on me? Your confidence in me must be immense. I think I shall probably consent to play."

I obtained guard and took my stand at the wicket. Most cricketers nowadays, I am told, adopt the "two-eyed stance," but for myself I still stick to the good old two-legged one. It seems to me to be less wearing. My style, I should observe, blends happily the dash of a JOSEPH VINE with the patience of a KENNETH HUTCHINGS; and after a long innings I find a glass of —, I've forgotten the name of it now, but I know I find it very refreshing.

Being the hero (you will admit that—after my hat trick?) of this true story, I feel I must describe my innings carefully. Though it only totalled seventeen, there was this to be said for it. It is the only innings of seventeen ever made by a hero.

It began with a cut to square-leg, for which we ran a forced single, and followed on with a brace of ones in the direction of fine slip. After that I stopped the bowler in the middle of his run-up, and signalled to a spectator to move away from the screen. This was a put-up job with Myra, and I rather hoped they would give me something for it, but apparently they didn't. At the end of the over I went up and talked to Archie. In first-class cricket the batsmen often do this, and it impresses the spectators immensely.

I said, "I bet you a shilling I'm out next over."

He said, "I won't take you."

I said, "Then I huff you," and went back to my crease.

My next scoring-stroke was a two-eyed hook over point's head, and then Archie hit three fours running. I had another short conversation with him, in the course of which I recited two lines of SHAKESPEARE, and asked him a small but pointed conundrum, and afterwards I placed the ball cleverly to mid-off, the agility of the fieldsman, however, preventing any increment, unearned or otherwise. Finally I gave my cap to the umpire, made some more ones, changed my bat, and was caught at the wicket.

"I hit it," I said, as I walked away. I said it to nobody in particular, but the umpire refused to alter his decision.

"I congratulate you," said Miss Blair, when I was sitting down again.

"I was just going to do that to you," I said.

"Oh, but you were kind enough to do that last night."

"Ah, this is extra. I've just been batting out there with your young man. Perhaps you noticed?"

"Well, I think I must have."

"Yes. Well, I wanted to tell you that I think he has quite an idea of the game, and that with more experience he would probably be good enough to play for—Surrey . . . Second eleven. Yes. At hockey."

"Thank you so much. You've known him a long time, haven't you?"

"We were babes together, Madam. At least, simultaneously. We actually met at school. He had blue eyes and curly hair, and fought the captain on the very first day. On the second day his hair was still curly, but he had black eyes. On the third day he got into the cricket eleven, and on the fourth he was given his footer cap. Afterwards he sang in the choir, and won the competition for graceful diving. It was not until his second term that the Headmaster really began to confide in him. . . . By the way, is this the sort of thing you want?"

"Yes," smiled Dahlia. "Something like that."

"Well, then we went to Cambridge together. He never did much work, but his algebra paper in the Little-Go was so brilliant that they offered him the Senior Wranglership. He refused on the ground that it might interfere with his training for the Tug of War, for which he had just obtained his Blue, and—It's a great strain making all this up. Do you mind if I stop now?"

"Of course I know that isn't all true, but he is like that, isn't he?"

"He is. He put me in first to-day."

"I know you really are fond of him."

"Lorblessyou—yes."

"That makes you my friend, too."

"Of course." I patted her hand.

"That reminds me—as a friend I feel bound to warn you that there is a person about in the neighbourhood called Samuel Simpson who meditates an evil design upon you and yours. In short, a poem. In this he will liken you to the azalea, which I take to be a kind of shrubby plant."

"Yes?"

"Yes, well, all I want to say is, if he comes round with the hat afterwards don't put anything in."

"Poor man," smiled Dahlia. "That's his living, isn't it?"

"Yes. That's why I say don't put anything in."

"I see. Oh, there—he's out. Poor Archie."

"Are you very sorry?" I said, smiling at her. "I'm just going, you know."

"Between ourselves," I said later to Myra, "that isn't at all a bad girl."

"Oh, fancy!"

"But I didn't come to talk about her—I came to talk about my seventeen."

"Yes, do let's."

"Yes. Er—you begin." A. A. M.

THE SLAVES OF KICK-BALL.

[The following extract--of interest to all British Sportsmen who have observed the attitude of the Football Association towards the Players' Union--is taken from an entertaining pamphlet, "Slavery Amongst Foreign Devils," issued by the Society of the Pink Dragon, the leading Chinese Anti-Slavery Society. It follows immediately a paragraph concerning the slaves who are subject to a feminine demon named "Mrs. Grundy," and it precedes an eloquent denunciation of the injustices practised by the mandarins of the Inland Revenue.]

"AND in this strange land of foreign devils wondrous things happen. For, driven by madness and poverty, certain poor hirelings place themselves in an enclosure before countless howling demons and are set to kick one another and also a ball. And behold when one body of these poor hirelings kick ball between certain sticks one-half of the surrounding demons throw their head covering in the air and behave in unseemly fashion. And when other hirelings kick ball through other posts more demons do the like. And at other times all the demons join together and tear asunder that hireling who is the spiritual director of the kick-ball and plays religious music on a small instrument.

"Now all these ignorant white demons bow down and worship a strange joss which is known as the Football Ass, and they acknowledge its rule and tremble. For the Football Ass fixes the pay of the hirelings and says, 'No slave who kicks ball shall receive more than four large pieces of gold in one quarter moon.'

"And if a kick-ball hireling asks for more then he is deprived of his wage for ever. And if a master demon offers his slave more and he taketh it--as is in the nature of man to do--then it is decreed that the slave shall receive no more money and shall no longer work at kick-ball, and that the master shall conduct kick-ball no more.

"And if a miserable slave desireth to kick ball for another demon then must he bow to the Football Ass and beseech it humbly, saying, 'Let thy contemptible servant go hither or thither.' Then if the slave be impotent or of little value the Football Ass answers, 'Go where thou wilt.' But if he have good health and feet of lightning and a head as of iron, then the Football Ass answers angrily, 'Let him cleave to his master--or otherwise let him be deprived of subsistence.'

"And when the workers at kick-ball joined together and said, 'Shall we still bow down to this beast which is but an Ass?' then the Ass brayed with fear and said, 'Let all kick-ballers be deprived of their living. It is better that they should starve and that there should be no more work at kick-ball, than that the worship of the Football Ass should cease.'



OUR YOUNG HYGIENISTS.

Lady (presiding over refreshment tent). "WELL, DEAR, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE?"
Harold. "A LITTLE BOILED WATER, PLEASE."

"Yet these strange foreign devils cried out and made much stir when certain just and honourable wearers of pig-tails were hired fairly to do necessary work in the mines of the land of the Jews."

More Truth from the Schoolroom.

Story of the Merchant of Venice.

"There was a rich Jew living at Venice and his was Shylock and he married a wealthy woman named Portia and Shylock had a son named Antonio and Shylock wanted to take a pound of flesh out of Antonio so Shylock had the knife ready and just as he was going to

cut the flesh Shylock heard that Antonio's ships had been found by Portia so Portia saved the life of Antonio Shylock knew if he had done it he would have to have shed blood. And the merchant of Venice is sometimes known as the Comedy of Errors or as we should say the merry wives of Windsor and while Shakespear was writing the Merchant of Venice Bassanio and Lorenzo were sitting by each of him Shakespear was only a poor lad born on Stratford-on-Avon and then he made his way to London writing Poets and one day in the year 1610 he heard the noisy theatres in London."

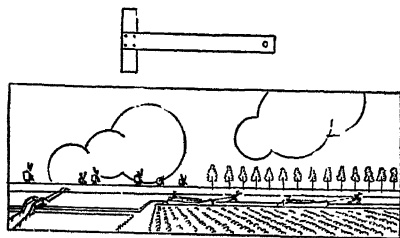
THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

FIRST AID TO AMATEUR ARTISTS.

USEFUL as the picture-postcard and the camera undoubtedly are in assisting the traveller to memorise his vacation rambles, they do not of course compare with the sketch, the personal record of the scene. The shop at which the picture-postcard is purchased—even the pretty girl who sells it to us—how soon we forget them! The circumstances of the pressing of the button of the camera—how fugitive they are! But, on the other hand, how enduring are the memories of the pictures we painted or drew—the harvesters that ate us as we worked, the villagers that looked on, the cow that breathed down our backs, the cold we caught, the chill we contracted! These abide. Hence a lasting vividness in our minds that marks out sketching as the ideal record.

Everyone, however, cannot sketch. Gifts and talents are distributed by Nature with a thoughtlessness that is not to be excused, and hence it is that the most horrible and hairy men can play the piano best, and artists can paint while gentlemen cannot. This, of course, is wrong, but none the less it must be faced. How, then, is one to sketch if he has no aptitude? The answer is that the ingenuity of man must provide him with the power.

Different countries, it will be noticed, have different characteristics, strongly pronounced. Holland, for example, is flat; Switzerland is lumpy. Flatness calls for straight lines; lumpiness for curves. A special T-square has therefore been prepared for sketchers in Holland to form the groundwork—the natural genius—of the country, upon which even the veriest tyro can indicate sufficient life to convince his friends that he has been there; and surely that is the end of most travel? The accompanying illustrations show what can be



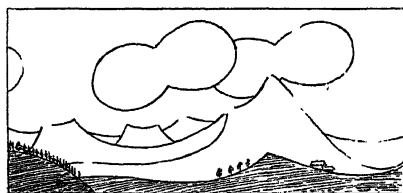
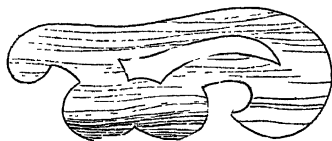
T-SQUARE.
SCENE IN HOLLAND.

done with the addition of a pair of compasses (or a selection of coins) for clouds. The trees, the mills and the tulips any one can add.

If, however, the trees are felt to be too difficult, it should be known that Messrs. Eton and Poppin now have on sale a series of zinc stencils, in varying sizes, of no fewer than fifty trees, ranging

from the oak to the araucaria, and one has merely to pencil them in where required according to scale, and then either colour or leave blank. By seeing them invariably against the setting sun the necessity for colour (always a delicate and tricky business) is obviated.

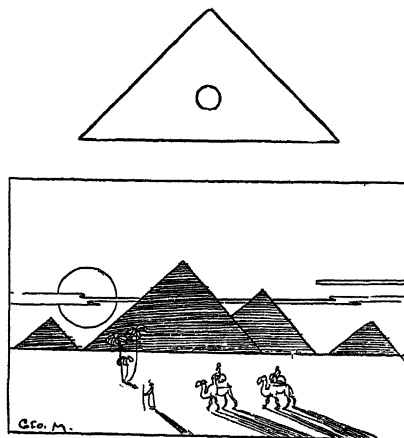
Turning to Switzerland, which is lumpy, we find that extremely convincing results can be obtained by using one of the ordinary wooden curves that are to be found in all well-furnished boxes of compasses. With a little adaptation and twisting, the Alps can be completely mastered—as in the



CURVES.
SCENE IN SWITZERLAND.

subjoined illustration. The addition of chalets and firs is a detail. If, however, cows are wanted Messrs. Eton and Poppin sell stencils of these also, and indeed of all the animals to which the sketcher is liable—from the smallest size to life-size.

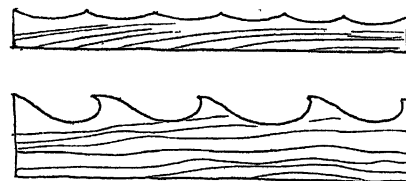
Another favourite country for the tourist and amateur artist is Egypt, which is, as a moment's thought will tell, the land of the Pyramids. Here, then, all is simple, for with an ordinary set-square the tombs of the Pharaohs are yours—as our picture indicates.



SET-SQUARE.
EGYPTIAN LANDSCAPE.

Care must, however, be taken to remember to omit the hole in the middle.

For those who are minded to sketch from the deck on the voyage out the same firm puts up an excellent series of "Britannias," or wave-rulers, for every kind of sea. The two that are illustrated



WAVE-CURVES:
(1) SLIGHT BREEZE.
(2) FRESH BREEZE.

belong to comparatively quiet weather; but storms are catered for also.

Finally it should be pointed out, for the benefit of those who wish their sketches to serve not only as *memoria technica* but also as ornaments and objects of admiration to their friends, and to be worthy of gilt frames, that Messrs. Eton and Poppin not only undertake to furnish crude designs, but also supply beautifully coloured scenes, or rather scenarios, of every variety, for every country, upon which the tourist may do as little work as need be before adding the name of the place and the date and the signature.

That is one way. For those who find the finishing of a picture irksome and difficult the firm comes to the rescue with a competent staff of accomplished artists, who undertake this mechanical part of the work for a small fee. The unfinished drawing should be accompanied by notes, written or drawn, by picture-postcards or extracts from guide-books, to assist these useful allies in completing the pictures faithfully. The original sketcher then appends his signature, and the picture is ready for its frame and the plaudits of his acquaintance.

The New Liberal Humorist.

[Selections from a series of remarks made to a *Daily Chronicle* reporter by Mr. O. PARTINGTON, M.P., after the result of the High Peak by-election had been announced.]

I.

"Even the duty on tobacco and spirits was regarded by the working-man (of the High Peak), not in the light of a hardship, but as a privilege when it was pointed out to them what it was for."

II.

"I shall not forget to inform the PRIME MINISTER that the High Peak is true to Liberalism."

Mr. *Punch* hopes that by the time the present issue appears in print Mr. PARTINGTON will have conveyed this information to Mr. ASQUITH, and thus relieved him of his awful suspense about the issue of the by-election.



“EX PEDE HERCULEM.”

Guttersnipe. “COME ON, BILLY! YER CAN SEE THEIR FEET.”

CO-OPERATION INVITED.

I.

Know all men by these presents that I have invented a new way of telling a funny story. I have carried out my invention in detail, and the framework for the article is complete, having been typed, punctuated, and (in places) correctly spelt under my personal supervision. All that remains is to provide the funny story.

Now, though I have given this matter my mature consideration, no comic episode will suggest itself. In vain I have devoted half-an-hour's consecutive thought to each of the following topics:—(1) Choleric Colonels, (2) Nouveaux Riches, (3) American Exaggerators, and (4) Weary Parents oppressed by the Late Departure of a Daughter's Possible *Fiancé*. I have therefore determined to invite extraneous assistance, and to appeal to a generous public.

II.

The family have become permanently obsessed by melancholy ever since I demanded from them a funny story. They can think of nothing but pathetic incidents concerning the life of the very poor, and railway accidents. In his one lucid interval my brother has evolved this little poem:—

“You've often heard it said that you Work like a horse. This may be true. The same remark may also be Applied to me as truthfully. In either case the point, of course, Depends upon what kind of horse.”

I presented my compliments, but regretted that I was unable to accept his contribution.

III.

I have two uncles, the one famous, the other notorious, as a raconteur. Uncle No. 1 was ready to oblige, but confessed upon cross-examination that he relied entirely upon my editor's paper for his supply of funny stories. Uncle No. 2 related an incident touching the infant child of his sister-in-law. I laughed with such respect that he felt bound to justify himself by explaining that what made it so funny was the way the infant child of his sister-in-law said it.

IV.

All my friends know heaps and heaps of stories, but have forgotten them all. Three only have shown themselves to possess good sound memories and have recollected one story apiece. As it happens, it is the same story. My English friend tells it to show how the Englishman scored off the Scotchman. My Scotch friend tells it to show how the Scotchman scored off the Englishman. My

Irish friend tells it to show how the Irishman scored off them both. I am glad to say that I have forgotten that story myself.

V.

The last hope is with you, O reader. I formally call upon you to produce a funny story, for me to tell you in the new way I have invented. This, moreover, is to give you notice that, unless within ten days from this date (whatever it may be) you comply with my request and deposit at the *Punch* Office an envelope containing the said funny story and addressed “Wants Department—Destitute Contributor,” you will forfeit the pleasure of reading the article, which, as far as the framework at any rate is concerned, has been typed, punctuated, and (as far as possible) correctly spelt under my personal supervision.

“Imagine a man with a face bronzed by Southern suns, and a beard on which the winters of sixty-five years have left some trace of their snow, and you can form some mental picture of Sir Robert Stout. . . . Sir Robert Stout was born on Sept. 28, 1844, so that he is now in his sixty-fifth year.”—*The Review of Reviews*.

Imagine an infant with a bushy black beard and you can form some mental picture of Sir ROBERT STOUT in 1844.



AN EMBARRASSMENT OF PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

Tramping Gentleman. "WULL, THERE'S PLENTY TO CHOOSE FROM, AN' A BLOOMIN' LOT O' USE TO A BLOKE AS CAN'T READ."

THE CENSORSHIP AGAIN.

THE following communications seem to be intended for the Royal Commission on the Dramatic Censorship. Perhaps they will be read by its members.

MR. HARRY LAUDER: So far from abandoning the Censor, I would give him far more power: until, in fact, he made the theatre as moral and enlightening as the music-hall. As it is, you may search the music-halls far and near for a suggestive or even vulgar thing, whereas go into the first theatre you come to—the Duke of York's, for example—and you see a man who is married making love to a single woman. Man, it's awfu'. If I were the Censor I would stop that. I would not allow a fact ever to get on to the stage.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER: What we really want is more censorship, not less. We want, for example, a Press Censor as well. Every editor should be forced to submit his paper to the Lord Chamberlain's office before going to press. Then not only would the divorce reports be deleted, but such offensive and unhealthy cocksureness as you find in Mr. BERNARD SHAW's letters would vanish too. Of

course the LORD CHAMBERLAIN himself would not find time to read so much between 12 and 3 A.M.; but he would probably experience little difficulty in finding a staff of efficient helpers equal in mental calibre to Mr. REDFORD.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: How could I oppose the Censor when he came to me for his first two names? A man is not called GEORGE ALEXANDER REDFORD for nothing.

MR. EUSTACE MILES: There should certainly be a Censor for restaurants. Every menu, both for lunch and dinner, should be submitted to him early in the day, and he should cut out the indigestible things. Only thus can you get a moral and efficient people.

G. B. S.: My last word on the subject is this: Swing the Censor.

The following passage from a Scotch paper appears to point to the growth of the Woman's Suffrage movement among the journalists of the North:—

"The reason for the decadence of tandem-cycling is probably due to the fact that, except in the case of husband and wife, it is not always easy to find two men who are likely to be cycling together."

SONGS FOR SAILORMEN.

A TRUE SALT.

O SOME they likes the country-side,
Green fields and uplands brown,
An' some they fancies the crowded streets
An' the noisy, bustlin' town;
But give to me the clean salt smell
Of the tumblin', tossin' sea,
With an honest ship beneath my feet
An' the wind a-blowin' free.

O some they takes a pride an' joy
In drivin' a furrow straight,
An' some they hustles a motor-car
At a rattlin', murderin' rate;
But give to me the staunch, stout wheel
Of a ship as knows my 'and,
An' feels 'er way across the sea
To an unseen far-off land.

O some they lies when life is done
'Neath quiet grass-grown mounds,
An' some they 'as to take their rest
In the close-packed city grounds;
But give to me, when my time comes,
And I no more may roam,
To be dropt o'erboard in my shotted
shroud
That the sea may take me home.



THE DASHING LITTLE DUKE.

KEEPER ASQUITH. "HI! YOU'VE BEEN TRESPASSING."
DUKE OF NORFOLK. "YES, I KNOW. WHAT'S THE PENALTY?"
KEEPER ASQUITH. "AH! THERE YOU HAVE ME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 19.

—Twenty-five minutes after SPEAKER took the Chair sitting threatened to collapse. There were seventy-three Questions on the Paper, sufficient to keep things going through allotted period. But it happened that in some cases the Minister addressed was not in his place. In others the enquiring Member had not arrived. Having in vain endeavoured to effect the Parliamentary process of "joining the flats," the SPEAKER desisted. Awkward pause followed. Ingenious Member of Opposition seized opportunity to move that the House do now adjourn. SPEAKER ignored motion: if deadlock continued it might be put again.

Mr. WEIR came to the rescue. Had on paper a cluster of Questions addressed to LORD ADVOCATE. Was not in his place when the first was called on. A Question, when passed over, would not in ordinary course be dealt with till the list had been gone through. Mr. WEIR, stepping into imminent deadly breach, suggested that his catechism might be taken forthwith. SPEAKER gladly consented. LORD ADVOCATE, pleading the privileges and responsibilities of a family man, elbowed the SOLICITOR-GENERAL (Scotland) to the front. When he answers Mr. WEIR in person he strategically places himself in laager at the end of the bench. The innocent, unwary SOLICITOR-GENERAL—or was it the desperation of a hunted man?—rose from the Gangway-end of the bench, under immediate influence of Mr. WEIR's piercing glance.

This discipline not the least severe portion of the ordeal undergone by the Minister. Having read the number of his Question with the assistance of *pince-nez* truculently set astride his nose, Mr. WEIR does not accept its aid when fixing the guilty Minister with stony stare. He peers at him over the glasses; a trivial detail to mention in print, but indescribably awesome in its effect. LORD ADVOCATE is accustomed to take refuge in silence when Mr. WEIR puts supplementary questions regarding the learned Lord's alleged iniquities in the Highlands. In such case you should hear the blood-curdling comment, "No answer." If, varying custom, the LORD



Solicitor-General for Scotland "They say Sir Edward Grey and I are the image of one another. Well, he's served his country nobly, and one mustn't grudge him some reward."

(Mr. A. Dewar.)



THE BLOOD-CURDLING WEIR.
"Fixing the guilty Minister with stony glare."
(Mr. Galloway Weir.)

ADVOCATE makes further reply, Mr. WEIR, by his glance holding him in condition approaching paralysis, sarcastically enquires "Whether the office-boy drafted that answer?"

To-day, shrinking with characteristic chivalry from terrifying deputy new to the work, he was comparatively mild in manner, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL getting off with a light treatment his learned colleague would envy.

Business done.—Up all night again with Budget Bill.

Tuesday.—"Away with punctilios and orthography, I serve the good Duke of Norfolk."

Thus *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*. And thus JOHN DILLON; only his purpose is to "serve him out." It appears his Grace has been writing a letter to Unionist candidate in pending election in Derbyshire. This J. D. denounces as infringement of liberties of the House, and moves reference of case to Committee of Privileges.

Shade of JEMMY LOWTHER, if within sight and hearing, will chuckle over this vindication of his annual action whilst yet with us in the flesh. When, at opening of Session, Standing Orders were read, including one forbidding Peers to meddle with elections to House of Commons, JEMMY was accustomed to move its abrogation. Argued that it was habitually disregarded, its solemn asseveration through succeeding Sessions partaking of character of farce. ASQUITH, having, as he admitted, on one occasion voted with JEMMY, on another against him, brought to fresh consideration of question singularly unbiassed mind. Supported motion for reference.

PRINCE ARTHUR poured contempt and scorn on the whole business.

If, he said, PREMIER and majority thought it wise to go through formality of sending this matter to Committee of Privileges he did not believe anybody would greatly concern himself one way or the other.

"Right hon. gentlemen opposite," he added, bestowing withering glance on CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, "would do better to occupy themselves in preserving the living and working elements of the Constitution instead of furbishing up these bows and arrows of immemorial antiquity. Nobody so loves these antiquated and rusty weapons as a

Radical. They have a perfect passion for these semi-obsolete forms."

Attempt made to shelve matter by motion to proceed forthwith to order of the day. In the end it was referred to Committee of Privileges. What they will do, or how they will do it, nobody knows. Meanwhile JOCKEY OF NORFOLK trembles in his shoes.

"If only," he said to the MEMBER FOR SARK, who paid him a visit of condolence. "I had taken advice long ago given and been 'not too bold,' this would never have happened. Strange how misfortune has dogged my footsteps since I sold that Holbein."

Business done.—Took up Clause 8 of Finance Bill.

Thursday.—Government been found out in fresh iniquity. Been tampering with the Bar. It is a Parliamentary institution talked of glibly, but few Members of this Parliament have looked upon it. Since BRADLAUGH vanished from the Parliamentary stage it has remained tucked up in telescope fashion, concealed in the back rail of the Cross Bench, where it has slumbered through the centuries. What Members recognise as "the Bar" is a strip of leather sewn on to the matting aligned with the Cross Bench and the chair of the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

LOULU's devotion to historic accuracy was offended at what he described as "the venerable but not hallowed blunder of an upholsterer." Since M. JOURDAIN discovered that all his life he had unwittingly been talking prose, never was such startling disclosure made. The leather strip does not mark the position of the Bar, which is some feet in advance. LOULU had the ancient error quietly rectified. Thought it might escape observation. Reckoned without the lynx eye of AUSTIN TAYLOR. That glittering orb falling on the removed landmark detected the crime. Did not hesitate a moment in denouncing it. House in Committee on Budget Bill, Mr. CALDWELL in Chair, AUSTIN TAYLOR, with his countenance taking on ashen hue, pointed an accusing forefinger to evidence of LOULU's guilt.

"Privilege!" he cried aloud. "Where's the Bar?"

A friendly Member, thinking he was thirsty, took him by the arm. Was about to lead him out to the Lobby; his emotion too genuine to be long misunderstood. Mr. CALDWELL inflexible in refusal to permit discussion.

AUSTIN TAYLOR's rebuff only temporary. To-day LOULU brought up at the desecrated Bar; pleads guilty. Sentence deferred for a week.

Business done.—Foreign Office Vote carried.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

THE artistic value of strikes has hitherto escaped the attention of economists, who have been unduly preoccupied by their industrial influence. But this aspect of labour troubles can no longer be overlooked in view of what has happened at the Paris Conservatoire,



LE MONDE DE WATTEAU.
(Mr. Alfred Mond.)

where a musical postman recently won the first prize for singing in opera, having learned an entire score by heart during the leisure given him by the recent strike.

This notable incident has not escaped the acute and sympathetic intelligence of the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, who has resolved to extend his scheme of Labour Exchanges so as to provide for the establishment of a staff of professors at every industrial centre for the instruction of the genuine unemployed in harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration. In many cases, no doubt, the students, after a few weeks' study, will resume their normal vocations. But where exceptional talent is shown they will be encouraged, by scholarships and exhibitions, to persevere in a profession notoriously understocked

and offering richly remunerated posts to successful practitioners, such, for example, as Madame TETRAZZINI, Signor CARUSO and Herr LEHAR, the composer of *The Merry Widow*.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, however, does not intend that the fortunate beneficiaries of State musical instruction shall reap the entire profit of the advantages gratuitously placed at their disposal. He therefore proposes to get his friend Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE to impose a small brain tax of 20 per cent. on their earnings, as well as a royalty of 30 per cent. on latent and undeveloped melodies on the basis of a valuation to be conducted every five years by Special Commissioners of the Board of Inland Revenue. With the receipts from these duties he hopes to pay the salaries of the State professors and to defray the cost of the scholarships, thus placing his scheme on a self-supporting basis. These proposals, we regret to say, have met with a curiously mixed reception from the Labour Party, amongst whom the tax on ungotten melodies is extremely unpopular. Sir ROBERT PERKS, again, has pointed out to his constituents that, while it is alleged that "songs unheard" are undoubtedly the sweetest, by penalising their suppression we shall suffer from such a tremendous glut of overproduction as may dislocate the entire ballad industry of Great Britain and deluge the suburbs with a cataclysm of parlour pathos.

"Gentlemen of Sussex defeated Household Brigade on the first innings (by arrangement) by 40 runs."—*Daily News*.

The new method by which a definite result is always arrived at.

Concerning the opening of the Orthopedic Hospital *The Daily Telegraph* says:

"Externally the design is modern, and internally the treatment is somewhat severe, as is usual in a hospital."

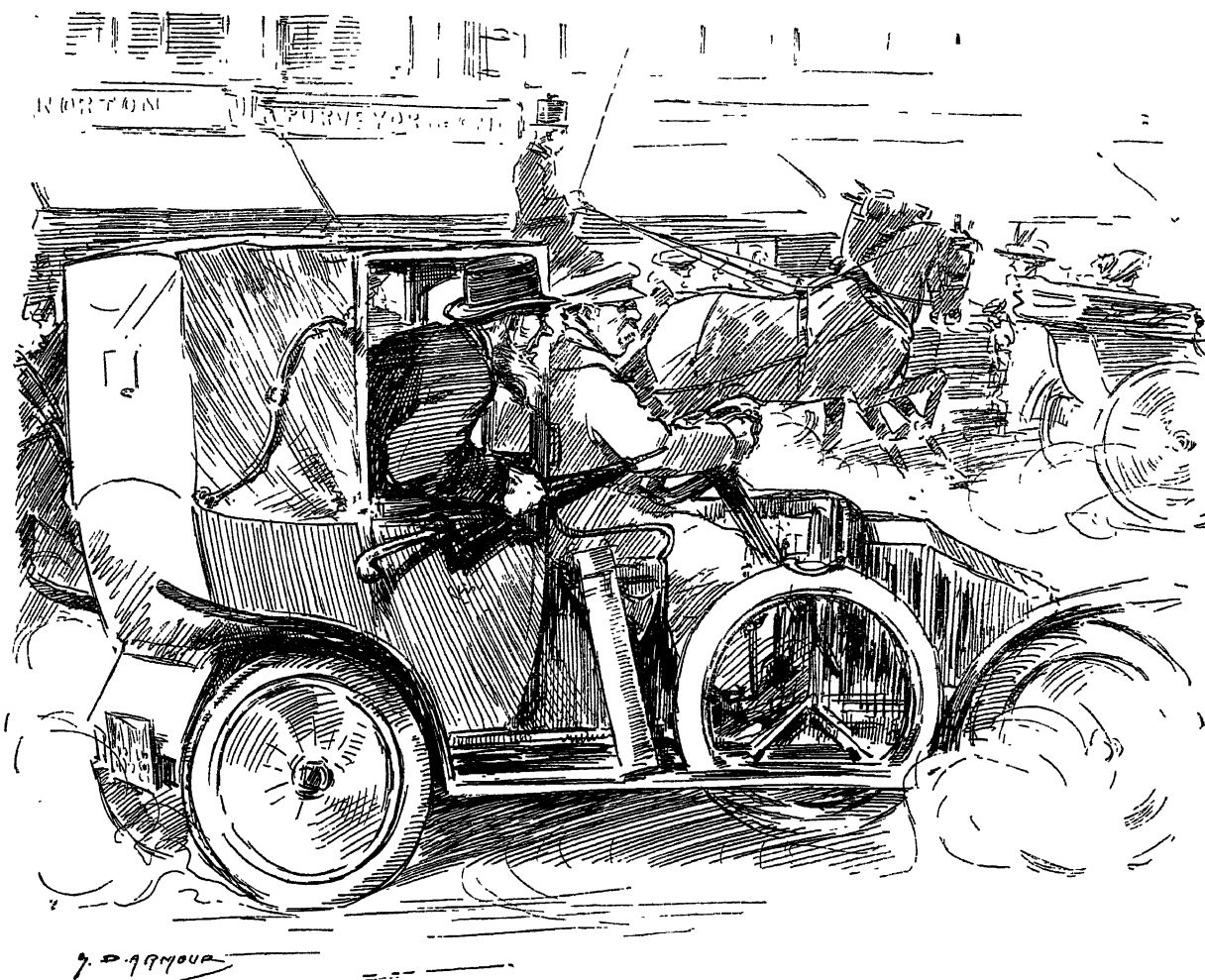
Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, forward.

"Anxious, Causey.—Newport is in Monmouthshire, and Monmouthshire is in England." *Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.

"Anxious" may now return to his father.

The Duke of NORFOLK, repentant, misquoting SHELLEY:—

"One word is too often Profumed for me to Profume it"—any more."



BANG WENT TUPPENCE.

Frugal North Briton (in his first experience of a taxi). "HERE, MON, STOP! I HAE A WEAK HEART. I CANNA STAND THAT HANG'T WEBB MACHINE O' YOURS MARKIN' UP THAE TUPPENCES."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Trying to make the best of things lately, some of us have been having rain-parties, at which there have been umbrella-dances and a prize for the snappiest rain get-up. And what has been our reward, I'll ask you, for so nobly striving against such beastly circs?—Why, whenever the sun has put in an appearance, it's been for the express purpose of spoiling a rain-party!

Stella Clackmannan has caught the amateur society dramatist fever, and written a modern play with all the proper ingredients, the Husband and the Wife, and the Other Man and the Other Woman, and some people to go in and out and talk, and lots of frocks, and interiors by Frettow and Gilder, and a good sprinkling of aphorisms. The frocks are very well done, and the subtle dif. in cut and trimming that there should *always* be between the

Wife's frocks and the Other Woman's is cleverly marked. As for the aphorisms, Beryl Clarges says the definition of one's oldest friend as "the witness who could give the *most* damaging evidence" is *hers*, that she said it one night at Bosh and Wee-Wee's, and she feels so strongly about it that she took a stage-box at the Mayfair on purpose to howl when the definition got a laugh.

At my last Sunday Afternoon I had Miss Singleton, the Champion of Celibacy, to give one of her lecture-chats, "Our Destiny and Their Enormities." It was great fun. We've got used to the people who spell woman with a big W, but to spell spinster with a big S, as this brave woman does, is *really* a new departure, and by way of being a heroic one. She scorns the idea of playing ivy to *any* man's oak, and seems honestly to think the very best thing that can happen to a woman is to be left all alone by herself for ever and ever, Amen.

About the biggest sensation of the season has been Etheldreda Saxonbury's runaway match with the Duke of Middleshire, and the way it was brought about.

The Toppingtowers were too stony to come to town this summer, and also too much *affaissés* at their son, Portcullis, having married Lil Lilton, "The Girl from Nowhere," you know, at the Funniment Theatre. It would never have done, however, to let all the *girls* rusticate (two already published, and three more in MS.), so Etheldreda and Edelfleda have been going about with their great-aunt, Popsy, Lady Ramsgate. And Popsy swore by all her gods she'd have one of them Duchess of Middleshire before the season ended. (The Duke, please note *en passant*, had just returned from a three years' big game hunting trip, and hadn't met either of the Saxonburys since they came out.) Popsy's a clever old girl, whatever else she may be, and she said to me: "It's no soft job I've taken on, Blanche, mind that. Etheldreda's a beauty and one

of the best amateur step-dancers of the day, as you know—but what then? All our boys are going to the Stage for their wives, and parlour tricks simply don't count! Etheldreda's step-dancing's better than half the stuff they see at the Funniment and the Sans-Souci, but the light foot's no good without the foot-lights!—The few men who *can* be coaxed to parties dance or sit out with you young married women. As for young Middleshire, he cries off parties altogether (the girls haven't even met him yet) and haunts the Halls and the Musical Comedies. However, I've sworn to make him my great-nephew-in-law, so it's got to be done."

Soon after this, Popsy, Lady R., made it up with Portcullis and his "Girl from Nowhere," and struck up a furious friendship with Viscountess Lil, who, be it remembered, reigns supreme at the Funniment, and does as she likes there.

Soon after *that*, a new girl, Miss Dolly Darling, appeared in a small part in *The Girl from Nowhere*, and made a big hit with her step-dancing, completely knocking over, amongst others, the Duke of Middleshire, who haunted the theatre more than ever, pelted her with flowers, sweets, and stones (precious), and at last wound up his attentions with a suggestion of a special licence and immediate marriage.

And *then*, my dear, Middleshire got a facer! Instead of having done the correct and regular thing, and proposed to make a duchess of little Dolly Darling of the Funniment, whose mother, he'd been given to understand, had kept a wheel-stall in Commercial Road, he found he'd laid his hand, his heart, and his strawberry-leaves at the feet of Etheldreda Saxonbury, "daughter of a hundred earls," as SHAKESPEARE says, and directly descended from HENGIST and Horsa! He was frightfully disenchanted at first, I believe, but he got reconciled to it, and they had their stolen wedding just as if she'd been the real thing.

The Toppingtowers family have gratefully taken *The Girl from Nowhere* to their hearts, and in return for being recognised she promises to do her best for Edelfleda and the younger girls! People with daughters quite envy the T.'s, and only wish they could have got Lil for an in-law themselves!

Poor dear Norty is looking quite worn with these horrid all-night sittings of the House. He says he's all right, however, that there's very sound sleep to be got there, and that it would never do for him to desert his post or there's no knowing *what* might happen. *Wasn't* that a lovely speech he made against the Chancellor's new proposal to tax people not only for what they have but for what they'd *like* to have?

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

LIP-SALVE.

[Mr. LATHAM, we are told, on returning from his unsuccessful attempt to fly across the Channel, was embraced by a number of female admirers.]

Ye maids of England, yours the sin
We've idly traced to other causes,
If artful foreigners step in
To breaches where the Briton pauses—
If alien airships rule the sky,
Theshame is yours, for being much too shy.

Look how the less reluctant fair
Of gallant Gaul, across the Channel,
Assuages for his "mal-de-mer,"
With osculations soft as flannel,
The happy wight, the favoured cuss,
Who emulates the feats of Icarus.

Surely the girls of U.S.A.
(Knowing when pride becomes too proper)

Would likewise hustle to waylay
The hero of some heavenly cropper,
And calm him with their sweet salutes,
And snip mementos from his coat and boots.

You are too cold or else too coy,
You whose remedial kisses
Would make me count it all a joy
To dare some hazard such as this is,
That, if I hit the waves a whack,
I might secure a compensating smack.

Were I but certain (as I'm not)
That six or so incarnate Graces
Would gather to the starting spot
To speed me with their flower-like faces
(Six will suffice me—Maud and Jess,
Sophie and Ermytrude and Blanche
and Bess),

And lining up with ready lips
(Forming a sort of "Cherry Ripe"
lane)

Would comfort me in case of slips,
I too, if I possessed a bi-plane,
And granted that the day were fine,
Would seek to aviate the Serpentine.

"His latest achievement, however, thus far capped the climax."—*Kerry Evening Post*.
The latest Exhibition craze: "Capping the Climax." Crowds turned away every night.

Commenting in *The Sphere* on Mr. J. A. HAMMERTON's book, *George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism*, C. K. S. says: "As for the text of Mr. Hamilton's book, what can one say of such illiteracies as 'Neuweid' for 'Neuwied,' 'J. K. Stephens' for 'J. K. Stephen,' and so on through scores of silly blunders." Such as "Hamilton" for "Hammerton," Mr. SHORTER?

The Journalistic Touch.

"Then simultaneously the anchors dug into the sea, with a great rattle of chains—first one anchor and then the other."—*Daily Telegraph*.
From the Latin: *simul*—"first one and then the other."

WIGS AT A PREMIUM.

COMMENTING on the enhanced price of human hair, as evidenced at the recent fair at Limoges, *The Gentlewoman* publishes a truly alarmist article to the effect that "this rise has been caused by the increased size of our hats, which necessitates an extra supply of hair so as to offer a proper basis to the new structures. Moreover, the young French peasant girls are less anxious to part with their tresses; and the dealers in hair are unable to cope with the demand made upon them. The crisis is attaining huge proportions, and wearers of false hair would do well to lay in a stock or they will be compelled to pay famine prices."

The matter is indeed serious. We have trustworthy information from behind the screens in coiffure circles that a huge combine has this week been engineered by the Hair Kings of Bond Street, and that the capillary crop of 1910-11 has already been cornered. One astute operator in the ring, with bullish proclivities and a strong hat-making connection, has car-marked the following season's output, completely routing a group of Parisian financiers in their efforts to "bear" the Transformation Market. All the Spring Hair of 1913 in sight will very shortly be negotiated, and it is feared that very little of Norwegian Switches and Paraguay Tintos will be unloaded from the Autumn carry-forward of that year. A syndicate has also been formed by a well-known promoter to exploit the Hairy Ainus of Japan. Another company has just been registered for the discovery and purchase of early-Victorian solas, the stuffing of which by a secret process will be rendered available for theatrical perruquiers and coiffeurs.

In these circumstances it is becoming more and more evident that the ordinary beauty will have to be content to draw us with a single hair, or at most with two or three. With the impending shortage there won't be enough to go round. We think that the Suffragettes, in their eager desire for martyrdom and masculinity, might help to relieve the hair-famine by parting with their crowning glory (or is it disgrace?) in Holloway.

Mr. Punch feels that these few revelations will suffice to raise the hair—or so much of it as is still erectile—of his feminine readers.

"Many Glasgow firms bent on profiting by the American invasion, are ticketing their coins in two coinages."—*Portsmouth Evening News*.

We don't quite see the whole idea yet, but there seem to be elements of profit in it for some one.

AIRSHIPS FOR ALL.

It has long been felt that aeronautical science is being hampered by an over-rigid adherence to a particular type of machine. Happily a new departure on sound lines has been taken by a Dresden student, who has invented an entirely new type, and his excellent example has been so freely followed that a whole crop of new flying machines is now being put on the market.

To begin with, the world of fiction has been agreeably exhilarated by the simultaneous announcement, from Stratford-on-Avon and the Isle of Man, of the patenting of two new types of flying machine. The first, which belongs to the dirigible type, is a huge sausage-shaped bag of gold-beater's skin inflated with the most intoxicating vapours, encased in a framework of chiffon and drawn by a team of eight swans. The second, which is made entirely of bamboo and canvas, is called an aerocane after its inventor, and is kept afloat simply by the automatic distension of his superb cerebellum. A large and influential company is already being formed for the exploitation of the invention, including Mr. Roland Blatherwayt, the illustrious interviewer, and other pioneers of enlightened publicity.

Next an extraordinarily interesting type of flying machine is that invented by Mr. AUGUSTE VAN BIENE, the famous 'cellist, of "*Broken Melody*" fame. Mr. VAN BIENE, as our readers are doubtless aware, recently introduced the new Auxeto 'Cello invented by the Hon. CHARLES PARSONS, and he has applied the same principle to his flying machine, which is of the nature of a dirigible double-bass. Directly the bow touches the strings the instrument soars aloft, uttering seraphic strains, the aeronaut being kept in position by a gyroscope, which is concealed in the bridge. Mr. VAN BIENE, who is fully booked up to the year 1914, hopes after that date to give more time to the development of his patent, with a view to establishing a London Flying Symphony orchestra, which shall bring the advantages of the "*Broken Melody*" within the reach of the benighted denizens of Siberia, Saghalien, and Tierra del Fuego.

It is impossible any longer to disguise the fact that Professor Sir Ugo von Aircomber has invented an entirely unsuspected and original type of flying machine. The motive power being a peculiar mixture of explosive oils, according to a recipe of LEONARDO DA VINCI, the aeronaut is in the happy position of being able to use the waste for artistic purposes and to paint while he flies, as the engine is a Brush patent fitted with cross-hatching gear, running at the rate of 15,000 revolutions per minute.



Mother (after a lesson on obedience to one's parents). "NOW, PHYLLIS, WHAT CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT NELSON?"

Phyllis. "WELL, NELSON WANTED TO BE A SAILOR, BUT HIS PARENTS WANTED HIM TO BE A CLERGYMAN, BUT NELSON WANTED TO BE A SAILOR—AND HE DID BE."

While flying over Bushey last week the inventor took several aerial portraits of his neighbours, in which the foreshortening is conveyed with masterly effect. The machine is to be exhibited to the Regent of Bavaria next Monday, and a company is to be formed by the Bavarian Highlanders for the exploitation of the invention.

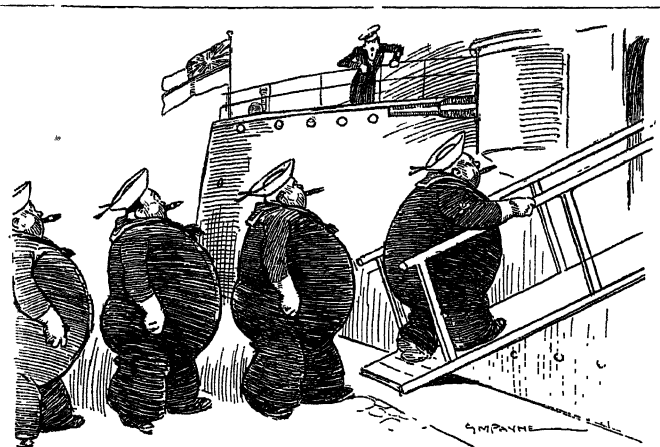
Lastly, the Archdeacon of LONDON, who has long been known as a first-rate mechanic, has taken out a patent for an invention to which he has given the

engaging name of The Sinclairroplane. Unlike Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT's machine, The Sinclairroplane is worked by wings beautifully designed so as to suggest angel's pinions, and the operator sits in a seat which conveys a dignified suggestion of a pulpit, while allowing his gaiters to be distinctly visible. A company composed exclusively of rural deans is in process of formation for the exploitation of the invention, which is said to be admirably adapted for country congregations.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE exists a tendency in the modern stage to which critics have given the name of underplaying. I think somebody ought to warn Mr. THOMAS COBB that there lies an equal danger in what, if the word had not already another use, one might call underwriting. For example, Mr. *Burnside's Responsibility* (MILLS AND BOON) contains a number of agreeable ladies and gentlemen whose acts and conversations so successfully avoid the melodramatic that it is sometimes difficult to discover any significance or interest in them at all. Yet the main idea of the story is promising enough—the question whether an innocent young man, with whom a featherbrained young wife has become so infatuated as to drive her husband to suicide, is under a moral obligation to offer her re-marriage. Unfortunately, both *Primula Tuson* and *Raymond Burnside* are so faintly drawn that their future creates only the mildest curiosity. Even when poor *Tuson* takes his overdose, the tragedy of it quite fails to move us, for the reason, I fancy, that Mr. COBB himself was equally unconcerned. Of course *Burnside* declares that he is ready to marry *Primula*, and, equally of course (in the last chapter), she chooses independence, and leaves him free to mention his somewhat placid passion for *Drusilla*. Probably Mr. COBB's numerous admirers will welcome Mr. *Burnside's Responsibility* the more because it comes at a season when they can leave their own at home; it is an excellent example of what the advertisements term "a book for holiday reading."



SINCE THE NAVAL FESTIVITIES AT SOULHEND AND THE CITY, THE ADMIRALTY ARE ABLE TO CONTRADICT THE STATEMENT THAT MANY OF THE SHIPS CONTAINED SKELETON CREWS.

Among the treats I've held in store
Till Time should bring me leisured ease
Was an intention to explore
The merits of the Antipodes;
Where conversation's interspersed
With long-drawn, spirit-stirring "coo-ees,"
Where Test-Match cricketers are nursed,
And where the bounding kangaroo is.

But now, though not a bit less keen,
My trip is off; I shall not go,
Because I feel that I have seen
All that the under-world can show.
I got it from a book, and beg
That you will study, if you doubt it,
Joan of the Hills, by T. B. CLEGG
(From LANE). That tells you all about it.

The tale is one of love and hate
(Things much the same out there as here),
But these I deem subordinate
In value to the atmosphere.
That has the stamp of one who's tried
Its taste by actual inhalation,
And knows how much should be supplied
For other people's delectation.

Mr. H. BELLOC is a man of three convictions. The first is

that the government of England is in the hands of a certain ruling set—aristocrats only in the debased modern sense. The second is (I fancy) that the power behind the SPEAKER's chair—behind the front benches, rather—is an Israelitish one. And the third is, of course, that almost anyone can have a title who cares to pay for it. There is just enough of truth in all these premisses to give point to Mr. BELLOC's satirical conclusions; and for this reason I can confidently recommend his latest gibe, *A Change in the Cabinet* (METHUEN), to everybody who admits to possessing a sense of humour. The story is concerned chiefly with the adventures of *Sir Charles Repton*, the Minister, and "Dimmy," the awkward but promising young man of the party, who fell down on the occasion of his only speech in the House, but afterwards acquired a growing reputation at Question-time. I believe in *Dimmy* entirely. He had also a delightful adventure at sea, where he was mistaken for a stowaway. I particularly liked this part of the book, and I implore Mr. BELLOC to let his next story be one of derring-do throughout. He would do it delightfully, and I think he should;

for it may be that some readers (not myself, of course) would be a trifle fatigued by yet another appearance of King Charles's head, no matter how subtle the execution.

As a bachelor, I regard with mixed feelings the gentle irony in the title of Mr. ALPHONSE COURLANDER's new book, *Henry in Search of a Wife* (FISHER UNWIN). *Ce pauvre petit Henri!* Like many another he began by saying firmly that he would never marry. But *Isabel*, his widowed cousin, knew better. She had ear-marked him for her niece, *Phæbe*, and even when he refused

point-blank to fall in with her scheme, and when *Phæbe* in a fit of pique engaged herself to a foolish boy, she continued patiently to hope that one day she would run her quarry to ground. At first the odds seemed all against her. *Henry* departed for the Continent in search of a wife, and in order, as he said, to insure *Phæbe's* happiness with her boy lover by making it impossible for *Isabel* to look upon him any longer as her potential husband. Failing in his quest he came back pretending that he had been successful. But still *Isabel* lay low and said nothing, till suddenly *Phæbe* saved the situation and herself by breaking off her engagement, and *Isabel's* pertinacity received its due reward. It is a pretty little comedy of human emotions, told in a quietly humorous style which makes the reading of it a genuine pleasure, modified in my own case by the reflection that I number several *Isabels* amongst my female relatives. *De me fabula?*

Realistic passage from *Truth's* "Queer Story":

"A few scattered huts on a great steaming brown plain, a barometer that never falls below 90°, an atmosphere laden with mosquitoes."

Very queer about that barometer.

"Assuming that the whole of the 800,000 lbs. representing the decreased consumption in June was used for pipe smoking, it would mean, roughly, that a million fewer pipefuls of tobacco were smoked in that month."—*Daily Express*.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it; $\frac{1}{4}$ of a lb. each time.

CHARIVARIA.

IN writing of the Channel hero the day after his great achievement, a journal produced a phrase which is bound to become classical. It referred to M. BLÉRIOT as "the intrepid aeronaut."

On the spot where the first man to fly the Channel alighted from his aeroplane, *The Daily Mail* has decided to erect a newspaper column.

Meanwhile England is not going to fall behind. A Mr. WESTLAKE has announced his intention of attempting to cross the Channel on a plank.

Another failure for the Government! The Pro-Budget Demonstration in Trafalgar Square proved that Mr. ASQUITH has not succeeded in convincing the Socialists, at any rate, that the Budget is not a Socialistic measure.

The London Gazette, after an existence of nearly two and a half centuries, has adopted the plan of printing a table of contents. This should dispose of the libel that we Britishers are slow to adopt new ideas.

In an action brought by *The Times* to recover the price of an advertisement article, the defendant alleged that the contract was for an advertisement in the form of a leading article. "That, of course, was out of the question," stated plaintiff's counsel, "as no paper would enter into such an agreement." This clearly proves that legal innocence is not confined to the Bench.

The Clerk of the London County Council is compiling a list of the statues, monuments, and memorials in the Metropolis. If a title has not yet been chosen for this brochure we would respectfully suggest, "What to Avoid."

Exception has been taken to the erection on the Embankment of a statue to a gentleman of whom Posterity will probably ask, "What did he do?" To meet this difficulty of evanescent fame, we would respectfully suggest that such statues might be made with detachable

heads, which could be changed from time to time for those of other minor and temporary celebrities.

One cannot help feeling a large amount of sympathy for the Spanish Government, which at one and the same time has to fight the Riff abroad and the Riff-raff at home.

An applicant at the Kingston Police Court, the other day, stated that he was born in Lucknow during the siege. It is rumoured that since this statement he has received proposals from several enterprising newspapers that he should write his reminiscences of the Mutiny.

"It is only of late years," says a writer in *The Express* on the subject of women inventors, "that woman has dis-

Britons to go abroad in the summer to enjoy this sort of thing?

The result of the recent experiment by *The Ferret* at Portsmouth is claimed as a victory by those persons who object to the Navy being boomed.

AFTER THE BUDGET.

DESTITUTE PEER, in consequence of recent financial reverses, is prepared to sell four ancestral halls, town house, grouse moor, deer forest, salmon stream, three Holbeins, assorted heirlooms; together, or in separate lots. No reasonable offer refused. For further particulars, apply VISCOUNT STONEY-STRATFORD, c/o Lord Rowton, Hammersmith.

ADVERTISER, a Landowner who has been ruined by undeserved increment, desires to dispose of a few thousand acres of freehold property situated in the heart of an immense manufacturing town. The property is rack-rented, and comprises a number of banks, warehouses, hospitals, shops, and a most beautiful park with band-stand complete. The purchase money may be paid in weekly instalments. First offer to "EXILE," Poste Restante, Boulogne-sur-Mer, gets this lot.

CHAIRMAN OF RAILWAY, who can no longer meet his daily expenses and

is compelled to earn a livelihood somehow, will exchange Free Life Pass over all British Railway systems for Pierrot's outfit or B flat cornet. Please reply to PARIAH, c/o Cloakroom, St. Pancras.

YACHT OWNER, no longer able to pay harbour-dues, seeks genteel employment. Cannot afford to pay premium, but will give gratuitous use of 60-ton Cutter at present lying at Cowes. A prompt reply to DESPERATE, The Garret, Grosvenor Square, will be welcome.

A Soft Job.

From an advertisement of the ZANCIGS in Liverpool:—

"We offer £20 if we fail to transmit any word suggested. We further offer £250 to any two people who do the same."

There ought to be a fairish field of claimants for the £250.



BANK HOLIDAY HUMOUR.

BE CAREFUL NOT TO TAKE A BOAT WITH A NAME LIKE THIS. THE SIMPLEST MOVEMENT—SUCH AS THE CHANGING OF SEATS—IS LIABLE TO MISCONSTRUCTION.

covered the fact that she too has within her long dormant powers of invention." What about the wife of ANANIAS?

With reference to the discussion on the question whether there is a future life for animals, "Tom Cat" writes to inform us that he hopes to have no fewer than eight future lives.

"Send P.C. for free booklet," says an advertisement of a certain article of commerce. An old lady who read this direction writes to say that she has asked several police-constables to fetch her the pamphlet, but received saucy refusals from one and all of them.

The Pall Mall Magazine publishes an article on the delights of "A Holiday in Arctic Norway." But we would ask as patriots: Is it really necessary for

THE PICTURE PUZZLE.

"WHAT's this?" said Betty. "A cow's tail?"

"Or a pump-handle?"

"Or a boy-scout's alpenstock?"

"Or the South Pole?"

"I expect you're all of you right," said Billy Darton; "but, if you ask me, I should say it might be a bit of bamboo—something Japanese—part of a light building, for instance. What's the picture supposed to be about?"

"Fancy our never looking at the title," said Betty. "Here it is. *Street Scene in Yokohama*. I'm sure Mr. Darton must be right. How clever of you to guess a thing like that, Mr. Darton!"

"Not at all; not at all," said Billy modestly.

"Well now," I said, "we've got a bamboo pole, and two faces, and three pairs of feet. What shall we do with the extra pair?"

"Do you think the faces might be Manx, and have three feet apiece?"

"But it says Yokohama."

"I suppose that is against it."

"Perhaps the third face is turned away," said Billy very tentatively. "This blob of hair, now—mightn't that be its back view?"

"But of course!" cried Betty. "How brilliant you are, Mr. Darton."

I couldn't remember to have ever heard this epithet applied to Billy—not, at least, on the score of intelligence, though he is quite good at nursery cannons. Billy is one of those nice clean young fellows who seem to get along quite comfortably, thank you, without any particular brains, and contrive, for some obscure reason, to exert a strange fascination upon sweet innocent natures like Betty's.

"Have you noticed," Mrs. Carstairs had recently confided in me, "that our dear girl seems to attract poor young Mr. Darton. I do hope nothing serious will come of it. The General and I feel most strongly that it should be discouraged. You see, Mr. Darton has very little beyond his subaltern's pay, and no prospects; and I'm told there isn't any chance of a career in the Army nowadays unless you have brains. Things have sadly changed. It was very different in the General's time."

"There is still an opening," I said, "for physical prowess in the Service."

"Ah," said Mrs. Carstairs, "but you can never count on having a war. Besides there's always a certain risk attached to fighting, isn't there?"

"I don't see how this piece of dress comes in," said Betty; "it's not a bit like the rest of her."

"Perhaps she's been sitting on a sofa, and one of the cushions came away with her when she got up."

"I think mosaics are so interesting," said Mrs. Carstairs. "Have you seen the ones they have in St. Mark's at Venice, Mr. Postlethwaite?"

"I am deferring that pleasure," replied the Curate, "until the Campanile has been restored."

"Quite right, quite right," said the General. "But it can never be the same thing."

"I have an inspiration," said Billy. "Mightn't it be one of those things that Japanese women wear at the back of their waists?"

"Of course, of course," cried Betty in generous admiration. "Really, Mr. Darton, you are too splendid!"

"Oh, it's nothing," said Billy; "just a knack."

"Ever tried the War-game, Darton?" asked the General on a note of unusual respect. "Since my time, you know. German invention. What's their name for it? Kriegspiel, or some such barbarism."

"No, sir; can't say I've ever played it," said Billy; "I should like to try my hand at it."

"Oh, he'd pick it up at once," said Betty. "And I shouldn't care to be the enemy if he gets to play it like he plays Jigsaw. I never saw anything so marvellous. But to business. We've got to fill in that yawning chasm over the head of the Jap man."

"Perhaps it's a bit of background."

"You can't have background cutting off half his head."

"He may have lost the other half at Port Arthur."

"What about this donkey-pannier? you've got to find a place for that. Why not try it on his head?"

"But it won't go. It's broad at the top and narrow at the bottom—just the opposite of the gap."

"I suppose," said Billy, "it couldn't possibly be one of those straw-hats the Japanese johnnies wear—like a bee-hive? You might just turn the thing upside down and see if it goes."

"Well, I'm jigsawed," cried Betty. "You're simply beyond everything, Mr. Darton. Father, we've been entertaining a genius unaware."

"Bravo, Darton!" said the General.

"Thank you, Sir," said Billy.

That was Saturday night, and by the following evening Billy had achieved a still greater quest. He broke it to me next morning in the Carstairs motor on the way to the station.

"My dear boy," I cried, "a thousand congratulations. She's a charming girl, and you thoroughly deserve her. Beauty at the prow and brains at the helm—a perfect combination. Parents agreeable and all that?"

"Went better than I expected," said

Billy. "Afraid they might buck a bit owing to my—well, the fact is they used to think rather poorly of my intelligence. But now they tell me they've no hesitation in trusting Betty to me, as they're sure I have a career before me."

"No wonder," I said, "after your record performance with the puzzle. You surpassed yourself."

"Pretty good, wasn't it?" said Billy. "But I don't mind telling you now, strictly between ourselves, that that puzzle was a plant."

"A plant!" I cried. "What kind of a plant?"

"Sort of a daisy," said Billy. "I brought it down myself on Saturday. Man in the regiment showed me how it went, and I did it over and over scores of times, till I knew it by heart."

"And you were dishonourable enough to impose on that sweet girl's innocence and credulity? Oh, Billy!"

"You wrong me, old man," he replied. "As thingummy said, 'I could not love the dear so much, loved I not honour more!'"

"But you deceived her," I insisted. "You led her to suppose that you were a genius. Is that your idea of conduct befitting an officer and a gentleman?"

"Dear old chap," said Billy, "you don't understand. I'm not clever enough for that. The plant was her own notion, bless her." O. S.

HEROIC EXAMPLE.

[Lieutenant SHACKLETON says that one of his most glorious moments in the Antarctic was when he dreamed he was eating bread-and-butter.]

PERCY, seated at your teatime meal,
Henceforth you must hesitate to utter
Those objections which we know you feel
To beginning it with bread-and-butter.
Rather, Percival, must you express
Positive anxiety to tackle tons,
That thereby, perchance, you may possess
Glorious moments like Lieutenant
SHACKLETON'S.

Not on jammy rolls his fancy fed!
His desires were infinitely more set
On a single slice of British bread
Duly overlaid with British Dorset,
For in Polar regions this could make
Dreams considerably more enticing
Than could any iced Madeira cake;
He, in point of fact, was sick of icing.
Round the provender which you despise
Still his fondest recollections cluster,
For on this he fixed his dreaming
eyes—

Went thereon a visionary buster.
Wherefore mourn not if your cake should
fail,

Let not such a fact, fastidious grubber,
Serve you as the whaler serves the whale,
And (revolting image!) make you
blubber.



OUR MR. LLOYD-GEORGE ON TOUR.

FIRST CITIZEN. "THAT'S 'IM, NEXT THE MAYOR."

SECOND CITIZEN. "WELL, IT AIN'T MUCH LIKE 'IS PICTURES."

FIRST CITIZEN. "AH! BUT YOU WAIT TILL YOU 'EAR 'IM SPEAK."

[Certain Ministers, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer, are reported to have spoken their political principles into a gramophone, for the benefit of The Budget League.]



IN A GARRISON TOWN.

Wife of Civilian. "ANY NEWS OF YOUR SISTER?"

Colonel's Wife. "OH, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? SUCH A SAD THING—SHE'S MARRIED A CIVILIAN; BUT SHE'S BEEN SO BRAVE ABOUT IT."

LOST INNOCENCE.

THE hours of gold come back to me
That Time has pinched (he can't return 'em),
The well-remembered chestnut-tree
(Or was it, after all, laburnum?),
The rural rill,
The shriek of dying pigs—I hear them still.
'Tis out of no bucolic whim
I promulgate agrarian measures;
But, now that London's lure is dim,
And stale to me her storied pleasures,
I'd give a lot
To be like some of those to whom they're not.
I see them rubicund and hale,
Men whom the underground nonplusses,
Who cling convulsive to the rail
Of apoplectic motor-buses,
On fire to view
The splendours of St. Stephen's and the Zoo.
From hamlets far away they wend,
They breathe the air of brake and coppice,
They know not which the southward end
Of Regent Street, and which the top is;
They also cube
By devious jinks their journeys on the Tube.

Ah, would that I could feel the thrill,
As once I felt, of urban clamour,
Could lose my heart to Ludgate Hill,
And re-experience the glamour
Of Oxford Street,
The magic and the mystery of the Fleet;
Could share the wild delirious sense
Of those who hie from havens stilly,
And, flotsam on its seas immense,
Could pause again in Piccadilly
To ask some bland
Policeman, "Officer, is this the Strand?"

Mr. H. G. WELLS in *The Daily Mail* :—

"Within a year we shall have aeroplanes capable of starting from Calais circling over London, dropping a hundredweight or so of explosive upon the printing machines of *The Daily Mail* and returning securely to Calais for another similar parcel."

"It seems a long time to wait," sighed the editor of a rival paper.

"The general conduct of the operations will be invader versus invader," says *The Berks Advertiser* on the Army Manœuvres. So that when the Kaiser and the Empress of the North arrive together we shall see what we shall see.

MORE ENTERPRISE.

I.
WALKING THE CHANNEL.
PRIZE TO PEDESTRIANS.

HUGE OFFER.

EVERYTHING that is possible having now been done—thanks to gallant BLÉRIOT—to the Channel, either on its surface or above, *The Morning Surprise* has decided to offer a prize of £1,000 to the first person, man, woman, or suffragette, who succeeds in walking on its bed from Dover to Calais or from Calais to Dover. The conditions are of the simplest. Forty-eight hours' notice must be given, and the pedestrian must prove to the satisfaction of *The Surprise* that he has remained on the bottom and not swum.

Each competitor will be allowed to charter a vessel, which will move above him at a reasonable walking pace, say two miles an hour, to supply him with air, and, if need be, pelagic nourishment. It is understood that the last person to shake hands with him on the departing shore and the first as he emerges from the waters must be a representative of *The Morning Surprise*. The successful or even unsuccessful competitor's record of his adventures must be offered first to that

paper, and any quotation from it will be allowed only on humble application.

Such was the announcement which appeared in *The Morning Surprise* directly after M. BLÉRIOT had succeeded in dashing in where LEVASSEUR feared to tread. The following day *The Surprise*, always magnanimous and willing to recognise the claims of the other side—the second halfpenny in the penny, so to speak—printed the following communication:—

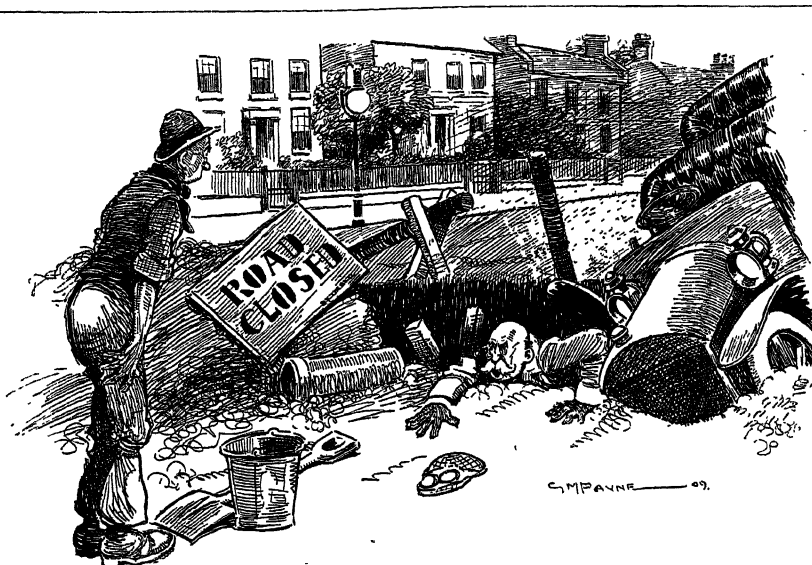
PATHETIC LETTER FROM THE CHANNEL.

SIR,—May I ask you to hold hard for a little? Really this is getting monotonous. I am a poor little Channel at best—only twenty miles or so wide at the vexed spot—and I've had enough of it. I don't get a minute's peace. Either I am being steamed or sailed over (by very bad sailors, too, as I happen only too well to know), or I am being swum or flown over, or dropped

into, or worried and tortured in some way or other. It's a bore, I tell you. And now comes the news that you are inciting stockbrokers and other walking gentlemen to tramp across me in their great boots. This, Sir, is going too far. I ask you to stop it. THE CHANNEL.

Meanwhile the name of a competitor was received, a M. Trotter, a French subject of English parentage. M. Trotter was the expert pedestrian attached to the firm of Lepitapatte, the famous boot-makers, and M. Lepitapatte accompanied him to Calais to superintend the great essay. Interviewers at once got to work.

II.
THE GREAT CHANNEL WALK.
M. TROTTER CONFIDENT.
Seen yesterday by a representative of



Navy. "COULDN'T YER SEE THE NOTICE, 'ROAD CLOSED'?"
Motorist. "YES! CONFOUND YOU, AND IT'S WIDE OPEN."

The Morning Surprise, M. Trotter, the intrepid ambulator, expressed his belief in his powers of endurance under the sea. He had, he said, made a number of experiments with regard to obtaining a consort vessel that exactly matched his own speed to carry the tube and supply him with air, and had at last found the perfect article in a dredger belonging to Dover Harbour. This, then, would cross the Channel immediately above him and at his own pace exactly.

Asked when he would start, he said that as far as he was concerned he was ready then, but the decision rested with M. Lepitapatte, who didn't want him to get his feet wet.

III.
DELAYS AT DOVER.

M. TROTTER IN DESPAIR.
Telegraphing late last night *The Surprise* correspondent says that all is in readiness for M. Trotter's departure early to-morrow, and the Mayor and Corpora-

tion of Dover, the Warden of the Cinque Ports, the Commanding Officer of the Garrison, and the Head-master of the School are all sitting up all night so as to give the heroic young pedestrian a good send-off. The only fly in the ointment is M. Lepitapatte, who still shakes his head when he dips his finger into the sea and brings it out wet and thinks of the rocks at the bottom. There is, of course, such a thing as rating the condition of a pair of soles too highly: but excuses must be made for the proud inventor . . .

IV.
THE CHANNEL WALKED!
TRIUMPH FOR FRANCE AND *THE MORNING SURPRISE*.
REVOLUTION IN TRANSIT.
NO MORE MAL DE MER.

Yesterday, between the hours of 4 A.M. and 9 P.M. the Channel was walked. The hero was M. Piéton, who, while M. Trotter was still asleep and M. Lepitapatte was again testing the dampness of the sea, slipped into his diving costume on Calais beach and, descending into the water, was lost to view. His pace being slower even than that of M. Trotter, he was fed with air by a pre-Dreadnought battleship . . .

M. Piéton will be fêted in London to-morrow. His intention is to walk to America very shortly.

V.
"ALL IS WELL WITH FRANCE."
JUBILATION IN PARIS.

PARIS.—The leading articles in all the newspapers hail M. Piéton's walk as a great French victory. The following are some extracts:—

The Matin.—One feels that man has suddenly become greater.

The Petit Parisien.—The triumph of Piéton is shared by all Frenchmen, even cripples.

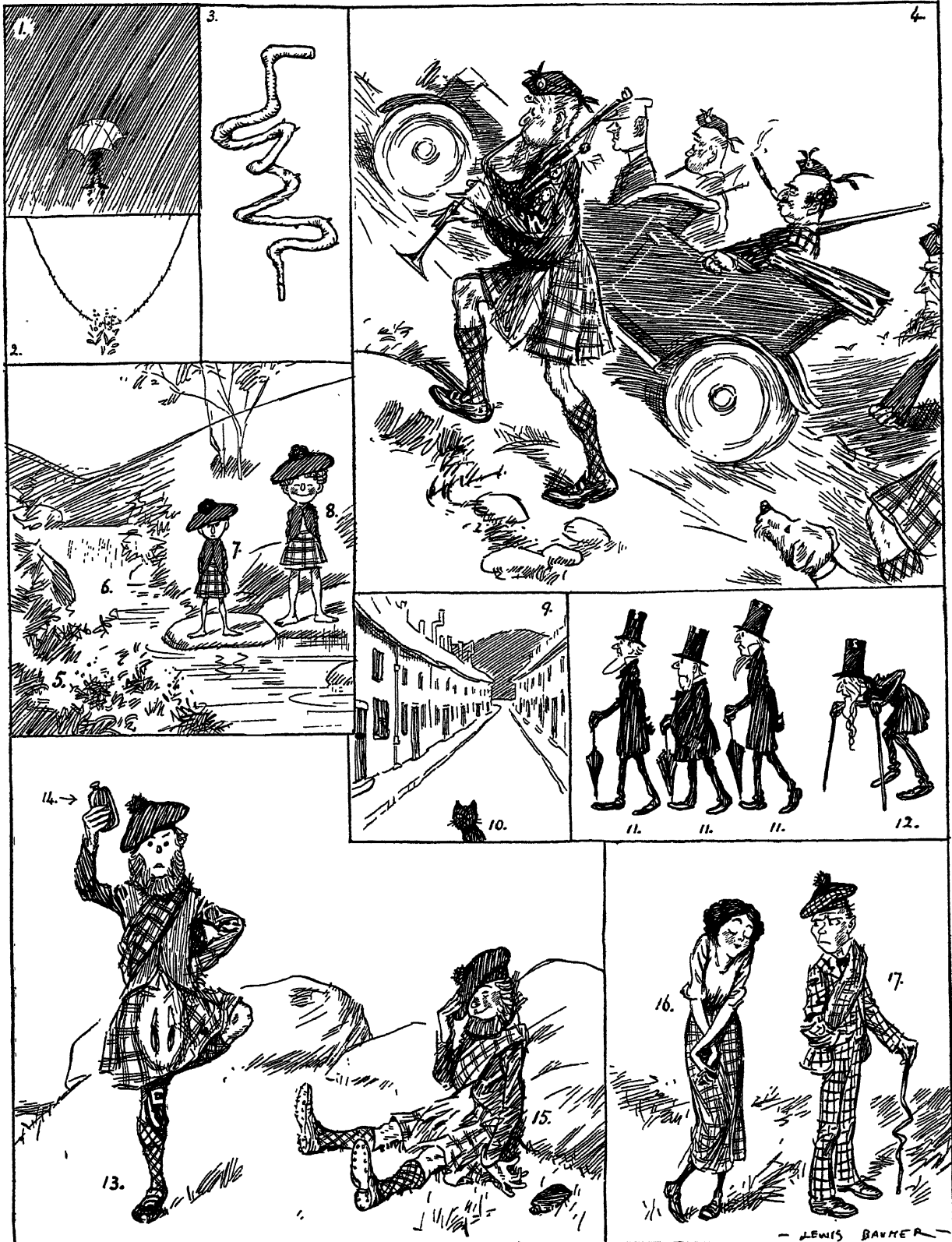
The Petit Journal.—This stirring victory is a national victory which marks a further step in the path of progress.

The Radical.—The prophets of evil must stop croaking. All is well with France.

The Petite République.—The walking of the Channel gives an impression of definitive conquest. Piéton's name will live with those of ALEXANDER, CÉSAR and NAPOLEON.

MR. PUNCH'S RELIABLE GUIDE TO POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

No. I.—BITCRANKIE, N.B.



- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. SAFT DAY IN BITCRANKIE. | 4. SCOTCH LAIRD DEER-STALKING. | 9. SAWBATH AT BITCRANKIE. | 14. MUTCHKIN. |
| 2. LOCAL "LILY OF THE DELL" (WITH ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO MR. HARRY LAUDER). | 5. BONNIE HEATHER. | 10. BIT CAT. | 15. TOO MUTCHKIN. |
| 3. WALKING-STICK FOR USE AT BITCRANKIE. | 6. BIT BURN. | 11. ELDERS. | 16. BLUE-BELL O' BITCRANKIE. |
| | 7. BIT BAIRN. | 12. ELDEST. | 17. CANNY LADDIE O' THAT ILK. |
| | 8. BONNIE BIT BAIRN. | 13. BRAW HIELANDER. | |

— LEWIS BANNER —

THE RABBITS.

CHAPTER VII.—ALL OVER.

"May I have a dance?" I asked Miss Blair.

She put her head on one side and considered.

"One, two, three—the next but *five*," she said.

"Thank you. That sounds a lot; is it only one?"

"You may have two running then, if you like."

"What about two running, and one hopping, and one really gliding? Four altogether."

"We'll see," said Miss Blair gravely.

Myra, who was being very busy, came up and dragged me away.

"I want to introduce you to somebody. I say, have you seen Thomas?"

"It's no earthly good introducing me to Thomas again."

"He's so important, because he thinks the dance was his idea; of course I'd meant to have it all along. There she is—her name's Dora Dalton. I think it's Dora."

"I shall call her Dora anyhow."

I was introduced, and we had a very jolly waltz together. She danced delightfully; and when we had found a comfortable corner she began to talk.

She said, "Do you play cricket?"

I was rather surprised, but I kept quite cool, and said, "Yes."

"My brother's very fond of it. He is very good too. He was playing here yesterday against Mr. Mannerings's team, and made six, and then the umpire gave him out; but he wasn't out really, and he was very angry. I don't wonder, do you?"

I had a sudden horrible suspicion.

"Did you say your name was Dora—I mean his name was Dalton?"

"Yes. And just because he was angry, which anybody would be, the wicket-keeper was very rude and told him to go home and—and bake his head."

"Not bake," I said gently, my suspicions having now become almost a certainty. "Boil."

"Go home and boil his head," she repeated indignantly.

"And did he?"

"Did he what?"

"Er—did he understand—I mean don't you think your brother may have misunderstood? I can't believe that a wicket-keeper would ever demean himself by using the word 'boil.' Not as you might say *boil*. 'Cool his head' was probably the expression—it was a very hot day, I remember. And . . . ah, there's the music beginning again. Shall we go back?"

I am afraid Miss Dalton's version of the incident was not quite accurate.

What had happened was this: I had stumped the fellow when he was nearly a mile-and-a-half outside his crease; and when he got back to it some minutes later and found the umpire's hand up, he was extremely indignant and dramatic about it. Quite to myself, *sotto voce* as it were, I murmured, "Oh, go home!" and I may have called attention in some way to the "bails." But as to passing any remarks about boiling heads—well, it simply never occurred to me.

I had a dance with Myra shortly after this. She had been so busy and important that I felt quite a stranger. I adapted my conversation accordingly.

"It's a very jolly floor, isn't it?" I said as I brought her an ice.

"Oh, yes!" said Myra, playing up promptly.

"Have you been to many floors—I mean dances, lately?"

"Oh, yes!"

"So have I. I think dances have been very late lately. I think when the floor's nice it doesn't matter about the ices. Don't you think the band is rather too elastic—I mean keeps very good time? I think so long as the time is good it doesn't matter about the floor."

"Oh, isn't it?" said Myra enthusiastically.

There was a pleasant pause while we both thought of something else to say.

"Have you," we began—

"I beg your pardon," we said at once.

"I was going to say," Myra went on, "have you read any nice books lately, or are you fonder of tennis?"

"I like reading nice books *about* tennis," I said. "If they *are* nice books and are really about tennis. Er—do you live in London?"

"Yes. It is so handy for the theatres, isn't it? There is no place exactly like London, is there? I mean it's so different."

"Well, of course up in Liverpool we do get the trams, you know, now . . . I say, I'm tired of pretending I've only just met you. Let's talk properly."

At this moment I heard a voice say, "Let's try in here," and Archie and Dahlia appeared.

"Hallo! here's the happy pair," said Myra.

They came in and looked at us diffidently. I leant back and gazed at the ceiling.

"Were you just going?" said Archie.

"We were not," I said.

"Then we'll stay and talk to you."

"We were in the middle of an important conversation."

"Oh, don't mind us."

"Thank you. It's really for your benefit, so you'd better listen. Let me see, where were we? Oh yes, 'One pound of beef, ninepence; three pounds of potatoes, fourpence; one piece of

emery paper for the blanc-mange, tuppence; one pound of india-rubber—'"

"*Dahlia darling*," interrupted Myra, in a fair imitation of Archie's voice, "'how often have I told you that we *can't* afford india-rubber in the cake? Just a few raisins and a cherry is really all you want. You *mustn't* be so extravagant.'"

"Dearest, I do try; and after all, love, it wasn't *I* who fell into the cocoa last night."

"I didn't fall in, I simply dropped my pipe in, and it was *you* insisted on pouring it away afterwards. And then look at this—*One yard of lace—4s. 6d.* That's for the cutlets, I suppose. For people in our circumstances paper frillings are *quite* sufficient."

Archie and Dahlia listened to us with open mouths. Then they looked at each other and then at us again.

"Is there any more?" asked Archie.

"There's lots more, but we've forgotten it."

"You aren't ill or anything?"

"We are both perfectly well."

"How's Miss Dalton?"

"Dora," I said, "is also well. So is Miss Fortescue, and so is Thomas. We are all well."

"I thought perhaps—"

"No, there you are wrong."

"I expect it's just the heat and the excitement," said Dahlia with a smile. "It takes some people like that."

"I'm afraid you miss our little parable," said Myra.

"We do. Come on, Dahlia."

"You'll pardon me, Archibald, but Miss Blair is dancing this with me."

Archie objected strongly, but I left him with Myra, and took Miss Blair away. We sat on the stairs and thought. "It has been a lovely week," said Miss Blair.

"It has," I agreed.

"Perhaps more lovely for me than for you."

"That's just where I don't agree with you. You know, we think it's greatly over-rated. Falling in love, I mean."

"Who's 'we'?"

"Myra and I. We've been talking it over. That's why we rather dwelt upon the sordid side of it just now. I suppose we didn't move you at all?"

"No," said Miss Blair, "we're settled."

"That's exactly it," I said. "I should hate to be settled. It's so much more fun like this. Myra quite agrees with me."

Miss Blair smiled to herself. "But perhaps some day—" she began.

"I don't know. I never look more than a week ahead. 'It has been great fun this week, and it will probably be great fun next week.' That's my motto."

"Well, ye-es," said Miss Blair doubtfully.

THE END. A. A. M.



REMNANT DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WE SUGGEST THAT, IN VIEW OF THE DEPRESSION IN ART CIRCLES, ARTISTS SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO VEND THEIR OWN PICTURES.

THE DEFERRED FOUR.

"We want 8,
And we won't wait."—*Old Song.*

"You just wait,
And you'll get 8."—*New Song.*

SCENE—*District Railway.*

Radical Passenger (to Tory Passenger). Well, so you're going to have your eight, after all; and I suppose you feel pretty cock-a-whoop over what you are pleased to regard as the success of your manufactured agitation?

Tory Passenger. Not at all. We made our protest, and appealed to public opinion, and then left the Government alone, because there were rumours, long ago, that they meant to give way. There's nothing to shout about. If you have any sense of decency you don't crow when your opponent admits that you were in the right.

Radical. But your jingo journals will be raising all sorts of pæans of triumph.

Tory. I think not. They have received the news with a very proper and dignified decorum. No shouts of victory as if it were a party question; just a quiet satisfaction for the country's sake, dashed

with a little natural regret that, owing to three years of false economy, we are still behind in our programme. But perhaps you haven't read our papers?

Radical. No, I haven't; and I don't want to. (*Plunges into his Radical evening paper. A pause.*) Ha! I see why you're not jubilant over the *Dreadnoughts*. Have you read this leader?

Tory. No, I haven't; and I don't want to.

Radical. Well, you shall have it read to you, then. (*Reads aloud.*) "An air of melancholy pervaded the comments of the Opposition last night on the decision of the Government to proceed with the 'contingent Dreadnoughts.' To be cut off from their popular thesis that the country is in danger from the cheese-paring economy of a Liberal Government is like parting with an old friend who has done yeoman's service in past times. The farewell is painful and reluctant."

Tory. "Evil be to him," &c. A man who could write like that—well, it seems that there are no limits to what some Englishmen will believe about their political opponents.

Radical. I say, where did you get that last phrase from?

Tory. Out of my head, of course, after hearing what you read.

Radical. Well, it's rather a curious coincidence, but there's something very like it lower down here, only with the "no" left out before "limits." It says that your agitation has been "a complete fiasco," because the public "altogether refused to believe that a Government which had dealt so frankly with the facts and saw so clearly the possible points of danger needed any urging to do what was necessary for safety." Then it goes on to say: "There are limits to what the average Englishman will believe about his political opponents."

Tory. Well, then, your Radical leader-writer must be something else than an "average Englishman," for there seem to be no limits to what he is prepared to believe about his political opponents.

Radical. I get out here. Good evening.

Tory. Au revoir, and honi soit.

Well Meant.

"The arrival of H.M.S. *Talbot* at Erith was an incident in a series of revelations as to the strength of our Navy which made most people who witnessed the sight marvel at England's supremacy on the sea."—*Erith Observer.*



The New Curate. "IS YOUR HUSBAND IN, MRS JONES?"

Cottager. "No, ZUR, 'E BE GONE DRILLIN'."

Curate. "AH, I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT. TERRITORIALS, I PRESUME?"

Cottager. "No, ZUR. TURNIPS!"

NURSERY NOTES.

MOTHER OF ONE.—(1) We should strongly advise you to get rid of the nurse who is in the habit of leaving baby in the bath for two hours while she just "slips out to the post." (2) Rabbits should not be kept in the room where the child sleeps.

MAVOURNEEN.—You say baby has got his head stuck between the bars of the nursery window and can't get it back. And this is already Tuesday! *Why* didn't you wire? Send for a blacksmith *at once*, and meanwhile amuse him, and do not let him know the predicament he is in.

HOPELESS.—Your complaint that baby

is "exactly like Mr. Haldane, M.P." is a common one. He will soon get over this stage. Yes, you were quite right; even though your husband *is* a veterinary surgeon it was better to have the doctor as well.

ANXIOUS.—(1) Don't be unreasonable; a child of six weeks cannot be expected to know the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. At present he is probably more interested in mummy and tummy. (2) To prevent him from biting his uncle's ear, smear it with mustard.

BROWNIE.—You say you are worried because baby has eaten the front page of *The Daily News*. There is no cause for anxiety. The back page of *The Express* would perhaps be the best antidote.

PATER.—You complain that your son has been disobedient, will not ask for forgiveness, and that nothing you can do will bring him to his knees. Why not try bringing him to *your* knees and let him study the pattern of the carpet while you do the rest?

PROUD PARENT writes: "I thought you might be interested to know that our doctor declares that my latest is the finest baby he has ever seen. I enclose a photograph." Thank you, "Proud Parent." The photo you enclose is the 400th we have received this week of the "finest baby the doctor has ever seen," and it enables us to complete another of the screens which we send every week to one of the hospitals.

HINTS TO A BEGINNER.

If writing verse be your delight,
Be careful with your theme;
This useful maxim keep in sight,
That things—and chiefly things you
write—

Are seldom what they seem.

Let critics be your constant dread,
And, as your poem grows,
Look ever cautiously ahead,
Lest all unconsciously you tread
On someone else's toes.

Whatever subject you discuss,
Be meek as you are mild;
Cork up your satire, label thus:
"This poem is innocuous
Alike to man and child."

You cannot be too circumspect
Or use too nice a care;
The critic's brighter intellect
Some subtle meaning will detect
Which really isn't there.

On rare occasions you will find
Him lenient enough;
But if he chance to feel unkind,
Or if the chop on which he dined
Was more than common tough,

He for vituperation plumps
And, as I can attest,
He takes your verse by lines or lumps
And metaphorically jumps
On your defenceless chest.

His wrath, of course, may be defied,
Nor will his lances prick,
If you by nature are supplied
Like the rhinoceros with hide
Inordinately thick.

But if, like mine, your courage goes
With every critic's curse,
Take good advice from one who knows:
Write nothing in the shape of prose,
And less in that of verse.

The British interviewer who wanted, by way of compliment, to call M. BLÉRIOT "a regular flier," was ill-advised to say, "*Monsieur, vous êtes un voleur régulier.*"



WINGED VICTORY.

[With Mr. Punch's best felicitations to France and LOUIS BLÉRIOT, July 25, 1909.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 26.

—ADMIRAL McKENNA breathes again. For four months has carried about with him a secret heavier to bear than was the *Old Man of the Sea* on *Sinbad's* shoulders. In March last provision was made in Navy Estimates for building four new *Dreadnoughts*. In a sort of postscript, which, as usual, was the most important part of the communication, he intimated contingency of an additional four.

On this public attention centred. Four new battleships would straightway be added to the Fleet. That a matter of commonplace certainty. But what about the contingent four?

Someone broke the stillness of a Sabbath morning by announcing within a fortnight of the FIRST LORD's statement that the contingency was a reality, the "may" governing the proposition being changed into "shall." In short the hypothetical ships were already—the article was published on April 4—determined upon as an actuality. Thereupon storm of enquiry broke upon the Treasury Bench. Was this statement authentic, or was it a vain imagining?

Difficult position even for the wariest, astutest of First Lords. If he confirmed it, he would have important section of Ministerialists in revolt. As it turns out, it was impossible to deny it. To any one looking back over the four months, with full knowledge officially conveyed to-night, the ADMIRAL's cleverness of fence in circumstances of extreme difficulty becomes for the first time fully

apparent. Repeatedly pressed in varied form of enquiry, he did not say "Yes;" he never said "No;" yet he managed to convey impression that he was really answering the question.

At the moment when he rose this evening in Committee on Navy Estimates, no official indication of Ministerial intention with respect to the four contingent battleships had been forthcoming. But who, short of possession of vivid imagination, shall picture the ADMIRAL's sufferings during these four months? What locking of his bedroom door at night lest a Suffragette might enter and extort his secret! What restraint at the supper-table lest resultant nightmare might give it away! What extreme caution with respect to weather conditions on treading his quarter-deck, lest sudden lurch of the ship to larboard or starboard should explode it! What careful avoidance of the Poet Laureate of the Navy League with his insistence on eight and his blunt refusal to wait!

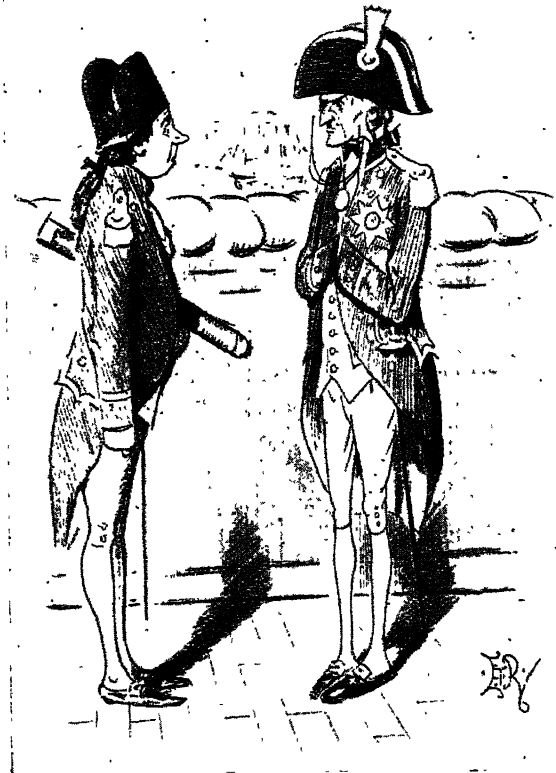
All is over now. The secret is out. We shall have the eight without undue wait.

After four months' fitful fever the ADMIRAL sleeps well.

Business done.—Official announcement made that the Fleet will be strengthened by four additional *Dreadnoughts*, hitherto "contingent."

Tuesday.—Historic scene to-night staged in both Houses. From Diplomatic Gallery in the Commons, later from side galleries in House of Lords, United South Africa looks on whilst the Imperial Legislature confirms the Charter of its self-dominion. As CREWE said in speech worthy the occasion, for many years the Colonies that cluster between the Equator and the Cape have been groping towards union. To-day they find it under the friendly shield of Great Britain.

The pages of history present no parallel to the episode. Nine years ago



IF JOHN ELLIS HAD BEEN NELSON HOW DIFFERENT HISTORY WOULD HAVE BEEN.

"Well, Pasco, have you placed the geraniums and the canaries in all the gun-ports, and slung-up all the illuminated texts? Good! Now, please hoist the signal, 'Nelson confides that every Frenchman will come on board to tea.'"

(It will be noticed that in order to avoid any appearance of "craven" preparedness J. E. has voluntarily removed his *other* arm.)

some of the men who by right of Privy Councillorship stand to-day on the steps of the Throne or look on from the galleries held each other in the grip of one of the bitterest, hardest-fought wars of the closing century. Here they gather shoulder to shoulder, whilst final touch is given to an act of statesmanship wrought in their own country by their own hands. Truly never before was proclamation made in such striking fashion that Peace hath her victories not less renowned than War.

The MEMBER FOR SARK insists that among the general felicitations we should not forget that this marvellous work would never have been achieved but for the courage and constancy, the far-seeing statesmanship, of HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. The bestowal of independent Government upon the Transvaal



"Lest sudden lurch to larboard or starboard should explode it."

(Admiral McKenna.)

and the Orange Free State, still bleeding from the buffets of devastating war, was his crowning service to a country to which he devoted the best years of his life. It was a leap in the dark whose audacity was in influential quarters denounced as rashly imperilling the advantages gained by a costly war. In his quiet way, with unassuming manner that concealed indomitable will, C.B. persisted.

Business done.—Bill enacting union of South Africa read a second time in the Lords amid general acclaim.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Lord HALSBURY more than ever in favour of

shorter Sessions. If current one had closed a fortnight ago, things would have been much pleasanter. To begin with, extension provided opportunity for awkward statement as to condition of Magisterial Bench in town and county when the present LORD CHANCELLOR came into office. Turned out that overwhelming majority of J.P.'s were by strange chance of one political colour. And now here's this County Courts Bill, introduced with double object of relieving pressure of work in the High Courts and cheapening law costs, to the class least able to bear them, by extending jurisdiction of County Courts.

In the lightness of heart that accompanies perennial youth, HALSBURY moved to omit Clause I., the main, indispensable, prop of the measure. Motion opposed by so high, impartial, independent authority as the EX-PRESIDENT of the PROBATE COURT. Carried by majority of 5, a significant variation from usual muster against Government Bills. Thereupon LORD CHANCELLOR, to consternation of Opposition, declined to proceed further with the Bill. In vain HALSBURY protested against this unexpected consequence of his own action. CREWE, supporting his colleague, renounced all interest in an infant which, as he said, had been "strangled at its birth."

Negotiations privately going forward with object of reinstating Bill. Up to to-night not successful.

THE PUBLIC'S PRIVILEGE.

"PLEASE send the manager to me," I said.

The waiter did so, obviously wondering a little what was wrong, as he had not been more than ten minutes in executing my order, and the table-cloth was as suggestive of previous lunchers as English people like it to be.

The manager came, with the usual expression of surprised innocence and self-protectiveness.

"No, there's nothing wrong," I said. "I merely wanted to talk a little."

He inclined his head.

here," and I showed him the morning paper, with an account of the glut of strawberries in London—tons and tons going begging in Covent Garden—2d. a pound in the streets. "And now look at this," I added, and showed him his "STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM" in large type in the menu—"STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM, 2/-."

"Why," I said, "don't you give the public the opportunity of sharing in this accident of fecundity? Why not say 'Strawberries and cream, 6d.,' for example?"

"Oh, no," he said, "that wouldn't do. They'd take us for a cheap and common place. Prices must be kept up."

"Then it's really the public that fix the prices?" I hazarded.

"Absolutely," he replied.

Is it?

"Blenkarne—Harrison. — On Thursday, July 24th, 1879 (thirty years ago to-day) . . . W. L'Heureux Blenkarne, M.R.C.S., . . . only surviving son of David Blenkarne, solicitor, of Notting-hill, W., great-grandson of David L'Heureux, of Paris, and grandson of the Rev. James Blenkarne, M.A., vicar of Great S. Helen, Bishopsgate, E.C. (1799-1835), Afternoon Lecturer at the Church of S. George's-in-the-East, President of Sion College, Chaplain to Guy's Hospital and to the Duke of Grafton, and formerly of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, to Annie Harrison, elder daughter of James Harrison, J.P., of Buckingham.

Continental, colonial, and provincial papers please copy."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Circulating as he does about the Continent, the Colonies and the Provinces, Mr. Punch feels that the appeal to copy this is made expressly to him. He therefore hastens to give it the publicity of his columns, while confessing with shame that for thirty years he had been in complete ignorance that such things had happened. For all he had heard there might have been a conspiracy to keep him in the dark about it.

"The conference points out that many accidents might be avoided if drivers exercised more cars."—*Daily Graphic*.

There are quite enough cars taking exercise as it is, thank you.



AT HER OLD GAMES.

Nurse Loreburn. "Ho, indeed, Missis 'Algebury! So you've bin a-settin' on this one now, 'ave yer? pore little darlin'! 'Aven't 'urt it indeed! It's a lot o' use tryin' to rear 'em when you've once set on 'em!"

(Lords Halsbury and Loreburn.)

"Why," I said, drawing his attention to the menu, "why this large type for the NEW of peas? It is now mid-July. Would not 'peas' be enough? No one takes them out of a bottle now, surely?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Our customers expect it," he said.

"It excites them, I suppose," I said, "and thus prepares them to pay the price asked—a shilling. But why a shilling?" I continued. "Why ask a shilling for a pennyworth of peas? You only ask a penny for bread and a penny for butter, and they have to be manufactured. Peas grow."

He shrugged his shoulders again. "Peas are a luxury," he said.

"Very well," I continued, "I will grant that. The profit is no doubt just—from your point of view. But look



Squire. "YOU CAN'T GRUMBLE AT THE MARKET FOR PIGS JUST NOW; THEY 'RE FETCHIN' A GOOD PRICE."

Old Tenant Farmer. "WELL, AS FAR AS THAT DO GO, I SUPPOSE THEY BE, BUT LOOK WHAT A PRICE THEY BE TO BUY."

LOVE.

[For the first time in the annals of literature this important topic is treated in verse.]

Prologue.

My love is seated on a bench
Beneath the overhanging tree,
And, though she is a comely wench,
I am as bored as I can be.
I lie full length upon the lawn
And yawn and yawn and yawn and yawn.
Then, wond'ring how she's getting on,
I rise to find the lady gone.

The Material Part.

When I am making love to girls,
I run my fingers through my hair;
I call attention to the curls,
I tell them that it's rude to stare.
This sort of gossiping one knows 'll
Prepare the way for one's proposal.
But as for you . . . I am appalled
To think you're very likely bald.
When girls are making love to me,
They pass me all the things they think
I most prefer to eat and see
That I have all I want to drink;
They never broach the topic till
I've obviously had my fill.
When girls are making love to you . . .
I don't believe they ever do.

Of all the illness in the world
This love-complaint is hardest cured,
For hair may be for ever curled,
And food for ever be endured;
And we could evermore discuss
The all-sufficing topic "US."

The last two couplets hardly seem
To have a bearing on the theme.

When love is true, then love is hot;
You cannot mind your Q's and P's;
You have to voice it on the spot,
You have to voice it on your knees.
Yet, when you're thinking to propose,
You simply mustn't blow your nose.

The slightest sneeze, the merest cough
Will put the kindest lady off.

Epilogue.

The waning of the winter moon.
The simmer of the summer sky,
The awe of autumn's afternoon,
These have their wherefore and their why.

And, gentle reader, even you
May have some hidden meaning too.

This poem, on the other hand,
I own I cannot understand.

More Triangular Cricket.

"Against Surrey, to-morrow, Somerset will
beat Middlesex."—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

BISLEY AND BUSINESS.

Some practical hints, picked up at Bisley, for the future guidance of marksmen when in action.

THE prone position is inadvisable when you are aiming at dirigibles.

Umbrellas should not be taken into the firing line—not even in wet weather.

Lemonade and slandygaff are seldom obtainable in action; marksmen must therefore be prepared (a) to suck pebbles, or (b) to go without.

Should you aim at one infantryman and inadvertently hit another, say nothing. The chances are that, in the flurry of the moment, the error will escape notice, and your innocent deception may well be excused in the hour of national peril.

A simple rule for scoring is—anywhere in the tunic, one.

Mounted men have an irritating habit of moving from one position to another, the object being to baulk the steadfast marksman. The best way to meet this difficulty is to make corresponding alterations in the direction of your rifle-barrel.

When shooting off a tie with an opposing marksman remember that an inner with your sighting shot is worth more than the expectation of a possible series of bulls later on. This is one of the differences between Bisley and the other thing.

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY RESORT.

"I AM oppressed," said George, "by this question of holidays, for as such I am bound to regard the months of August and September, whatever I may do with the other months of the year. The Barrister's year is divided into terms, when he doesn't work, and the Long Vacation, when he mustn't work. A vacation is a holiday, and a holiday is a thing to be spent. The difficulty is to know where to spend it."

"A friend of mine," said I, "tells me that Skegness is so bracing."

"I have heard that, too," said George, "but the entertainment provided seems to consist of nothing else than one fisherman and unlimited sand. The latter is tolerable, but the former, as one's sole companion for two months, might prove a little tiring. His constant agility would make one feel hot and uncomfortable, and the sea is really too blue there."

"Any Railway Company would be only too glad to recommend a pleasant resort," said I, thinking of more posters. "The best and quickest route to Ireland is certainly . . ."

"It is, undoubtedly," said George. "But you will notice this curious fact about Railway Companies' recommendations. They are invariably spots served exclusively by their own lines. I think it is just possible that they content themselves with making your journey there and back thoroughly happy and don't much care what happens to you in between times. Now, if I could find a Company really emphatic about the charms of a watering-place that you couldn't possibly get to by their own railway, I would go there like a shot. As yet I have not. I find, for instance, that nothing would induce the London and North Western Railway to spend its holidays anywhere else than in London or the North-West."

"Have you ever tried Theobald's Grove?" I said, turning casually to the A.B.C. "It is only 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Liverpool Street, and the fares are 1/8a, 1/2b, and -/10c. It does not mention the other sights, but it does say that the thing to see is page 490. I have never heard the Great Eastern boast of this, and there does not appear to be a population."

"I have not the pleasure of knowing Theobald," said George, "and the A.B.C., though thoroughly impartial, is too promiscuous. Besides, they insist upon my taking a bottle of fruit salts in my bag, and I doubt if I have room."

"Why not try Finland?" I suggested. "I mention that simply because Thomas, who also has never been there, said to me this morning, 'Why not try Finland?' Any adequate reason you advance for not doing so I shall be delighted to pass on to Thomas."

"I know a man," said George, "who once knew a man, who thought he knew a man . . ."

"What a lot of men there are about nowadays," said I.

". . . who went to Finland years and years ago and was stabbed in the back in his sleep."

"You could easily avoid that by sleeping on your back."

"And wear a chest-protector?" said George. "No, I suppose it must be the old Continent again. Already I hear the familiar song ringing in my ears. How does it run?"

'Il est dangereux de se pencher en dehors.'

or, as they sing it in Italy,

'E periculoso sporgersi!'

The attraction is irresistible. Take it that I sail from Dover to-morrow."

"And I will forward your letters to the old address at Margate," said I.

"The world is all awry," said George, sorrowfully. "I look to my old friend James for advice, and I am answered with meaningless nothings. I look past him to the starlit heavens for inspiration, and I am told, sometimes in red lights, sometimes in green, and occasionally even in white, to 'DRINK AND ENJOY LEWIS'S LITTLE LIVER BOYS.' Again I have to turn to James and hope against hope that for once he will not show himself an ass. Now tell me: where shall I go?"

"Go to Jericho," said I.

THE VERACIOUS VIRTUOSO.

MR. BAMBERGER'S NARRATIVE.

THE account headed "Melba in Wonderland," describing the astounding demonstrations organised in honour of the redoubtable *diva* by the Whakarewarewa natives at Rotorua lends significance to the following narrative of the travels of Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER in Patagonia, which has been kindly and modestly furnished us by Mr. BAMBERGER himself.

It will be remembered that Mr. BAMBERGER undertook this arduous and perilous expedition from mixed motives, partly scientific, partly artistic. It was suggested to him that the tones of his violin, reinforced by the social prestige of his wife (the only daughter of Sir Pompey Boldero) might succeed not only in luring the Giant Sloth from its fastness in the salicylic swamps of the Lycopodium Valley, but also bring comfort and cheerfulness to the Patagonians themselves, who have of late been suffering from severe agricultural depression, owing to the failure of the crops of Digitalis and Extractive Scammony.

Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER travelled with an extremely small retinue, consisting of only 150 native bearers, a squadron of

Argentine Carabiniers, ten flashlight photographers, four men cooks, and three alternating accompanists. Their first stop was at Pogolopotl, the famous floating city on the inland sea of Slobolando. Here the travellers were met by over 600 of the leading Creosote Indians, including the famous anthropophagous chieftain, Gobolup. This renowned warrior, whose chivalry is only equalled by the length of his feet, welcomed the visitors with the most abject condescension, reciting some of the choicest recipes in his ancestral cookery-book, and entertained them to a magnificent banquet consisting of Paraguay tea, cardamoms, and coriander bascules. After the banquet Mrs. BAMBERGER presented the chief with a beautifully illuminated copy of her family tree, and in return he proposed her health in a most eloquent speech, winding up with the words, "*Jaborandi senega guavana cevadilla condurango*."

Mr. BAMBERGER having suitably replied, the party then adjourned to take part in a grand jamboree, which was kept up to a late hour. While the revels were at their height and Mrs. BAMBERGER was dancing the Kitchen Lancers in the most *recherché* aristocratic style with the chieftain's eldest son, news was brought by an exhausted runner of the advent of a raiding party of Scarabs, the hereditary foes of the Slobolando Patagonians. With singular unanimity Mr. BAMBERGER was chosen as generalissimo of the garrison, and at once led a sortie against the invaders, armed with the Mauser pistol presented him by the CZAR, and the stiletto given him by the Nihilists of Moscow. The issue of the conflict was never long in doubt. Out of the 1,200 slain nearly half were accounted for by Mr. BAMBERGER himself, while the booty included forty bales of natural scammony, twenty-three kegs of kola, nineteen jeroboams of liquorice juice, fifty pottles of orris root, and one hundred butts of clarified camomile tea. Mr. BAMBERGER gave a short violin recital on the field of battle, followed by a speech, in which he assured his triumphant warriors that on his return to England he would personally assure the KING of their loyalty to him (i.e. Mr. BAMBERGER). He then ordered double rations of cod liver oil, rhatany and tolu balsam to be served out, and, bidding an affecting adieu to his army, continued his progress to the Lycopodium Valley.

In our next instalment we hope to summarise the appalling adventures of Mrs. BAMBERGER while a captive in the lair of the Giant Sloth, the tragic agony of Sir Pompey Boldero, and finally the portentous and incredible means by which Mr. BAMBERGER first hypnotised and then annihilated his beloved consort's inexorable captor. [Not if I know it.—Ed. *Punch*.]

A CHANGE OF VIEW.

["There is a distinct relationship between flabby muscles and crime."—*Daily Paper*]

He came to my room in the still
Night hours, and so soft was his tread
I never observed him until he
Bent silently over the bed.
In a bloodcurdling whisper that carried
More menace than many a shout
He bade me to state where my family
plate
And money hung out.

It gave me good heart for a tussle
To note his nefarious air—
Sure sign that the gentleman's muscle
Was only a flabby affair—
So, anxious to punish his seeming
Contempt for the criminal law,
I flung the clothes back and I caught him
a smack
Right under the jaw.

But oh! as the kick of a horse is
In swiftness and force was the blow
He aimed at my noble proboscis
(And hit it the very first go).
I changed, in the consequent combat
Wherein I was knocked out of time,
My innocent views on the sinews and
thews
Connected with crime.

Henceforward I cannot help thinking
They err in their logic who speak
Concerning the cousinly linking
Of crime and a flaccid physique.
Let others go offer resistance
To those who would break in and rob,
For me, who have tried how they pummel
your hide,
I jib at the job.

ROCKEFELLER'S TEE TABLE-TALK.

["It is impossible to know how many of the Rockefeller interviews are genuine or faked. The public demands to be informed of his opinion on every subject, whether it is connected with the duty on oil or one of Dr. Aked's eloquent sermons, and if, as is generally the case, Mr. Rockefeller confines his conversation to the skill with which he laid his mashie dead, the newspapers do not hesitate to quote him as if he had really talked to their reporters on themes upon which they have been sent to sound him."—*Daily Telegraph*, July 26.]

I.

"WHEN I keep my eye on the ball, I seldom fizzle my drive."

Translation :—

"When a man has accumulated a sum of money within the law, that is to say, in a legally honest way, people no longer have any right to a share in the earnings resulting from that accumulation. The man has respected the law in accumulating the money. *Ex-post-facto* laws should not apply to property



Waitress. "YES, THINGS ARE VERY QUIET AFTER GOODWOOD—BUT THERE'S A SMART AFFAIR COMING OFF NEXT WEEK IN THE WEST END."

Customer. "INDEED. WHAT'S THAT?"

Waitress. "MY BROTHER'S WEDDING AT HAMMERSMITH. I'VE GOT A DAY OFF FOR IT"

rights A man's right to the undivided ownership of his property, in whatever form, cannot be denied him by any process short of confiscation."

II.

"I prefer a cleek to a baffy."

Translation :—

"Oil being the great lubricant of the universe, which makes the wheels of the industrial system move smoothly, and which, when cast on the troubled waters, induces an immediate subsidence of all dangerous tumefaction, it is worse than a crime to penalise its circulation by the imposition of prohibitive duties."

III.

"I always use a Schenectady putter."

Translation :—

"On the subject of the restriction of

armaments I see eye to eye with Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE. The international *Dreadnought* race in which the Great Powers are now engaged is a blot on our so-called civilisation and is largely, if not entirely, instigated by the malicious activity of irresponsible journalists."

IV.

"There is no truth in the report that I intend to enter for the amateur golf championship."

Translation :—

"It is better to be a great pulpiteer than a multi-millionaire. I would rather have written the hymns of Dr. WATTS than possess my present income. I would rather have the degree of B.D. than own wealth B.D.A. (Beyond the Dreams of Avarice). I would rather be a GLADSTONE than a ROCKEFELLER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

REGARDED statistically, Mr. ERNEST OLDMEADOW's novel, *Antonio* (GRANT RICHARDS), is a big matter. There are upwards of five hundred pages. This is, nowadays, good measure, and in our mercenary age the book should sell on that account alone. But, regarding it still statistically, I doubt if the reader who wants his six-shilling'sworth of shocks will find enough plot in it. There is really no plot at all, no tangled complications of the main issue, no mining and countermining, no cross currents. It is just a straightforward though eventful history of a Portuguese monk who, on the suppression of his monastery during the years following the Peninsular war, sets himself the task of buying back the Abbey lands and reinstating the brotherhood. His story is made up of physical struggles in connection with the wine trade, into which he plunges, and moral struggles in connection with a certain fair and very charming lady who has no patience with his vows of celibacy. There is not much here to fill out five hundred pages, but Mr. OLDMEADOW supports the slender tale with an excellently drawn cast of incidental persons, and many wholly delightful glimpses of Portuguese peasant life. All of which gave me the greater pleasure since it had not occurred to me that anything particularly interesting happened in Portugal after the Duke of WELLINGTON and his generals left the neighbourhood.

The Unlit Lamp (WHITE) is a study of rural life in England at the beginning of the last century. Unfortunately Mr. ALGERNON GISSING's enthusiasm for his subject is greater than his sense of form, and in consequence the book seems to miss its proper effect from some confusion of interest. In the words of the immortal criticism of *Jabberwocky*, "it fills my head with ideas, only I don't exactly know what they are." To say this, however, is not to deny *The Unlit Lamp* many excellent qualities; it has above all things the grace of complete sincerity. The story concerns the life of one *Timothy Lampitt*, poacher and squatter, and the efforts made by *Paul*, son of old *Squire Creed*, to mitigate his father's interpretation of rural law against the outcast. *Paul* had been with the army in France, and brought home with him not only republican theories but also the daughter of a sergeant as wife. I should like to have heard more of *Sadie*, and how she got on in her new surroundings, but Mr. GISSING, after rousing my interest in her, appears to lose his own, and she practically disappears from the story. WORDSWORTH is mentioned once or twice as an adviser of *Paul*, though the author gallantly resists the temptation to introduce him in person. I wish he had displayed equal firmness about the matter of his title, the pun in which, if intentional, is without excuse. Verbal

quibbles by an author upon the name of one of his own characters (another recent instance was *The Wooden Horse* as a name for the story of a family called *Trojan*) are much too easy to be worth while.

More than forty years ago Lord BROUGHTON, perhaps better known as JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, wrote *Recollections of a Long Life*. Privately printed, it ran to five volumes, but was not suffered to go beyond the family circle and a few friends. After long interval Lady DORCHESTER has taken in hand this voluminous record. With passages from the original work she has incorporated extracts from a diary kept by her industrious parent, together with quotations from his narrative of a tour with BYRON, and his letters written from Paris during the last days of the reign of NAPOLEON. Lord BROUGHTON was irresistibly attracted by these two heroic figures. NAPOLEON he did not know personally, though he had looked upon him and has preserved a vivid recollection of his appearance. He was BYRON's most intimate friend, travelling with him abroad and living with him at home.

He was best man at the ill-fated wedding. He tells how, handing Lady BYRON into her carriage, after the ceremony (which took place in her father's house), he wished her many years of happiness. She replied, "If I am not happy, it will be my own fault"—words neither bride nor bridegroom was likely to forget when their wedded life ended within a few brief months. Minute details, some fresh, are given of a sad story which has always had a fascination for mankind. The two portly volumes, which preserve the original title of Lord BROUGHTON's reminiscences, are published by Mr. MURRAY.



Tommy. "DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES, MRS. HARDACRE?"

Mrs. H. "NO, CERTAINLY NOT."

Tommy. "I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE CANDID ABOUT IT. THERE'S SUCH A POSE AMONG GROWN-UPS NOWADAYS TO PRETEND THEY DO."

One can't be certain, of course, but I'm
Pretty well sure that Father Time
Looks a bit green about the gills
When Mr. PEMBERTON's out for thrills.

For he draws you people, does Mr. P.,
As up-to-date as they well can be,
And then he proceeds to find them sport
Of a regular mediæval sort.

That at any rate's roughly what
Happens aboard the schooner yacht
Whereon Mr. PEMBERTON has his whack
Throughout *The Adventures of Captain Jack*.

But far-fetched, probable, new or old,
What he has to tell is so deftly told
That I spent an excellent afternoon
A-reading his volume (MILLS AND BOON).

Our Lost Island (see Press passim).

M. Blériot (alighting on Dover cliffs—to local policeman).
"The peninsula of Great Britain, I presume?"

CHARIVARIA.

MUCH satisfaction has been caused by Mr. ASQUITH's statement that, so long as our Navy prevents it, no invasion of our country is possible.

**

Fired by the example of *The Daily Mail*, a French newspaper, we hear, is about to offer a prize for the first British-built aeroplane which succeeds in flying across the Thames at Twickenham.

**

Mr. REDFORD told the Censorship Committee that he was formerly a Bank Manager. Does he, we wonder, endorse the plays which he cannot accept, "Refer to Drawer"?

**

Certain members of the Cabinet are becoming quite bold in regard to the Budget. A little while ago they acted only on the defensive. Now they have assumed the very offensive.

**

Lord AVEBURY points out that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE would appear to have a special grudge against Dukes. Times change. Once the highwayman's cry was, "Up with your Dukes!" Now it is "Down with your Dukes!"

**

"If Lord CURZON is going to try here that arrogance which was too much even for the gentle Hindu," said Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, "we will tell him we will not have any of his Oriental manners." And yet we have known Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE himself to use language which savoured of the East-End.

**

An Austrian gentleman has invented a noiseless typewriter. He claims that in a room where fifty or more of his typewriters are at work no sound will be heard but the conversation of the typists. A rival machine, however, is on the market. This drowns even the voices of the operators.

**

The White City is steadily adding to its attractions. The Tuberculosis Exhibition has now been transferred from Whitechapel to Shepherd's Bush.

**

A Tibetan baby which was born the other day in the Kalmuck Camp at the White City is to be called "Flip-flap," the name by custom being taken from the first object which the mother saw after the child's birth. According to our information the infant is doing as well as can be expected; indeed, he is said to have expressed satisfaction on hearing of his narrow escape from becoming "Wiggle-Woggle."

**

"I consider," says the Secretary of the Hythe Golf Club, "that golf brings out all the finer points of character—viz.,



A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

Mother (in the Tube). "STOP FIDGETING, 'ORACE,—OR YOU SHAN'T LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW!"

unselfishness, generosity, self-reliance in adversity." There can be no doubt as to the last-mentioned point. There are occasions when all the old-fashioned oaths are inadequate, and new ones have to be invented.

**

On a new Chinese railway line the locomotives are American and German, the cars are American, the steel rails German, and the sleepers Japanese. "Where is Britain?" asks *The Pall Mall Gazette*. With our allies, we suspect—somewhere among the sleepers.

**

The latest speculation of King LEOPOLD is a Restaurant in the grounds of the forthcoming Brussels Exhibition. His MAJESTY is now advertising for a lessee.

but it is said that if he cannot obtain one, he will manage the venture himself. Might we respectfully suggest a possible partnership with the gentleman who bears the title. "The Sausage King"?

**

In an article upon the Suez Canal in the current number of *The Cornhill*, a writer describes flamingoes as "wading, poised on one leg, with their long necks in strange convolutions." Yet it would be stranger still if there were no convolutions under these trying conditions.

**

The Diocesan Scout Corps has come into being, and the original Boy Scouts look upon the newcomers as an opposition body. It ought to be possible to arrange some really realistic sham fights now.

THE FATAL STRAWBERRY-MARK.

[Being the utterance of a member of the middle-class, much consoled by the thought of his comparative irresponsibility.]

WHEN I muse upon the narrow
Scope of my suburban cot:
When, depressed about the marrow,
I could wish my humble lot
Might have run to rather more than I have actually got:—

When with envy, hate and malice
I regard the life of ease—
Men (I'm told) who drain the chalice
From the bubbles to the lees,
And employ their bloated leisure just exactly as they
please:—

Then I think, for consolation,
It is better, after all,
Not to hold a lofty station
With a large ancestral hall,
So that, when the Budget hits me, I have not so far to fall.

When, with manners quite the oddest,
Jumping GEORGE careers around,
Lifting loot from off my modest
Patch of "undeveloped" ground,
I may still survive the paltry extra shilling in the pound.*

But, had Fortune been less kindly,
Had I been a duke instead,
I should now be asking blindly
Why they didn't kill me dead
Ere the strawberry-leaves were planted on my hairless little
head.

Though I spent my life in doing
Alms to labour on the land,
Still I'd be a butt for booing
When the navy's horny hand
Scared my brow, at GEORGE's bidding, with the loathly ducal
brand.

Thank the Lord no ancient titles
Link my honour with the soil;
So it won't affect my vitals
When he woos the sons of toil
With a "Damn the dukes, my hearties; wipe 'em out and
pinch the spoil!" O. S.

* A shilling in the pound, that is to say, on the annual value; but described, for electioneering purposes, as a halfpenny in the pound on the capital value.

The Burthen of Solomon.

The following award of the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE was issued last week:—

"Whereas the Warwickshire Colliery Owners' Association and the Warwickshire Miners' Association referred to me, the undersigned, a difference which had arisen between them as to the 'snap' time which should be allowed in the Warwickshire mining district, and whereas the parties were agreed that the *minimum* time should be 15 minutes and the *maximum* time 25 minutes and that the award should decide the time between these limits, and whereas I, the undersigned, having taken upon me the burthen of the said reference, have heard the parties at the Board of Trade on the twenty eighth day of July, 1909, now therefore I award and declare that the time allowed as 'snap' time shall be twenty minutes.

As witness my hand this third day of August, 1909,

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

Signed and published in the presence of

G. R. ASKWITH, Board of Trade."

This must have taken some doing.

THE DEPLORABLE FRIVOLITY OF MR. PONKING.

(An Electioneering Forecast.)

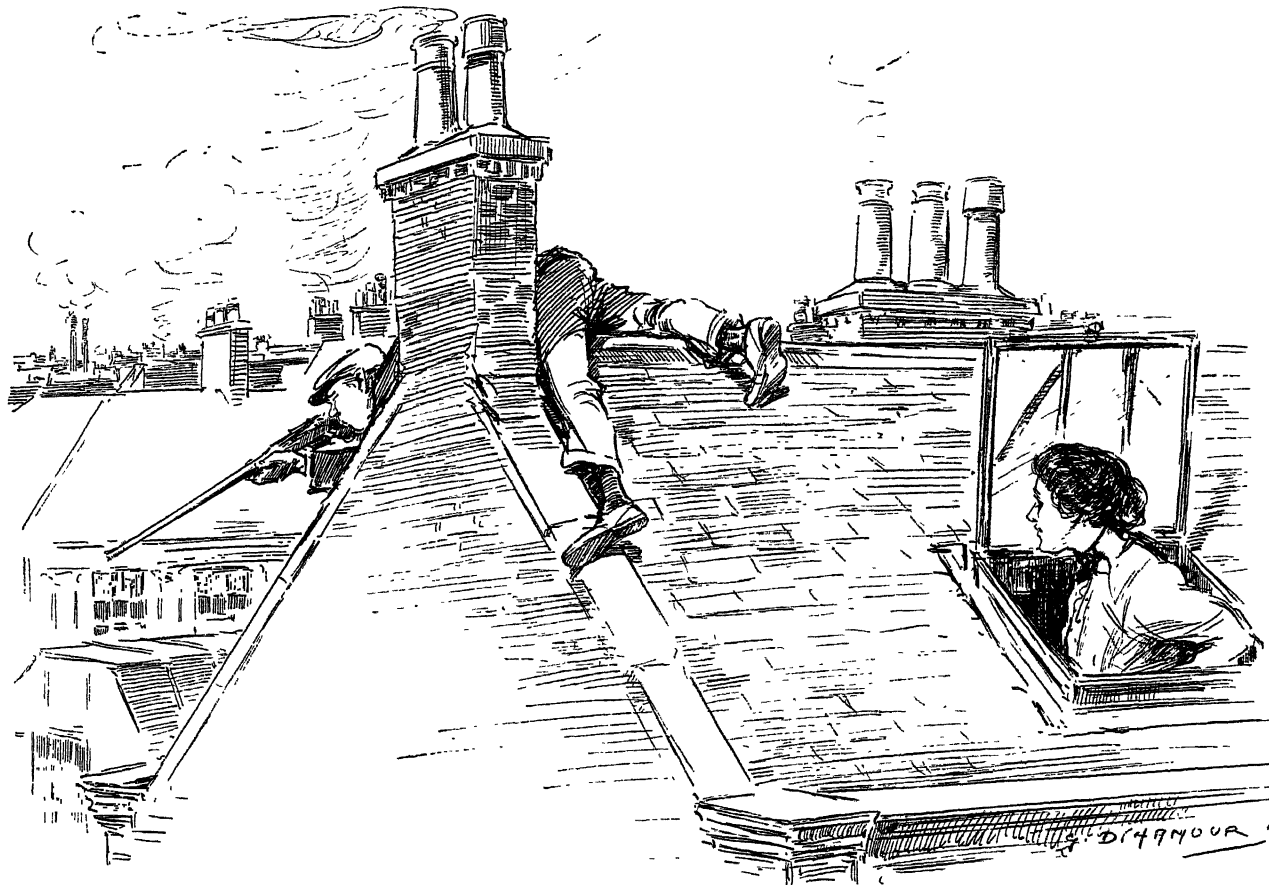
INTRODUCTORY.—*Certain Cabinet Ministers are, as Mr. Punch has recorded in a recent cartoon, employing gramophones to represent them at political meetings held in favour of the Budget. It seems not improbable that during the next General Election this precedent may be followed by Parliamentary Candidates who find it impossible to pay a personal visit to more than a few of their constituents. At all events, we will ask the reader to assume that that rising politician, Mr. Stodgely-Sewett, who is standing for the Division of North-West Tootwell in the Liberal interest, has deputed a gramophone to canvass the householders in Mafeking Avenue. The instrument, escorted by an amiable but incompetent member of Mr. S.-S.'s Committee, has arrived at No. 10, the semi-detached two-storied residence occupied by Mr. Alfred Ponking, whom we discover at tea with his wife and children.*

Mr. Ponking (to the Committee man). That's me, mister. I'm Alf Ponking, right enough. 'Care to 'ear a few words from the Liberal Candidate, Mr. Stodgely-Sooitt? Why, suttingly! Arsk 'im to step in! [*The Amiable but Incompetent Committee-man retires—to re-appear presently with a large gramophone, whose expansive mouthpiece is enamelled a rich cherry colour; after his first surprise Mr. A. P. perceives a favourable opening for the buffoonery in which he is, unfortunately, only too prone to indulge.*] 'Ow are yer, Mr. Sooitt? Proud to see yer, Sir! (to his wife) Loo, a cheer for 'is nibs. Give it a wipe fust—you'll excuse 'er want o' manners, Sir. She ain't in the 'abit of receivin' sech distinguished strangers. (To the A. but I. C. M.) Set Mr. Sooitt down there, Sir. I dunno if 'e'd like a cushion to 'is back? (To the instrument) Jest 'avin' of our tea, you see. I 'ope I'm not tiking a libbity in arskin' you to join us? My missus 'ere kin easy slip a cup o' tea and a sloice o' bread and butter down yer swoller. (To the A. but, &c., who, astounded by the appalling ignorance of the Lower Middle Classes, endeavours to explain the impracticability of this proposal) 'Never tikes nothink in the refreshmint line?' With a mouth like that, too! Which reminds me, Mister (in a stage whisper), I'd jest as soon 'e didn't offer to kiss my kiddies—on'y frighten 'em, not bein' used to Mr. Sooitt's size o' lip. . . . Oh, it ain't Mr. Sooitt 'imself? Well, now I come to look at 'im, I do notice a somethink! It was your interdoocin' 'im like you did as put me wrong. (Don't you tike no notice o' my missus—I dunno what's set 'er off like that.) But, 'ooever it is as you've brought 'ere canvassin', there's no occasion for 'im to go kissin' the kids, see? . . . Don't seem partickler chatty, so fur, do 'e? Ain't ser much as mide a remark. Though *why* 'e should feel shy with quiet, simple blokes like ourselves licks me. . . . Got to be wound up fust, 'as 'e? And then we'll 'ear Mr. Sooitt torkin' to us in 'is own voice? That *will* be a treat, won't it? . . . Speak up, Mr. Sooitt, Sir, we're a-listenin' to yer. [*The gramophone produces a scratchy whirr, punctuated by woolly squeaks.*] A bit 'usky, ain't 'e? 'Ere, Loo, drop one o' them 'ore'ound lozengers down Mr. Sooitt's toob. Wonderful things, they are, for frog in yer throat. . . . 'A broken needle,' is it? Well, 'e 'as my symperthy. Loo, you shouldn't go leavin' sech things about on the cheers for visitors to set on! . . . Now 'e's orf at last! That you, Mr. Sooitt, Sir? I 'ope you're feelin' more comfortable? . . . (To the C. M.) Why, 'ow kin you tell me 'e ain't down at the other end, when I kin 'ear 'im as pline as pline! . . . Oh, o' course, if you say as it's a machine doin' of it all, I'll tike your word for it. [*The gramophone emits a wheezy but solemn warning to the effect that, should the Conservative party be placed in power,*



BRAVO, TORERO!

[With Mr. Punch's congratulations to King ALFONSO on the suppression of the revolution in Catalonia]



THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THE INVASION OF LONDON, BEING MERELY YOUNG SMITHERS (WHO HAS RECEIVED AN INVITATION TO A DEER FOREST) PRACTISING TAKING AIM UNDER WHAT HE SUPPOSES WOULD BE, AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE, ACTUAL CONDITIONS.

the ruin of the country is the very least that may be confidently expected.] Well, there now! And all done by mechanics, too! Why, I shouldn't be surprised if some dye they invented a machine as 'll acshally tork sense! 'Kin 'e count on my vote and support?' Well, why not? Mike as good a Member as some on 'em, I dessay. Bound ter ketch the Speaker's eye, any'ow, wherever 'e sets. Blowed if 'e shan't 'ave my vote, jest to encourage 'im! 'Old on a bit while I give it 'im—on'y got to shove it down 'is trumpet, I s'pose? . . . What, I'm wrong agen, am I? But see 'ere, ole sport, jest now you assured me most positive as it was 'ere on its own, like, and Mr. Sooitt wasn't inside of it. Now you're tryin' to mike out that it is 'im. You *can't* 'ave it both wyes, yer know! . . . Oh, I see! It's what they call a 'grammiphone,' is it? A ninstrument for kereckly re-perdoocin' the yumin voice? It 'ud better not let Mr. Sooitt 'ear it re-perdoocin' 'is! . . . No, no, ole pal, I'm pufficky serious, very near converted a'ready, I am. But what I should like to 'ear from Mr. Sooitt's voice is: Will he bring in a Bill to enable me to live 'ere free o' rent and taxes? That's what I want to get out of 'im. A early answer will oblige. . . . There's *artfulness* for yer! If 'e ain't pertendin' to 'ave run down now! . . . Excuse me—my errer. Tikes me some time to tumble to these 'ere noo ideers—but I've got it right now—it ain't intelligent, it's on'y repperesentin' Mr. Sooitt. . . . Oh, you'd jest like me to 'ear 'ow 'e perposes to deal with the 'Ouse o' Lords afore you go? I'm agreeerble—on'y, if it's all the sime to Mr. Sooitt, I'd sooner 'e give us 'Stop yer tickerlin', Jock.' . . . Ah, I was *afride* 'e wouldn't—bein' sech a sufferer from frog in 'is throat. . . . Well, good-bye if you *must* be shiftin', guv'nor—my respects to Mr. Sooitt, and I 'ope 'e'll let 'is grammiphone drop in agen

fer another o' these 'ere little 'art-to-art talks. I've took quite a fency to it—sech a nice open countenance as it's got, though a kimplexion too flushed to be thoroughly 'ealthy. If you'll pawdon me serjestin' it, bein' a chilly evenin', 'adn't you better wrop a comfiter round that throttle of 'is? Won't do to 'ave 'im losin' 'is voice *altogether*, will it now? [After the A. but I. C. M. has retreated with the instrument, and some misgivings as to Mr. Ponking's perfect sanity] Chipped 'im proper, I did! 'E won't come a-canvassin' me agen in a 'urry! I kin enjoy 'earin' 'In the Twi-twi-light,' or 'Put me among the gels' on the grammiphone as much as any man alive. But to go and set a great scientific invention like that a-jabberin' politics—well, it's what I call downright degradin' of it! F. A.

"The Long Result of Time."

From *The Sheffield Weekly Telegraph's* account of a swimming competition between Leicester and Sheffield Otters we learn the following:—

"In the first hundred years Leicester gained nearly half a length, and subsequent swimmers increased the advantage until J. A. Jarvis, Leicester's last man, had over a length's start of F. A. Unwin. The latter swam magnificently, but could not quite overcome his long arrear."

This does not surprise us. If Leicester took a hundred years to gain half a length, they would probably take another hundred years to make this into a length. So that poor Mr. Unwin started about two centuries' worth behind. This is a very heavy handicap indeed.

"Kitchen-maid, 30. £30. Head in good place."—*Guardian*.

Somewhere near the top of her, we hope, and well screwed on.

THE JESTERSHIP.

THE Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire into the functions and services of the Official Jester (Mr. G. B. SHAW) sat yesterday to receive evidence. Mr. BIRRELL, M.P., was in the chair, and the other members of the committee were Mr. KEIR HARDIE, M.P., Mr. MASTERMAN, M.P., Mr. A. E. W. MASON, M.P., and Mr. ROBERT HARCOURT, M.P.

Mr. Shaw, who was first called, said that he had prepared a book of 500 pages at his own expense which should take the place of his examination.

The Chairman. We have read it, and would now like to know what you have to say for yourself.

Mr. Shaw. But I explained everything there.

The Chairman. We laughed so much that we couldn't follow it.

Mr. Shaw. I shall have great pleasure in saying it here, provided that the reporters are all present.

The Chairman. Proceed.

Mr. Shaw. I was appointed Official Jester in 1894.

Mr. Mason. Who appointed you?

Mr. Shaw. I appointed myself.

The Chairman. What is your procedure?

Mr. Shaw. It is very simple. I am a conscientious inverter. When I meet with a generally believed statement I turn it round. For example, the general opinion is that all British soldiers are brave. I say that all British soldiers are cowards, and when I am asked where their cowardice lies I say they are not brave enough to run away. I can do this kind of thing for ever. I never tire.

Mr. Keir Hardie. Why do you never tire?

Mr. Shaw. Because I live a healthy life. I never touch alcohol, and I never eat deceased animals.

Mr. Harcourt. Why not?

Mr. Shaw. Because it's funnier not to.

Mr. Masterman. Is there any subject on which you cannot jest?

Mr. Shaw. None has been discovered yet.

The Editor of "The Times" was the next witness. He said that he considered that Mr. SHAW ought to be retained as Official Jester since he provided excellent free copy several times a week. Big-type copy.

Mr. William Archer said that he was a Scotchman. He considered that the Official Jester should be retained because he (the speaker) could understand his jokes.

Mr. Jesteron said that he was against the Official Jester. He was not good for trade.

Mr. Granville Barker spoke in favour

of the Jester, holding that the public was in need of cold truths, such as Mr. SHAW offered them, and the unfamiliar side could not be too much studied. The Jester made people think.

The foreman of a firm of printers said that he hoped the Jester would be retained, as he was good for trade. He was always having manifestos printed.

A deputation of clergymen of all denominations here entered to lodge a protest against the Jester. He was, they said, opposed to all law, order, and right feeling. His doctrines, in the form of jokes, were pernicious.

Mr. Eustace Miles said he hoped the Jester would not be removed.

Mr. Shaw, recalled, said that he made a very good thing out of the Jestiership. He would starve if he were forced to be serious. One of his greatest expenses was the need of having his head half-soled every few weeks.

[This ended the day's proceedings.]

THE NEW CHRYSOSTOM.

["The people have caught on to this year's Finance Bill in a way they have never done before. Here is Mr. William Jones, for instance, the Chrysostom of North Wales, whose silver tongue has been heard throughout Great Britain during the last month."]

Daily Chronicle]

O WILLIAM JONES, O WILLIAM JONES,
I much admire your silvery tones.

I hail you on the Ides and Nones,
And on the Kalends, WILLIAM JONES.

The most stentorian gramophones
Are tame compared with WILLIAM JONES.

The siren sisters, surnamed DONES,
Cannot compete with WILLIAM JONES.

Expiring patients hush their moans
When nurses whisper, "WILLIAM JONES."

Old men and venerable crones
Worship the name of WILLIAM JONES.

And infants with the softest bones
Crow at the sight of WILLIAM JONES.

No suffragette dare utter groans
When you are speaking, WILLIAM JONES.

The footiest horsemen ride like SLOANS
When you are watching, WILLIAM JONES.

Even the pauper, breaking stones,
Smiles as he thinks of WILLIAM JONES.

But dukes and other idle drones
Dread the approach of WILLIAM JONES.

For then the wildest of cyclones
Are mild compared with WILLIAM JONES.

Then Tories hoist the warning cones
And madly fly from WILLIAM JONES.

Then England with submission owns
The sovereignty of WILLIAM JONES.

THE PORK PAGEANT.

FOLLOWING upon the Dogs' and Cats' Pageant, the plans for the Pork Pageant are now complete. It will be held at Hoggs Norton in September, and the book has been very carefully written by that prince of pageant-makers, Mr. LOUIS N. PORKER. Among the patrons are Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Sir WILLIAM HARRIS, Mr. DENNY, Judge BACON, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Tableau I. will represent the discovery of roast pig. Here Mr. PORKER has had recourse to the gentle *Elia*. The scene is Chinese, and the burning of Ho-ti's house and first enraptured taste of crackling will be vividly enacted.

Tableau II.—Effect of Cold Pork on the imagination. Several thousand frozen pigs recently imported from China will appear in this scene, which includes a vivid representation of FUSELI at supper and of his nightmare afterwards.

Tableau III.—The invention of sausages. Sir WILLIAM HARRIS will take a leading part, and pulp several thousand potatoes with a silver mashie.

Tableau IV.—The learned pigs of all ages, beginning with David's sow. The processes of education will be displayed for the first time. Pigs will be seen at school, in the various classes, acquiring culture and passing examinations. Representation of MICHAEL ANGELO, TITIAN, TINTORETTO, &c., drawing pigs with their eyes shut.

Tableau V. will represent the "gentleman that pays the rint"—an Irish scene. No expense has been spared to make this a realistic transcript of life in the green or emerald isle. Real peasants have been imported, and have already begun to rehearse. Real pigs will be introduced, driven by Mr. GINNELL, M.P.

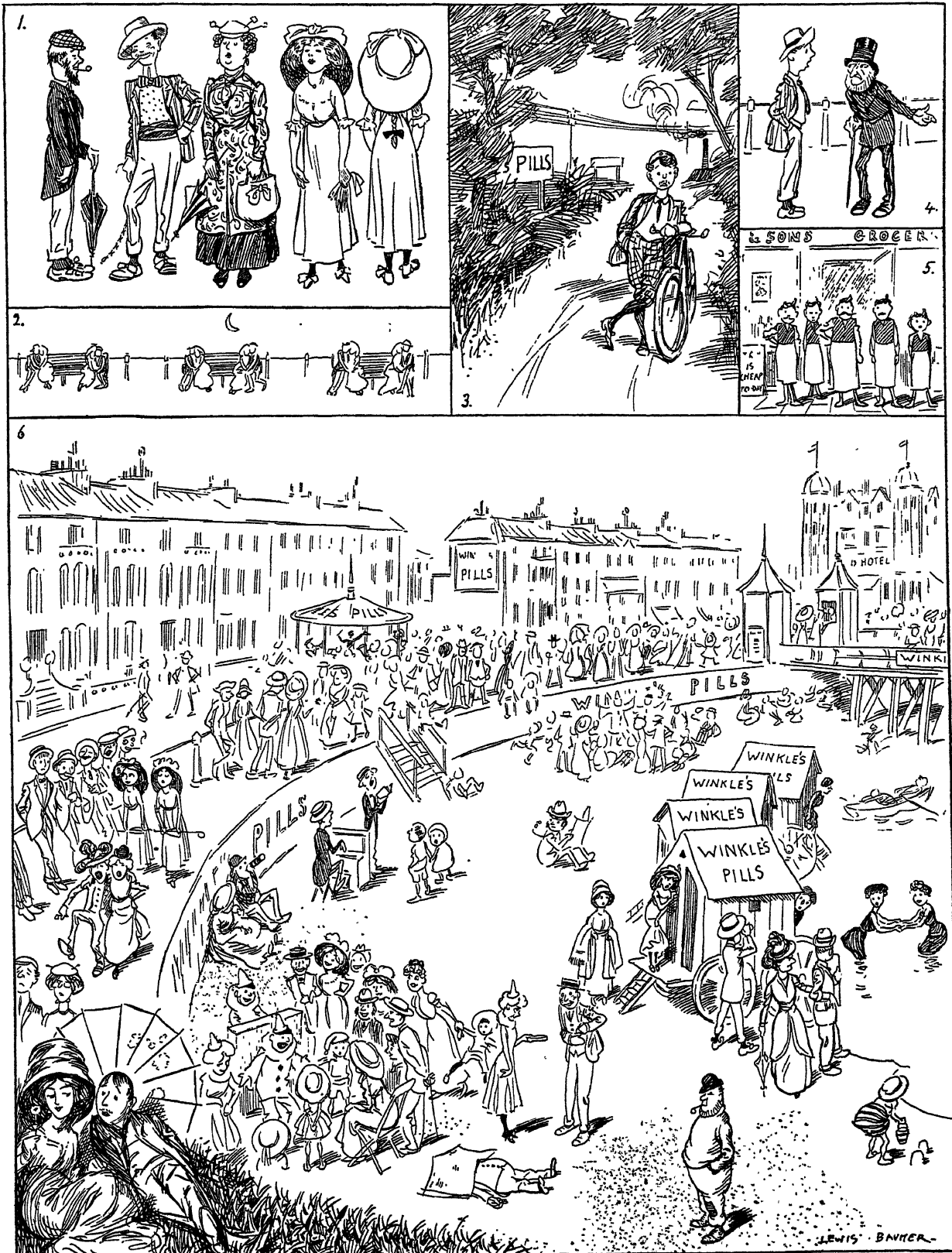
Tableau VI.—Chicago. Pork packing. A real millionaire, travelling in Europe, has consented to display himself during this scene and illustrate the life of a pig-made American.

Tableau VII.—SHAKESPEARE and BACON in a contest of wit before good Queen BESS, without whom no pageant is complete. She listens to their verbal adroitness and at last awards the prize to—but that is Mr. PORKER's secret.

Tableau VIII. and last.—The grand march past by Baconians, starting from Ham Street, and proceeding by Ham Lane, Ham Common and Ham Bridge Halt. This is a very splendid effect, comprising as it does personification not only of the great Chancellor himself but also of DELIA BACON and IG. DONNELLY, and it will be brought at each performance to a conclusion by a spirited dialogue between Mr. GEORGE GREENWOOD, M.P., and MARK TWAIN, in which the Baconian theory will be enunciated with damning force.

MR. PUNCH'S RELIABLE GUIDE TO POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

No. II.—LITTLE-PILBOROUGH-ON-SEA, KENT.



1. CORRECT COSTUMES FOR PILBOROUGH.
2. PILBOROUGH BY MOONLIGHT.

3. PRETTY PEEP NEAR PILBOROUGH.
4. OLDEST INHABITANT LYING.

5. SHOP IN HIGH STREET.
6. SOCIETY AT PILBOROUGH.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME:

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Mamma, aged 41.)

Little Arthur. Mamma!*Mamma.* Yes, Arthur.*L. A.* Do you think I am enjoying this visit to the seaside?*Mamma.* What a funny question. I'm sure you ought to be enjoying it. There are the sands, and the sea, and the downs. You've got your spade for sand castles, and your net for shrimping; and you can bathe every day and learn to swim; and there's your kite. There are thousands of little boys who would give anything for such pleasures. And besides, you've got Papa with you for a week.*L. A.* Yes, Mamma, that's just it.*Mamma.* What's just what?*L. A.* Papa's just—no, I mean I'm wondering about Papa.*Mamma.* What are you wondering about him?*L. A.* I'm wondering if he'll make me enjoy myself.*Mamma.* Why, you silly little boy, of course he won't make you enjoy yourself. Nobody can do that. But he'll show you how to do it—help you, you know. You ought to be very grateful to him.*L. A.* So I would be, Mamma, but—*Mamma.* But what?*L. A.* You spoke about sand-castles, Mamma, didn't you?*Mamma.* Yes, I did. Your aunts and I used to build splendid ones when we were little girls, and when the tide came in we used to stand on them. Little Canutes, your grandfather used to call us. Oh, yes, it was great fun.*L. A.* Well, Mamma, I started building one yesterday, and I thought I was getting on very well, but Papa said I was doing it quite wrong, and he took the spade away from me and went on piling it up and up and patting it; and then he kept sending me to collect sea-weed and stones to strengthen the walls, and when he'd finished it it was time to go home for lunch, and I hadn't really done anything.*Mamma.* Oh, but you mustn't grudge your father his little relaxation. Remember how hard he works.*L. A.* Yes, Mamma, I'll try to. But hasn't Papa got any amusements of his own? Couldn't he play golf, or make a speech?*Mamma.* He came down here to get away from making speeches, and as to golf, he said he wouldn't play during this one week, but devote himself to us. There are not many boys who've got so unselfish a father.*L. A.* No, Mamma, I suppose not—but he isn't teaching me to swim, you know.*Mamma.* Isn't he?*L. A.* Oh, no. Yesterday and to-day he left me by the machine and went swimming himself, and when he came back he held me up by my bathing-drawers and said, "Strike out now," and when I struck out he said, "That's all wrong. You'll never learn to swim like that," and then he dipped me under twice and said, "There now, that'll make a man of you," and then we went back into the machine.*Mamma.* Well, perhaps it is a little difficult to learn swimming here, but you must keep on trying, Arthur.*L. A.* Yes, Mamma, I will if Papa will let me. And then there's the shrimping-net.*Mamma.* What's the matter with that?*L. A.* Oh, there's nothing the matter with the net, Mamma.*Mamma.* Well, what have you got to complain of, then?*L. A.* I'm not complaining, Mamma; I'm only telling you. I'd just started shrimping yesterday when Papa came up and took off his shoes and socks. He told me I wasn't holding the net in the right way, and he took it away from me just to show me how to do it; but I never got it back; he went on doing it all the time.*Mamma.* Well, your father caught all those shrimps we had for tea yesterday. I'm sure that was very clever of him.*L. A.* Oh, no, Mamma. He only caught five small ones. He bought the rest for threepence from a real shrimper.*Mamma.* But you told me you and he had caught all of them.*L. A.* No, Mamma, I said we'd got them all, and so we had. Papa arranged with me I was to say that so as to pull your leg a bit.*Mamma.* Arthur, I will not have you using these vulgar expressions. Your father would be extremely displeased if he heard you.*L. A.* I don't think he would, Mamma, because he used that expression himself.*Mamma.* Well, I don't think it's at all funny.*L. A.* Nor do I, Mamma; but that's what Papa said.*Mamma.* And if he did, you're only a little boy, and you've no right to repeat it.*L. A.* No, Mamma; but the other day, when Papa said he had pulled Mrs. Nettlefold's leg, you laughed. You seemed to think it was funny then.*Mamma.* You're quite mistaken; but we won't discuss it any more. What were we talking about?*L. A.* Papa and my enjoyment.*Mamma.* Well, I suppose you were able to fly your kite yesterday after tea?*L. A.* Oh, no, I wasn't. Papa came on the Downs with me; and after I'd tried to get the kite up twice, he took hold of the string and got it up himself. After that he wouldn't let me hold the string at all, because he said the kite was too strong for me.*Mamma.* Well, why don't you go out now, and catch shrimps or fly your kite? Your father's out, so now's your chance.*L. A.* Thank you for the suggestion, Mamma, but it's no good.*Mamma.* No good? Why not?*L. A.* Because when Papa went out he took the net and the kite with him. He said he'd have a go with the kite first, and then he'd start shrimping when the tide was further out.*Mamma.* Well, why didn't you go with him?*L. A.* It wouldn't have been much fun for me, Mamma; and besides, he said I might like to stop at home and talk to you; so I stayed.*Mamma.* Anyhow, you could go on the sands and build castles.*L. A.* No, I couldn't, Mamma, because Papa broke my spade yesterday, just as he finished his castle.*Mamma.* Well, here's sixpence to buy another. Run away quick, and I'll join you later.

The Dog-Watch.

Under the heading, "Is Liverpool Safe?" *The Daily Mail* recently gave an account of a test of the Mersey defences, concluding with the reassuring statement that "up to a late hour the many watchers had observed nothing likely to disturb their slumbers." This is your true dog's watch. Not long ago a high authority at the Admiralty informed us that we might "sleep in our beds" without fear of being roused by an invasion; but we prefer the *Mail's* advice, which amounts to this: Keep awake, England! Keep awake all the time, and then nothing is likely to disturb your slumbers.

Overheard at a new and modestly advertised Anglo-American emporium not one hundred miles from the Marble Arch:—

Young Wife: "Darling, let's go; it's stopped raining at last, and if we don't get out of here soon we shall be tempted into buying something."

A NEW PAPER FOR BIPEDS.

DEAR SIR,—So much interest is taken nowadays in the four-footed domestic creation, their joys and sorrows, that it only seems fair that our feathered friends, the fowls, should have a turn. With this end in view I am bringing out a paper called *The Daily Wattle*, devoted to the needs and interests of the poultry world, and send you herewith a few cuttings from the first number, hoping thereby to arouse public interest in a much-needed journal:—

Social and General.

Madame Anne de Lusian gave a delightful little afternoon party on Saturday, at which Crewso sang. Among others present we noticed Mrs. Legge Horne, who looked charming in white, Mr. and Mrs. Bantam, and Mr. Orpington, of the Buffs, who escorted two of his charming sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawking have gone to Leaden Hall for the season.

Her many friends will be grieved to hear of the sad death of Miss Pullet, which occurred suddenly last Wednesday at Yew Tree Farm. She appeared to be in the best of health and spirits on the Tuesday, though her friends had noticed a decided tendency to *embonpoint* during the last few weeks, which, it is feared, may have contributed to her sudden seizure and early demise.

Lord Barn d'Or is recovering from the somewhat severe injuries he sustained in his motor accident on the Brighton road last week.

Two eggs, old enough to know better, were caught poaching yesterday, and were served accordingly.

The latest report is that feathers are going out of fashion and very few will be worn this autumn.

Births:

At "Ye Neste," Henley, Mrs. Wyan Dotte of eight sons and five daughters (three addled). American papers, please copy.

To-day's Arrangements.

Moulting season commences.

Hamburg Morning Concerts, 3.45 A.M.

Egg-laying contest, 7 to 11.30 A.M.

Mr. Cochon Cockerel's Lecture at the Cackleston Hall. Subject: "Are we Hen-pecked?" 2.30 P.M.

Daily trips round the Calf and the Chicken Light.

Small Wants Column.

Cast-off Feathers.—Mrs. Farmer attends at own roosts. Best prices given.

To Let—A Select Midden. Established two years. Best straw and all improvements. Splendid crowing position, under good bedroom windows.—Apply Chanticleer, c/o Cox & Co., Featherstone Buildings, E.C.



Gentle Voice from Boy. "DOCTOR, IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR MY CHEST, I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT IN FRONT."

For Sale—Good Crate, nearly new, or would exchange for Indian maize, or anything useful. — Address, Brahma, No. 702, Poultry, E.C.

Forecast.

Full crops are expected generally.

The Whitechurch (Salop) Herald reproduces the scores which were made, so it says, "by the Shropshire tea in the China Cup competition at Bisley." We know what China tea is like in a Shropshire cup, but this local product is a beverage which we have never had the curiosity to sample.

The Protection of Scenery.

According to *The East Anglian Daily Times*, a new speed provision (in the State of Connecticut) "makes anything over ten miles an hour reckless driving: (1) Whenever the driver's view of the road or traffic is obstructed; (2) when he is approaching a crossing or interesting highway."

Commercial Candour.

"Stop and think for a moment. Many people are all run down, tired out and hardly able to drag about—don't know what ails them. —'s Wine of Cod Liver Extract, the great tissue builder, is the answer."—*The Civil and Military Gazette (Lahore).*



VILLAGE POLITICS.

Jarge (at the end of a long discussion). "WOT I SAY, BILL, IS THIS—THERE'S A LOT GOIN' ON AS ME AND YOU KNOWS NOTHIN' ABOUT."

EUSTON.

Now, when the sportsman is flitting from market and Mammon,
Now, when the courts, swept and garnished, stand silent and lone,
Now, with her challenging grouse, and her sea-silver salmon,
August, of mountains and memories, comes to her own;
Would you gaze into the crystal, and see the long valleys,
Braes of the North, and the rivers that wander between,
Craggs with whose coating the tint of the ptarmigan tallies?
Come up to Euston to-night about 7.15.

There, if you've got to make shift with a fortnight at Margate,
Humbly content with the codling you catch from the pier,
Making the booth's mere mechanical rabbit your target,
There,—if your "heart's in the highlands a-chasing the deer"—

Shall you slip past, all unchallenged, the magical wicket,
Portal that opens at will onto heather and streams;
No need to bother for berth or for booking of ticket,
When you would sojourn a space in the Kingdom of Dreams.

Come, then, and stand on the platform, and see through the arches,

Full of the evening that flushes the chimneys with light,
Gold-burnished rails that run out to the pines and the larches,
See the long corridor carriages busking for flight;
Board them in fancy, and then, when the twilight grows deeper,

Speed through the moon-mantled Midlands—by fell and by firth,

Wake with your tea, in the smooth-swinging rush of the sleeper,

When the white glamour of morning is pale over Perth.

So, spite of luggage and crowds and of engines that whistle,
Over the riggings—in spirit—once more you'll descry,
On to the perilous butts, where the batteries bristle,
Blotting the heather, the well-driven coveys come by;
Bracken and blaeberry, murderous midges that bite you,
Summits that stand to the sunset, tremendous and stark,—
Come up to Euston, for lo, it has dreams to requite you,
Till the last tail-light has twinkled, and gone in the dark!

AERY NOTHINGS.

A RACE for Trans-Channel honours has been arranged between Mr. HOLBEIN and the latest War Office flier, the *Solvitur Ambulando*. Among the conditions governing the match it is stipulated that the former shall be allowed no more than one brass band, two tugs, and enough beef essence to stave off starvation, while the aeroplane must carry Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON in an Inverness cloak fully charged with books of reference, and arrive with the engine and crew *in situ*. A thoroughly sporting event is thus assured.

The annual fair held at Nijni Novgorod has been rendered noteworthy this year by the unexpected arrival of the *Dulce Domum*, in charge of Dr. Icarus Lunn. This achievement undoubtedly marks the final conquest of the air, and we hasten to tender our congratulations to the intrepid aeronaut. The *Dulce Domum* left Fulham last Saturday, having Wanstead Marshes as its objective. In consequence, however, of a sudden change in the direction and force of the wind an alteration in the programme was decided upon, with the above happy result. The dauntless crew, on being told of their whereabouts, expressed no surprise, but accepted with eagerness the Governor's invitation to dinner.



GETTING INTO DEEP WATER.

MASTER WINSTON (to MASTER LLOYD). "LAY INTO HIM, DAVID."

PAPA ASQUITH. "STEADY ON, YOU YOUNG TERRORS; YOU'RE MAKING IT VERY UNCOMFORTABLE FOR US IN HERE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 2.

—As the old adage hath it, Every Major has his day. This is ANSTRUTHER-GRAY'S. Question Paper testifies that for months he has devoted a massive martial mind to question of equipping British Army with dirigibles. To experiment has contributed not only thought but personal adventure. Frequently at break of day policeman on beat has observed, floating over railed-in grass-plot, a strange contrivance. At first supposed it was the mysterious balloon of which the air and men's minds were recently full. On closer inspection recognised in sole occupier of mysterious machine the tenant of No. 9, Eaton Square, S.W.

Of course there are peculiar difficulties in the way of the MAJOR floating in the empyrean. You want a pretty strong motive power to fly off with nineteen stone at the rate of a mile a minute. The MAJOR, accustomed from boyhood to make the best of things, perceives in his height and girth advantages where others spy serious disabilities.

"It simplifies matters," he says. "You see, when I'm aboard no ballast is required."

Which, when you come to think of it, is quite true.

House in Committee on Civil Service

Estimates. They include vote for £36,464 for grants in aid of scientific investigation. This looks innocent enough. NAPOLEON B. HALDANE, coming to the front, gives away pious fraud.

Lieut. SHACKLETON tells MEMBER FOR SARK that when he was bringing home his ship from Antarctic Seas it sprang a leak. Being short-handed for such purposes, he officially called the pump "a scientific instrument," and turned on the doctor and the naturalist to take a hand at it. They were shipped to look after scientific instruments, and here was one requiring their earnest attention.

Similarly this vote, though appearing in Civil Service Estimates,

"The oats supplied (to the Shropshire Yeomanry) were so light, you'd only to put your head in the manger and blow, Mr. Speaker, and the whole thing went—ph-h-h!—like that!"

(Mr. Rowland Hunt.)

and being described as "in aid of scientific investigation," really belongs to Army expenditure and represents sum available for experiments in aviation. Hence N. B. H.'s appearance on scene. Makes interesting statement on development of new arm of the Service. Apologises for asking for so small a sum; promises to do better in future. As it is, with assistance of Navy, there will be spent £78,000 this year on aeronautics. And all this largely, if not entirely, due to inspiration and encouragement of the MAJOR.

In an eloquent passage N. B. illustrates the difficulty confronting the gallant ex-Hussar in course of his voluntary service to

nation. It appears that, if you go too high when scouting in a dirigible, intervening clouds prevent your taking observations. If you go too low, as HALDANE put it, "the position of the unfortunate aeroplanist who is sitting on a seat like that of a bicycle, with a battalion of marksmen below, is very disagreeable."

At this juncture all eyes turned on the MAJOR, modestly occupying two seats behind Front Opposition Bench. In their mind's eye, Members saw him partially accommodated on saddle suitable for rider of a bicycle, scud-ding low, regardless of the enemy, who, with rifles brought to shoulder, pointed skyward as if they were rook-shooting.

Business done.—Nineteenth and last day for Supply in Committee. At ten o'clock guillotine dragged in; £59,000,000 sterling remained to be voted. Bang went the whole sum in next to no time at all. Could have been done even quicker, only some Members insisted on running up average of their attendance on divisions. Here was opportunity of adding five to the score. Utilised to the full.

Tuesday.—During the naval review on Saturday public attention was concentrated upon His MAJESTY, alert on the royal yacht, steaming slowly through the mighty avenues of battleships, proud in possession of a peerless armada.



Lieutenant Shackleton should really attend an Army Debate in the House of Commons. He would certainly feel tempted to add to the collection of Penguin slides with which he now delights his audiences.

(This one, for instance, would seem to be a War Minister "taking the salute" at a march-past of Antarctic Territorials.)

MR. JOHN T. MIDDLEMORE was also there, bent on same mission of reviewing fleet. For some time he has, with melancholy persistence, marked the Admiralty as his own. His attention first called to subject by discovery of the utterly neglected condition of Birmingham. Within circle of twenty miles of that metropolis of labour and Liberal Unionism there is not a single first-class cruiser, much less a *Dreadnought*. If there are smaller ships assigned to the station, they are subterranean as distinct from submarine. Of that Mr. MIDDLEMORE knows nothing. But before the Prorogation he will pose Admiral MCKENNA with a question or two.

Up to present date has been too closely engaged in convicting the Admiralty of neglect of our first indispensable line of defence. Being, apart from naval affairs, a genial gentleman, he does not imply the guilt of wilful shortcoming or wanton carelessness. It is, as Dr. JOHNSON said in reply to the lady who asked how in his Dictionary he came to define pastern as the knee of a horse, "Ignorance. Madam, pure ignorance." Happily the nation has the Member for North Birmingham in the crow's nest, keeping a sharp look-out on naval administration.

Muster of fleet at Spithead afforded opportunity for inspection from fresh point of view. Scanning long line of battleships from window of dining saloon on the hospitable *Adriatic*, his keen cultured eye discovered various defects to be noted hereafter through many successive question hours.

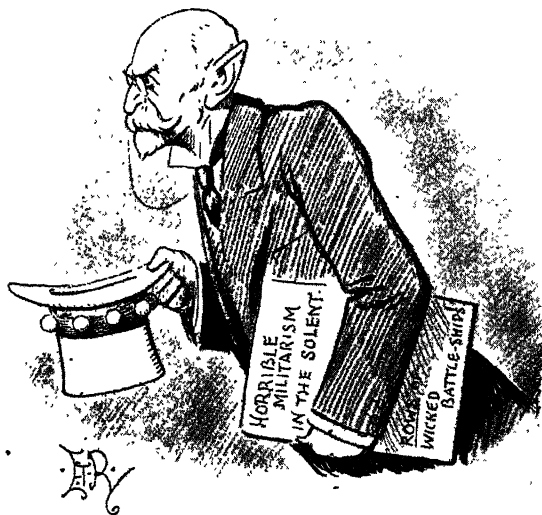
JOHN T.

MIDDLEMORE, he

Says they don't know everything down in Judee—

meaning at Whitehall. He'll instruct them.

Began patriotic task to-day. On Report stage of vote for trifle exceeding twenty-two millions for Navy service smaller minds put forth minor criticisms. ASHLEY wanted to know, What about our stores of guns and ammunition, of rum and milk? BRAMSDON protested against reduction of number of men in royal dockyards. PRETYMAN lamented what he called "the falling



"BARON BYLES OF BRADFORD."

"What did His Majesty the King say on Monday?"

behind of the Government" in respect of destroyers—as if they were being towed. BYLES OF BRADFORD, artistically yawning, protested he was "tired of comparisons between one nation and another." "What did HIS MAJESTY

His timbers shivering with apprehension, ADMIRAL MCKENNA affected indifference to crushing blow.

"Really," he said, "it is impossible for any Government to particularise in August its programme for the following March."

Mr. MIDDLEMORE subsided. Sank, so to speak, like a submarine. Using the words in a Parliamentary sense there remained visible above the surface only the periscope in shape of the apex of his head. But he'll be up again to-morrow with fresh torpedo ready for discharge at Treasury Bench.

Business done.—Supply for the year finally voted.

More Triangular Cricket.

"NORFOLK v. HERTS.—This match was concluded at Chester-le-Street yesterday, Durham gaining an easy victory."—*Sportsman*.

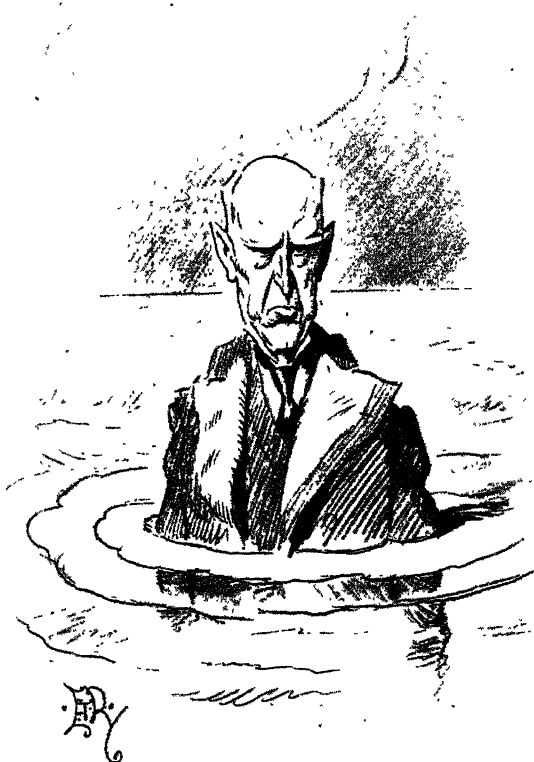
A Chance for Millionaires.

"FOLKESTONE.—Superior board residence; close sea; mid-day dinner 25s."—*Daily Mail*.

An Englishman's Son.

"Daily Companion required, temporarily, to take boy of four years to places of amusement in London."—*The Times*.

THE KING OF SPAIN (misquoting Tennyson): "It is the Little Riff that wants the loot."



"Middlemore subsided. Sank like a submarine."



Vicar (who does a little stock-raising). "HOW ARE YOU, MRS. JENKINS? I'M SORRY TO SAY THAT I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AT CHURCH LATELY."
 Mrs. Jenkins. "YES, SIR, THAT'S SO. I 'AVEN'T BEEN SO REG'LAR AS I USED, BUT—(confidentially)—I DON'T 'ARDLY DARE, FOR I NO SOONER SEE YOU A-COMIN' OUT OF THE VESTRY AFTER THE CHOIR BUT I THINK OF THAT THERE PIG AS I OWES YOU FOR."

HIGH ART BELOW STAIRS.

No observant Londoner can have failed to notice the wonderful progress on the decorative side of the Underground in the past few years. Amongst these subterranean titivations the installation of baskets of flowers at Earl's Court Station has attracted sympathetic attention of late. But other and more striking changes are shortly about to emerge into the stage of achievement.

A charming innovation in the interests of music-lovers is that which Messrs. SMITH and WILLING are shortly about to enforce on all the bookstall assistants in their service—viz., that instead of the mystic word "Poinne-e-e-r" (i.e., paper) being called separately, it is to be chanted henceforth in two or three-part harmony. The assistants, moreover, when not occupied in attending to the wants of the passengers, will sing madrigals, part-songs, and catches from a collection prepared by Sir EDGAR SPEYER and Sir GEORGE GIBB.

Another extremely considerate and desirable new departure is that by which all passengers, on reaching the platform, will be supplied gratis with roller skates, in case they have to wait for a train. A

special instructor will be told off to watch each platform, and may be relied on to rescue any novices who are in danger of skating on to the line.

Another long-felt want will shortly be satisfied by the decision of the Company to attach a sleeping carriage to all Circle trains, for the benefit of all those who wish to rest comfortably while in the train, or, as occasionally happens, spend several hours a day in going round and round the Underground. Light refreshments will also be served on the car, which will include a barber's shop, a card room, a reading room, a billiard room, an American bar, and a jig-saw puzzle parlour.

But perhaps the most surprising development of all is the noble offer of Sir Hugo von Erkimer to paint the entire roof of the line between Baker Street and Portland Road in luminous paint, with frescos representing his early struggles and ultimate triumph over the combined forces of jealousy and incompetence. The only difficulty about the scheme is that it naturally involves the removal of the roofs of all the carriages. But the directors are hopeful of discovering a *via media* which will reconcile the claims of high art with the comfort of the public.

From a "General Knowledge" Paper.

Q. Who is Chancellor of the Exchequer, and what is his work?

A. Mr. Lloyd-George. His work is to repair the Budget.

According to *The Fortnightly Review*, FANNY BURNEY "lived long enough . . . to receive Macaulay's splendid panegyric after her death." So few people manage to read their own obituary notices. It must be because they don't live long enough. METHUSELAH had time to revise his for the second edition.

The author of "Golf Notes," in *The Globe*, tells the story of a tramp who claimed £5 for a bruise from a golf-ball. "But I called out 'Fore!'" said the golfer. "Oh, did you?" said the tramp; "well, I'll take four." But it was a pity to spoil the tale by heading it, "This Week's Story." "This Century's Story" would have been a safer title.

Mixed Bathing.

From the price-list of a Hand Laundry we extract the following:—

"CHILDREN.

About One Shilling per doz. which does not include Frocks and Petticoats."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BEST PEOPLE."

THE first week of August is perhaps not the likeliest time for the start of a new play, and the atmosphere at Wyndham's on Thursday was of the sultriest. But a really excellent entertainment was provided for a most appreciative audience, which included several members of the profession bent on improving their holidays by the spectacle of other actors at work. The First Act, extraordinarily well done, showed us a brace of couples engaged in executing a mutual exchange—the men in earnest as far as they knew how to be. At times the comedy (which never descended to farce—not, at any rate, in action) hovered on the verge of an adaptation from the French, both in the matter of situation (the old scheme of a *petit souper*, a surprise, and a concealment in an adjacent room) and also in the matter of the proprieties; but always got safely away.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW must not be jealous if I describe the play as "immoral" in the sense that it deals with questions of right and wrong in a spirit of irresponsible detachment. Nothing was supposed to matter much; the virtues and vices of the characters were equally human; the best of them was not blameless, and the worst had redeeming qualities. Nobody was greatly concerned about the issue (it all came right in the end and is bound to go wrong again within a month); our interest

rather lay in the constant surprise of diversions which always occurred just when the obvious course was indicated.

Mr. LONSDALE'S dialogue was most felicitous, and my only complaint is that we could never quite believe in the sincerity of the only character who really made a show of taking things seriously.

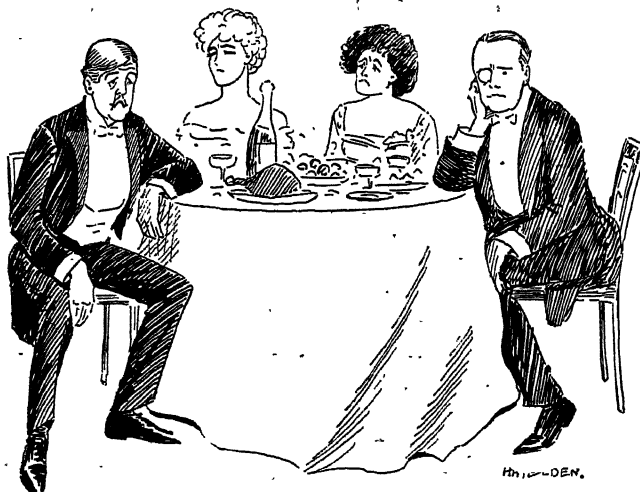
The interpretation could scarcely have been improved, though, perhaps, that delightful actor, Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS, suffered a little from facial monotony, due in part to his eye-glass. Mr. FREDERICK KERR, as usual, was made for his part, and his part for him. Miss EVA MOORE was very intelligent and vivacious in the part of a clever woman; and Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX was almost equally good in the part of a stupid one. But nothing was better than Mr. SUGDEN'S performance in the First Act.

There was a heavy-weight champion who only appeared just in time to escape the final curtain. I should have liked to

make his better acquaintance, as he was obviously a man of action and meant business.

Mr. LONSDALE is not very happy with his titles. A former play of his, *The Early Worm*, had nothing early about it; and, since the characters in his present play are certainly not "The Best People" in point of morals, the title can only apply in a social sense, and therefore required some sort of satire upon this designation of Society. But none was furnished, except in a single passage where the old peer requests his son not to raise his voice and so obliterate the sole remaining distinction between his class and the common people.

The evening opened with a revival of Mr. ECKERSLEY'S bright and attractive



THE GAY LIFE.

Lord Emsworth	Mr. FREDERICK KERR.
Lady Emsworth	Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX.
Hon. Mrs. Bayle	Miss EVA MOORE.
Hon. Gerald Bayle	Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS.

curtain-raiser, *A Boy's Proposal*, which deserved a much better setting than it got. It is futile for the dialogue to invite attention to the luxury of her ladyship's apartment, when the manager affords her nothing better than a garret. Miss CHEVALIER was pleasant and natural, but Mr. DAWSON might have been less amateurish; and I incline to think that the talents of that clever boy, PHILIP TONGE, have been a little overrated.

O. S.

Suit an all-round Sportsman.

"GOODWOOD DISTRICT.—One of the most charming residences in the southern home counties is to be Let. . . Trout shooting for about a mile in a river intersecting the Estate."—*Country Life*.

Atalanta again.

"Mr. Richards had two daughters, Ethel Mary and Gwendoline Florence. To the former he left an annuity of £200 while she remained a sprinter."—*South Wales Echo*.

ON A BIRMINGHAM PLATFORM.

[No, this has nothing to do with Mr. ASQUITH'S threatened visit to the Headquarters of Tai ff Reform.]

THERE were 87 intending third-class passengers—85 ordinary people, one poor fool and myself. I despised the 85 ordinary people, pitied the poor fool, and admired as much of myself as I could see in the mirror over the Automatic Weighing Machine.

When the train came in looking hot and impatient, I had taken up a front position on the platform, intent on securing a corner seat at all costs. The 85 had also taken up front positions, possibly with the same intent, but the poor fool had got left well in the rear, which finally convinced me that he was indeed the poorest of fools, or the most foolish of paupers.

I did not get a corner seat, for I am not the sort of person to push and fight. Moreover, there was only one corner seat available, and the engine-driver told me that he should want that himself, when he had finished oiling the bearings. Still, in spite of my retiring nature, I was first into the train. I put my bag on my seat and went to lean out of the window, partly in order to make at least two of the brutal possessors of corner seats uncomfortable in their possession, and partly to watch with contempt the plight of the poor fool.

Behind the mass of struggling humanity he was visible, still sitting upon a milk-can. He appeared to be lost in his foolish abstractions, and, though from time to time he did look at the train, the observations of his eye seemed to convey nothing to his mind. So, intimating to the occupants of my carriage with one glance that anyone trespassing on my place would be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law, I stepped forth to interfere.

"Am I right in supposing," I said to the poor fool, "that you have a third-class ticket to London?"

"I believe you are," he answered with an absurdly happy smile.

"Then pull yourself together and come and get your seat."

"Hadh't we better first get one for you," he answered, to which I explained that I was able to look after myself, and had done so particularly well on that occasion.

"Assuming that you are correct in saying that you have placed your bag on your seat," he said, in the detached manner of one approaching an abstract

problem at his leisure, "does the matter necessarily end there? Have you noticed that there are ladies about? Supposing, when you got back, you found that your bag had fallen off your seat on to the rack, and that a lady was sitting on your seat, what then? I can think of no remedy."

He was hopeless. "All right," I shouted at him, "go your own way. But it won't be my fault if you get left behind."

"I don't feel that this is the sort of train to leave one behind," he said. "If it does, I will try not to blame you."

My argument with the lady in my seat was full of good points, and should have been convincing. Women, however, cannot argue, so I took my bag off the rack and stepped out of the carriage on to the toes of the poor fool, who had bestirred himself at last, and was surrounded by an orderly crowd of officials. "Ah," he whispered to me, "so you have lost your seat, have you? I congratulate you, though I think it was more by luck than by your own skill." Then to the officials, "My friend is also in the same position. He, too, holds a third-class ticket to London, well-printed, but not transferable, and he also would be glad if you would find him a seat."

"There are none," said the Station-master briefly.

"You mean," said the poor fool, "that there are seats, but other people are already sitting on them," and he started us all walking down the train to learn the views of the Guard upon the matter. Meeting that impatient individual, he dragged him into the discussion and brought the party to a standstill, without apparent purpose, in front of an empty first-class carriage.

"I always feel," said the poor fool, "that it is rude to hustle. For that reason I allow all the other passengers to get in before I do so. Moreover, I have no rooted objection to riding in a first-class carriage, if it is to oblige a railway company." For my part I was searching for another looking-glass, in which to admire myself, but, though I found the glass, I could only see in it the reflection of the poor fool, so I fell to admiring that instead.

Our Pampered Curates.

"AMATEUR CURATING," by the Rev. F. C. LAMBERT, M.A. Instructions for the preparation, arrangement, and preservation of objects for the home museum; case-making, labelling, protection against insects, damp, &c."

The Daily News.

"Roast Maid required for club."

The Daily Telegraph.

What Club? The "Savage"?



PLAY THE GAME!

"RUN AND FETCH THE BALL, DORA DARLING, AND GRANDPA WILL BOWL IT AGAIN."
"GRAN'PA! THE MAN AT THE WICKET NEVER FIELDS."

Alone in London.

First Citizen. So *The Merry Widow's* over at last.

Second Citizen. I beg your pardon.

First Citizen. I was saying *The Merry Widow's* over at last.

Second Citizen. Over what?

First Citizen. Over. Finished. Taken off.

Second Citizen. What merry widow?

First Citizen. Why, *The Merry Widow*, of course. The musical comedy. Did you never see it?

Second Citizen. Not to my knowledge.

First Citizen. Then you must be the only man in London that never saw it.

Second Citizen. The only man? Ah, that explains something. I've been suffering lately from a curious feeling of loneliness.

The Budget and the Aristocracy.

"Grand Fashionable Matinée, Saturday, at reduced prices. Empire Palace, Dublin."

The Mote and the Beam.

"One of the summonses granted at Tottenham yesterday concerned a cat; and a bright sub-editor promptly headed his paper's report of the case 'Tale of a Cat.' However, it is no good repining; the thing's done now. Smiling through our tears, we pass to other things."—*The Globe.*

Unfortunately higher up in the same excellent column—"By the Way"—we come upon the following:—

"Mr. Hall Caine has returned from Egypt, where he was greatly impressed by the large sails of the Nile boats."

But why is an old pun on *tale—tail* so much worse than an old pun on *sale—sail*? However, it's no good repining: the thing's done now. Smiling through our tears, we pass to other things.

"Lady, having frequent week-ends, wishes to meet with refined home."—*The Lady.*

Will lady kindly say how frequently her week-ends occur? How many, say, to the lunar month?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. H. N. DICKINSON has written an extraordinarily clever study of the growth of that form of mania which consists in a fear of imaginary persecutors, and he has chosen a millionaire with political ambitions as its victim. The romantic interest of *Sir Guy and Lady Rannard* (HEINEMANN) lies in the circumstance that the wife, who has married only for position and in order to escape from the round of West Kensington parochial work, begins to fall in love with her husband at the very moment when his latent madness crops to the surface, and her struggle to conceal it, first from herself and then from the world, is very finely conceived. Later on, however, Mr. DICKINSON has thought fit to describe the progress of lunacy from the view-point of *Sir Guy* himself, and there I do not "hold with" the author at all. The latter part of the book becomes a series of disjointed, purposeless actions which simply made my head swim, so that I felt inclined to hold the volume upside down or against the looking-glass to see if it made it any clearer. It is quite bad enough to watch a man going out of his mind, without knowing his subjective impressions while he does it. There are several well-drawn characters, besides *Marion*, the wife; notably *Julia*, *Lady Rannard*, the hero's mother; and I was pleased to meet *Keddy* and *Orchard Wilton* again. Indeed, I should have been quite content if only Mr. DICKINSON had not confused the provinces of psychological and pathological interest. We don't really want to know what the lights of the train look like from Hanwell.



HOW SHAKESPEARE (LEFT) WROTE BACON (RIGHT).

People who buy *The Actress* (CONSTABLE) in the hope of being pleasantly scandalised are doomed to bitter disappointment. True, we are taken behind the scenes, but there we inhale nothing worse than a healthy air of camaraderie, and the moral tone of the characters would satisfy the censorship of a HARRY LAUDER. As nobody would dare to invent such an atmosphere in stageland, it is obvious, even without the publisher's endorsement, that LOUISE CLOSSER HALE is giving her own experiences of the typical life of a decent American company. But she is surely drawing upon her gifts of imagination when she would try to persuade us that the play in which she takes the part of a half-bred squaw, a play written in American, and reeking with Wild West slang, carried London by storm. American provincial humour may be good enough for American audiences, but there has never been any clamorous demand for it in English theatres. Miss HALE is more sympathetic than some of her countrymen in her estimate of English people, but the members of an American travelling company have not much chance of getting to know anything of London social life beyond the merest externals. Even there she is apt to get wrong, as when she supposes that the furnished apartments in Mayfair and Belgravia, where she searches for the simple accommodation which she needs, are the resort of Society when it comes up for the London season. She writes with a spontaneous

gaiety, and a considerate avoidance of Americanisms; and, if she has the true mummer's habit of attaching a grotesque importance to "the profession," one may smile on so harmless a foible. It is perhaps a pity that she felt bound to eke out her experiences with a little plot and sentiment. Her stolid New York broker, who eventually induces her to marry him and give up acting, is passable; but the rest is rather poor stuff, and gets very washy by the end.

How does FRANCES HARROD, *alias* FRANCES FORBES ROBERTSON, expect the business of our Empire to go forward, if I am kept up all night reading her books? By what right . . . But perhaps I had better tell you about *The Wanton* (GREENING). It appears that somewhere about the twelfth century the godlike warrior *Osteric* sent round to *Count Rudolph's* castle to say that he wanted to marry the beautiful and ambitious *Cecilia*, and would step round shortly. On his way up to the front-door he met pretty *Cousin Beltis* (with whom I had already been in love for some pages) and wished to goodness that he had never said anything about marrying *Cecilia*. However, he went through with the business; and it was lucky for him that wicked *Count Valdemer* came along with the Pope's decree and a sword to annul the marriage. This, and a good deal more, is described in a spirit of bold anachronism; but if the presence of "using a big swear-word" in the dialogue was a possible absurdity, the absence of "by my halidom" was a positive relief. I forgave, too, the numerous confidential digressions, which were generally out of place but often entertaining. Briefly, I enjoyed this lively tale of adventure and love, intrigue and caprice, and, if *Osteric* had failed her, I would willingly have married *Cousin Beltis* myself.

When a novelist of Mr. ROBERT BARR's experience selects, as he does in *Cardillac* (MILLS and BOON), a period such as that of Louis XIII., one does expect something thrilling. It is one of those periods in which the romancer may safely exceed the speed limit. Swashbucklers by the score, plotting prelates, rescued heroines, political intrigues, interrupted duels, dare-devil escapades, secret staircases, jokes pointed with a rapier—there is no end to the material, and one looks for plenty of it. But Mr. BARR never really lets himself go, and it is disappointing to find that the whole book leads up to the consummation of one adventure which is scarcely important enough to fill a chapter. Moreover, when this adventure—the release of the Queen Mother—comes hurriedly to a rather tame climax, one closes the book with the inevitable impression that the whole story is rather tame, too.

From a notice in a Japanese Zoo:

"Those under the influence of liquors of mental reasons who seems in trouble the Order of the Garden could be refused."

"Tales I have told. Some True—Some by Tom E. Murray."—"The Englishman" (*Calcutta*). Thomas seems to have passed into a proverb in India.



"'E AIN'T GOIN' TO WICKET-KEEP, IS 'E?"

"YES. WE ALWAYS PUTS YOUNG BILL THERE WHEN JIM'S BOWLING--'COS 'E CAN 'IDE LE'ND THE PADS."

CHARIVARIA.

THE HOME SECRETARY'S order that Borstal Prison shall henceforth be known as Borstal Institution has greatly encouraged those persons who are desirous that Holloway shall be converted into a comfortable Ladies' Club.

The Maxim guns used by some of the Territorials, we are told, are distinctly inferior to the latest Bulgarian models. This renders it all the more creditable to our Government to have pluckily sided against Bulgaria in the recent Near Eastern crisis.

A certain amount of sympathy is being expressed for the Reader of Plays now that it has become known that he receives only £1300 a year for his gruesome job.

Lady TREE has christened a baby lioness, which was born at the White City, "Gloria Budgetta." We understand that the biggest growl which has

ever proceeded from so small a lioness was heard as soon as her awful fate was announced. Once more it is being asked: What was the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals doing?

Dog, we know, should not eat dog, but it seems that this happens sometimes. A contemporary published, the other day, a photo of King MANOEL with one Danish boarhound at his feet. This was entitled, "The young King and his dogs 'Box' and 'Tagus.'"

The Woman in the Case is to be transferred from the Garrick Theatre to the New Theatre. We hope the case will be securely packed.

Barking District Council, it is announced, possesses two bath-chairs which may be used free of cost on application to the clerk. Our watering places as a rule show such a lack of enterprise in attracting visitors that we take off our hat to plucky little Barking.

The Japanese are reported to be devoting much energy to the extension of their shark fisheries, and the sardine industry is said to be seriously alarmed at the prospect of dangerous competition.

One cannot help liking the burglar who begged the magistrate to give him only a short sentence, the other day, on the ground that this was his busy season.

It is stated that two valuable statuettes, relics of Pompeii, have been stolen from the bronze room in the National Museum at Naples. This is possibly an exaggeration. They may merely have been taken as mementos by American admirers.

Even attempts at revolution have their compensations. At Barcelona two daily papers and three weekly reviews have been suppressed.

Mr. HALL CAINE'S latest exploit is to appear as an actor in a theatre at Douglas. He gets more and more like dear old SHAKESPEARE every day.

WHY THE BUDGET IS "POPULAR."

[Addressed to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by a typical member of the class which constitutes the vast majority of the electorate.]

You ask me if your little Bill,
Round which the bees of faction buzz,
Causes my heart a happy thrill?
My answer is: "It does."

I like a thing that knocks the folks
Who mote and bloat and dance and dine,
That takes the stuff from out their pokes
And puts it into mine.

Not that I care who pays my way;
Such worries never make me fret;
I'm always free, come whence it may,
To pouch what I can get.

The thought of charity I detest
But mean to bear it like a man;
You tap the source, I'll do the rest
And swallow all I can.

And, though you chop and change your Bill
From what was perfect at the start,
In my opinion it is still
A noble Work of Art.

Whether the owner or the State
Should pay the valuation fee
May be a matter for debate
But makes no odds to me.

Baccy and sugar, tea and beer—
That's all of mine your taxes touch;
A halfpenny there, a farthing here—
It don't amount to much.

That's why I bless the lavish hand
That lets me use for my defence
A thumping Navy, built and manned
At other men's expense.

Nor could I bring myself to blame
A scheme that gives me, free as air,
Schools, baths and pensions, just the same
As if I'd paid my share.

So clear, indeed, its merits lie
That, when you ask me if I view
Your Budget with complacent eye,
I'm bound to say, "I do."

I can't requite, and you would flinch
At all reward for service done,
But, if you need me at a pinch,
My heart is yours, for one.

Yes, though I'm sure that you would shove
The hint of payment down my throat,
I shan't forget your proofs of love,
And you shall have my vote.

O. S.

The New Star.

'Robson was bowled by a straight ball from Googly, the bowler never attempting to play it.'—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.
After all, that isn't what Googly was there for.

What is the Right Age to Marry?

"This question needs no Solomon or sage,
For all must marry at their marri-age."

All rights protected. Author also protected.

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

I.—BILLINGSGATE.

This little old-world village has many attractions for those who prefer a quiet holiday to the more strenuous forms of recreation now in vogue. Situated on the bank of a wide river, strange to say it has not yet become spoiled by fashion nor devastated by the noisy tripper. Its inhabitants and their curious dialect will afford opportunity for much thought and speculation, while its exhilarating breezes must be personally experienced to be appreciated at their full value. The staple industries are connected with fish, and one can well imagine how beautiful a sight it must be to see the boats return at twilight, while the wives and sweethearts of the gallant blue-jerseyed and blue-tongued fishermen await them on the pier. All lovers of the picturesque should make a strong point of seeing Billingsgate. To find it easily, shut your eyes when nearing the bridge, and when the smell becomes strong enough to support your weight turn to the left. Another method is to buy a small scrap of litmus paper from a chemist, and carry it in the hand; when it turns pink you are there.

II.—CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

This healthy and bracing spot has been for many years the destination of thousands, and it is so well known that little that is fresh can be said in its praise. Situated charmingly on the South-Western line, with frequent trains also kindly supplied by the L. B. & S. C. R., it is unequalled for beauty and refinement. Few people realise the true value of scenery as an educative force until they have visited Platform 75 of "The Junction," as it is affectionately termed by its patrons. The means of access are by a wooden pier which seems a mile-and-a-half long, but is in reality only about a mile, or by a wonderful subterranean gallery cut through the solid rock, and full of the finest chiaroscuro effects. Amusements are many and varied; a favourite game with the children is hide-and-seek along the underground passages—a pastime in which their elders do not disdain to participate; races are also frequently run along the pier and down the stairs, and the authorities encourage the sport by placing officials at the bottom whose amusing duty it is to stop competitors as they pass, if possible. In fact, for young and old at this season of the year a stay at so breezy and salubrious a spot can be heartily recommended.

III.—PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

Opinions may differ as to the propriety of camping out on this historic piece of reclaimed meadow-land, but there can only be one verdict as to the benefits to be derived from a stay in the vicinity. Unrivalled in its position, a quiet stroll round the district (taking care to keep to the paths and not to pick the flowers) is full of interest, while those who are good walkers may penetrate to the surrounding open country without fear of straying far from some place of refreshment. Magnificent views can be obtained, price 6d. per packet of twelve assorted, and there are several shops where souvenirs of a more expensive character may be purchased. Excursions can be made from the Criterion (an old coaching inn) to the Pop (a pretty little creeper-covered tea-house), returning *via* the Empire; this journey is often done on foot, but strangers will be well advised to hire one of the conveyances which are provided. The illuminations each night are on a splendid scale, and if their stay is in any way dull visitors will only have themselves to blame.

Viscount CHURCHILL, Chairman of the Great Western Railway, wishes it to be more widely known that the world's record high jump (fishermen's class) was performed by an inhabitant of the Cornish Riviera and not, as is generally supposed (on the strength of a poster), by a native of Skegness.



THE OUTCAST.

ANTWERP CUSTOMS OFFICER. "HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"

BRITISH HORSE. "ONLY THIS—THAT I'M ASHAMED OF MY COUNTRY."

[None too soon the Board of Agriculture is taking fresh steps to regulate the exportation of worn-out and diseased horses—a cruel traffic which has long been a disgrace to the nation, and ought to be stopped altogether.]



Pat. "It's a QUARE THRAD HE HAS, TO BE SURE."

O'Grady "I BELAVE THERE'S GREAT MONEY IN UT, ANYWAY."

Pat. "BEGOB, IT'S IN THE THRADDES WITHOUT SINSE OR PURPOSE AT ALL THAT THE MONEY IS MADE."

THE RIGHT AGE TO MARRY.

GENEROUS CONTRIBUTIONS OF NOVELISTS.

THE silly-season discussion evoked by the recent momentous decision of an American lady athlete shows no sign of abatement. Indeed, we have received letters on the subject from 950 female and 800 male novelists, but as the contributions bear such an extraordinary family resemblance we feel that the needs of the situation will be answered if we print three, adding a pithy and luminous epistle from Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

SIR,—As one who is happy though at present unmarried, may I be permitted to point out that the *locus classicus* on this point is to be found in my novel, *The Joys of Judas*, in which the heroine, after attending a garden-party at Burlington House, is kidnapped by the *Duke of Vertigo* and immured in a cellar in Arlington Street. The novel, which was published by Messrs. Odder and Odder, is now in its seventeenth large edition, and was the special favourite of the late

Emperor of RUSSIA, Mr. GLADSTONE, and the MAHDI. MARIE SCARLATTI.

SIR,—May I be permitted to quote, as bearing on the point at issue, the words of a famous general, a man of dauntless courage and stoical self-possession, in my new novel (already in its thirtieth huge edition), *The Back of the Arab Mind*?—

"General Gray strove manfully to repress his rage, but the blood was thunging and ruckling in his carotid artery, his face was purple and the whites of his eyes were stricken pink. At last he could restrain himself no longer and, seizing his sobbing daughter by the right ear, he swung her off her feet with the scream of a wounded gorilla, adding in a tense whisper, 'Dash it all, girl, don't be a blithering idiot, but keep calm like me.'" (Vol. II., p. 184, 4s. net, at all libraries and booksellers'.)

ALF ABEL.

SIR,—It is obviously impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule as to the right age to marry. But I may mention

that after making a careful analysis of my own 59 novels I find that the average age at which my heroines entered the portals of St. George's, Hanover Square, is 21½.

May I quote the words of a distinguished *littérateur* in my new novel, *The Nicest Woman in Nice*, as he describes the ideal partner?—

"O women in our hours of joy
Inclined to worry and annoy,
When anguish makes the brow to ache
You are a trump and no mistake."

Yours faithfully,

WILHELM DE KEW.

SIR,—In FIELDING'S day heroines married at the age of sixteen or seventeen. Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S famous character, *Ayesha*, was, if I mistake not, close upon 2,000 years of age when she contemplated matrimony for the last time. Surely it ought to be possible to strike a happy mean, and say that 490 or 500 is the ideal age.

ALGERNON ASHTON.

HINTS FOR HOT HOLIDAYS.

THE object of this article, other than the obvious one of filling up the page until you get to the paragraphs at the bottom, is to collect in handy form such information as the best authorities consider indispensable for the proper preserving of life in these trying times of heat and holiday. (I don't *want* to be alliterative: it just comes.) To do this it has been found necessary to bone many priceless ideas from the ha penny papers. Apologies, however, are gladly offered—in the first place, to the editors of these contemporaries, and secondly (and more diffidently) to the readers of this compendium; it seems hard lines that they should have to have it all over again. There can be no doubt, though, that everything in this article is essential to their well-being, and that I have omitted nothing which I could possibly get in. Readers, therefore, should cut this page out and suspend it by a string from the chandelier, so that it may always be before them. When they are thoroughly sick of it they should paint it lightly with treacle, and then the flies will come and read it, too.

Now I'm going to begin.

WHAT TO WEAR.

Quite apart from Mr. Redfern, there is one great difficulty about clothing yourself suitably in this weather; namely, that the more clothes you put on to keep the heat out the more heat (somehow) you keep in. For this reason it is generally agreed now that, the lighter your clothes are, the better. In the case of both men and women it has been found possible to reduce the weight of the wardrobe to the merest trifle.

Man's Dress.

1 gold-beater's skin suit . . .	1 oz.
1 asbestos shirt front . . .	2 dr.
1 diamond tie pin . . .	2 dr.
1 pr. open-work aluminium socks . . .	1 dr.
1 pr. sandals . . .	1 oz.
1 india-rubber collar . . .	1 oz.

Total . . . 3 oz. 5 dr.

The idea of the diamond pin is to focus all the rays of the sun upon your chest, which is of course rendered immune by the asbestos Richard. Should you, however, fall into the sea (I shall refer to this more fully later on) the india-rubber collar will be found both helpful and stimulating.

Woman's Dress.

Though the feminine wardrobe comes well within the province of this article, it hardly comes within that of this paper. But I am told it works out as follows:

1 muslin flock . . .	1 oz.
Et-cætera . . .	2 oz.
Hat . . .	12 lbs. 13 oz.
Total . . .	13 lbs. 0 oz.

WHAT TO EAT.

Let us (says a well-known vegetarian Harley Street specialist), let us (says he) consider a typical winter breakfast, such as was suitable three weeks ago; what do we find?

Porridge . . .	Hot.
Fish . . .	Beastly hot.
Eggs . . .	Help!
Marmalade . . .	Heating.

How much more suitable is the following:

Canary seed	Titillates the digestive duct.
Filleted beetroot	Smartens up the nervous system, removes moth, prevents baldness and makes cycling a pleasure to hundreds.
Breadcrumbs	Invaluable for black-and-white artists.

Grouse Recipes.

(I thought you'd like these now.)

"Grouse Melba":—Take grouse, remove the works, insert ice, and eat with spoon.

"Potage de grouse":—Borrow grouse, rinse in warm water, return, and serve results with squares of toast.

"Pressed Grouse."—Bone grouse; stretch and press, taking care that the crease is down the front of the leg; place on sideboard, and say to your friends, "Lot of trouble that bird gave me. Stalked it for twenty miles up stream, and then it winded me, and I had to give it both barrels."

You will notice that all these recipes necessitate the use of a grouse. So exacting are the dictates of fashion.

How to BATHE.

Rule I.—Before striking out, make sure that you really have arrived at the seaside. It is no good starting the overhand stroke when your excursion train is still waiting at Balham. In the case of Southend—but all the jokes about Southend were made last month.

Rule II.—The small jellyfish with the mauve insides *don't* sting. If they do, then it shows they know nothing about natural history, and to a certain extent you have the laugh of them.

Rule III.—(We are putting down these Rules just as they occur to us—there is no necessity for you to observe any particular order).—Should you, when swimming at one of our Southern resorts, mistake the way back and

arrive inadvertently at France, say to the first man you meet, "Pardon, monsieur, mais je suis arrivé. Proxime accessit. Nisi prius," and explain to him how it is that you have no hat. He will see by this that you are determined to stand no nonsense, and he will indicate the route to England.

Rule IV.—Before taking off from the top of the cliff ascertain the state of the tide. It does not follow that because, according to the London press, it is high water at London Bridge it will be high water immediately beneath you. Many an accident has been caused by forgetting this.

Rule V.—Bathing only makes you hotter, you know.

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT.

The sole topic of conversation in bus, tram, tube, monoplane, biplane, Salisbury Plain, club and Carmelite House is "What is the Right Age to Marry?" Some say "Now," and some say "Never," and some say, "Well, it depends." If you cannot consult a lawn-tennis champion on the subject you should join the first group you observe in conversation on the beach. They are sure to be talking about it, and a copy of *The Daily Mail* is considered sufficient introduction at the seaside. Just go up and say, "Well, I think twenty-three," and ask them all back to lunch.

Another enduring topic is the Heat Wave. The thermometer has now reached the incredible figure of 86° in the shade, or 128° if you have to cross the road for an evening paper. You may, therefore, safely say to your neighbour, "Well, is *this* hot enough for you?"—implying that it is all his fault we are having a heat wave at all, and that but for him we should still be enjoying the cool breezes and refreshing showers of three weeks ago. If he dares to say "No," you will be left trying to imagine what on earth it will be like when the thermometer stands at 87°.

WHAT TO READ.

Articles like this. There will be two more next week, if the sun keeps on.

A. A. M.

Nicknames of the Great—I.

"The high road will take him to Coniston Lake, where he may explore the village of that name, with its relics and memories of Ruskin, the hoary-headed giant known as 'Coniston Old Man.'"—*The Queen*.

Sporting Notions.

"The glorious twelfth is a red-letter day in the affluent sportsman's calendar, and Liverpool can boast of not a few crack 'guns' noted for their skill in decimating pheasant preserves."

Liverpool Daily Post.

One hit in ten chances! Liverpool's "crack guns" should do better than this in the present close season before the young pheasants get strong on the wing.

MR. PUNCH'S RELIABLE GUIDE TO POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

No. III.—CHICVILLE-SUR-MER, NORMANDY.



1. ARRIVAL AT CHICVILLE. 2. SUITABLE COSTUMES FOR SANDS. 3. DARK SIDE OF CHICVILLE—RUINED GAMBLER.
 4. SPORT AT CHICVILLE. 5. MORE SPORT AT CHICVILLE. 6. BATHERS IN DIRECTOIRE COSTUME. 7. INTREPID BATHER.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

Broadlands.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I'm a happy little woman! I've got the Centralians here!—actually!—and that wonderful Captain Findlay who discovered them—and a houseful of people to meet them. You've heard all about them, of course?—how Captain Findlay got to the very middle of Australia, where no one's ever been before, and found the Centralians, as he's called them, living there, where nobody thought anybody *could* live, for there's no water to drink—though, as far as *that* goes, lots of people here in England manage not only to live, but to do themselves awfully well without ever drinking any water!

The Centralians are the *sweetest* creatures! About four feet high and copper coloured, with faces like those old-fashioned door-knockers. Their dress is something in the Salome style; and they're the *only race known* who don't seem to have anything that can be called a language: isn't it delicious? (Norty says they could do with some of them in Parliament!)

The party consists of the Chief, whose name seems to be Rapparrapparoo, his little wife (*her* name, as far as we can make out, is Gig said as many times as you've the breath), the Centralian Prime Minister, and some members of the Cabinet. They don't care to live in houses, and have no use for furniture, so some of the stables have been given up to them. I wanted them to dine with us every evening, but Captain Findlay says it's best not, as they eat their meat raw, and generally fight while they're eating it. They always dance for us after dinner, however—war-dances, love-dances, friendship-dances, and all that sort of thing. We're all immensely gone on their dances, and are practising them ourselves.

Professor Dimsdale is here to study them. As a mental philosopher, he takes an *enormous* interest in them. He particularly wanted to find out whether they'd any of what he calls "*a priori* ideas," meaning things we know without being told. I don't know what he did to them to find out, but the Centralian Prime Minister threw a native weapon at him and hurt him very much. *Wasn't* it unfortunate? The poor, dear Professor had quite a head for the rest of the day. I can't say whether this unlucky little incident proved that they *had* or *hadn't* "*a priori* ideas"—I thought it best not to ask the Professor just yet.

Oh, my dearest and best, I must tell you a perfectly lovely story of Josiah! So many of the houses for miles round want to meet them, that I said I should give a big garden-party, a *fête champêtre*, in fact, for the Centralians.

"Where's the good of giving a *fête champêtre* for them?" said the head of the firm. "The little savages don't drink wine." He's most awfully grumpy about them altogether. "You have these ugly little brutes here and make much of them," he said, "and yet you won't have the Tomlinsons." (That's the planter man and his wife that J. knew out in San Bangador.) "My dear man," I said, "can't you see how *immensely chic* the Centralians are, and what a draw they are! Just *look* at the mountain of letters my secky has to wade through every day from people simply *begging* me to have them and put them up *anywhere*, so that they may meet the Centralians."

"I don't care," he said. "The Tomlinsons were very kind to me out in San Bangador. What's the matter with them? I'm sure Tomlinson's a most respectable man, and his wife's *quite a lady*!"

"*En v' là assez, mon ami!*" I told him, when I could speak for laughing. "You've sized them up exactly." (I've left off trying to revise his vocab, and he's really more amusing *au naturel*.)

That night at dinner I fairly brought down the house by saying, "I put it to you all whether you'd care to meet some tea-and-coffee people named Tomlinson. I have it on good authority that he's 'a most respectable man,' and *she's* 'quite a lady!'" My dear, you never heard such a shout of laughter! But Josiah got so glumpy that I had to smooth him down later and say he could have the tea-and-coffee people to stay, if he liked, after I've gone to the Clackmannans in Scotland. That wouldn't do, however. "They want to meet *you* and the other fine people," said Josiah. "Mrs. Tomlinson admires you very much."

Poor little me! What have I done that I should be admired by a tea-and-coffee woman? If it had been her *husband*, now, it wouldn't have been *quite* so absurd!

I suppose I'll have to give in. Whatever else Josiah may be, he's quite decent about money, and it's his birthday this month, when he always gives me a present.

Do you go in for motor-kiting, my dearest? We do. My motor-kite gymkhana last week was a huge success. The only little hitch in motor-kiting is that the kites don't always fall in one's own grounds, and when big, heavy kites fall on people in roads and fields and places they get so humpy about it. In one of our long-distance races a big kite, quite a young aeroplane, fell on a farmer-person, who was ploughing or reaping or some occupation of that sort, and stunned him. He says his brain's injured, and that he'll "have the law of us."

People are telling *un petit conte pour rire* about Fluffy Thistledown at Cowes. She was there for regatta week with her yacht, *Fro'ie*, and one moonlit midnight when they were winding up the evening with a game of blindman's buff on deck Fluffy was idiot enough to fall overboard. A sailor-man belonging to the yacht plunged in and rescued her, and the story ought to end there—but it doesn't. The sailor-man has long had an ambition to possess one of the Humane Society's medals, and now he sees his way to it and wants it applied for. Of course the whole affair would get into the papers in that case, which wouldn't suit Fluffy at all, because—well, it was rather a frisky party, several of the people being supposed to be somewhere else, and there were one or two that Lord Thistledown (who's a bit old-fashioned) had positively forbidden her to know!

Moral: If you want to keep a yachting party snug, don't fall overboard. Norty's so absurd, he says the sailor-man was very forward and interfering, and that Fluffy wasn't in any danger, for she's not heavy enough to sink.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

P.S. I must get rid of the Centralians *at once*. Sweet Pompon and the little Antarctic spaniel have only *just* been saved in time. Those dreadful little wretches were making preparations to *eat both my darlings!*

THE ANNUAL INTERVIEW.

"Our motto," said Mr. Salisbury Drake, "has been simply this:—'Surpass Yourself.' Each of us, Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, Mr. HENRY HAMILTON and I, has it over our desk. It is better even than 'Know Thyself.' If you are true to it you cannot go wrong."

"And have you surpassed yourselves?" I asked.

"Of course," said the genial and popular playwright. "Here is the MS. It will take London by storm."

"What," I asked, "is the line?"

"The line?" said he. "It is every line. Drury Lane can't be confined to one line. The mission of the autumn drama is to summarise life and Society. All the tendencies of the day meet in our play."

"And virtue is triumphant?"

"Obviously," said Mr. Drake.

"What is the principal scene?" I asked again.

"The principal scene!" exclaimed Mr. Drake, agast. "We have five principal scenes. Five!"

"And what, then," I inquired, "is the first of them?"

"The first," said Mr. Drake, consulting his MS., "is the Channel. Between Dover and Calais. A masterly piece of

stage illusion. The hero, having lost his money, becomes a Channelswimmer. He is nearly across when a buzzing is heard, and behold above him appears the villain in a bi-plane, and as he passes he drops a brick on the hero and disables him. The other characters follow in a steamer."

"Good!" I said. "And principal scene II.?"

"That," said Mr. Drake, "represents the Lawn at Ascot."

"Not very novel?" I suggested.

"No," said Mr. Drake, "not on paper. But in fact! My dear sir, do you know that we not only have real horses and real jockeys, but real *divorcées*. Ten of the most popular and beautiful *divorcées* in London Society are to appear nightly. The hero, having acquired a new fortune, has become a punter. The villain, disguised as a bookmaker, pulls wires to ruin him again."

"And principal scene III.?"

"More realism," said Mr. Drake. "The South Pole. The hero has joined Lieutenant SHACKLETON, and is seen eating a pony under the shadow of the Pole. Victory! At this moment a polar bear, which has been approaching him stealthily, throws off his mask, and is revealed as the villain. A terrible struggle ensues, and the hero escapes only by climbing the Pole."

"Admirable!" I cried. "And the next?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Drake, "here we return to the gay life again. The Horse Show. The high jumping in progress. All the winners at the recent show are coming. It will be a most effective scene; no one need ever go to Olympia again."

"But how does the drama progress?"

"There will be a few words at the beginning of this scene. The hero is a competitor, the villain is disguised as an attendant and he frightens the horse. The hero is thrown."

"Is that easy to manage?" I asked.

"Not easy, of course, but possible. An admirably trained horse. A feather-bed on the stage."

"Yes?" I said.

"The accident," Mr. Drake resumed, "brings us to the last Scene of all—another triumph of realism, but of a different kind. The operating theatre in a hospital. The hero has to undergo trepanning. The students are all there, laughing and joking. The wounded man is carried in. The anæsthetic is applied. The surgeons operate. It is most thrilling. Can he recover? It is all touch and go. Unless, says the doctor, he comes to in five minutes, he must die. The doors open and all his friends enter, the heroine, the comic men, the villain—all. The minutes go by. All watches are taken out. One. Two. Three. He



Lady X. (whose husband has the worst shooting in Yorkshire). "WELL, CAN'T YOU SQUEEZE IN A FRIDAY TO TUESDAY? JUST A COUPLE OF DAYS ON THE MOOR?"

Ossy D'Arey. "SORRY, CAN'T POSSIBLY LEAVE LONDON. BIG SCHEME ON AT THE WAR OFFICE. WE'RE CROSSING CARRIER PIGEONS WITH PARROTS—HOPING TO GET VERBAL MESSAGES THROUGH."

does not move. The suspense is terrible. Four. No movement. And then he moves! Intense rapture. The heroine falls on his body. The villain commits suicide. Virtue triumphant once more! There's drama for you!"

"There is, indeed," said I.

"During the existing spell of tropical heat, sunny seas and inglenooks have a more musical and attractive sound than the bustle of the race-course."—*Daily Telegraph*.

At the moment of writing we are dead against inglenooks.

"A remarkable incident occurred at a cricket match at Nash, Bucks. Mr. Fred Wesley hit the ball, and in its course it struck a man who was asleep on the nose without awakening him. The ball afterwards travelled to the boundary."—*Glasgow Evening News*.

Our first object in reproducing this paragraph is to call attention in a general way to the dangers of sleeping on the nose. Our next to point out that the ball "afterwards" travelled to the boundary, which seems to show that the sleeper was either a fieldsman or an umpire. It must have been a very dull match.



G. O. C. "WHAT ARE YOU?"

Wretched Patrol (to the despair of his Colonel). "BILLIARD MARKER IN THE HORFICERS' MESS, YOUR 'IGHNESS!'"

THE JOYS OF REJECTION.

REFUSED! Ah me, before I took the header,
What desperation dangled on that word!
The one thing doubtful (if I could not wed her)
What kind of suicide was least absurd;
Wan were my features as a chunk of Cheddar
Ere it occurred.

And now it seems the blow was not so blasting,
The impulse to expire has been subdued,
The stern resolve to fade away by fasting
Has somehow vanished, and, when breakfast's
brewed,
I still sit up (the guise of anguish casting)
And take some food.

Nay, there are consolations; love's a trammel
That woefully impedes the cardiac pump;
But grief is like a pendant of enamel,
A thing of beauty, an eternal trump—
(I should not marvel if the Bactrian camel
Boasts of his hump).

'Tis no small victory that men should rank you
As one whose heart contains a bleeding sore,
Whose soul is swathed in cypresses and dank yew,
Dead to romance and deeming it a bore;
Who murmurs, "Not for me, dear boy, I thank you;
Been there before."

Sweet also is the way that damsels cluster
About the hero of a high despair,
Whose bosom braved the amatory fluster
And might with due expenditure of care
(However hard it may have come a buster)
Be worth repair.

This is the most sublime of sorrow's chances;
This is their meaning when the poets sing:—
" 'Tis better to have grieved for vain advances
Than never to have known the Love-god's sting";
To cure a life-long woe is what entrances
The next young thing.

"Large portable poultry house; suit football club."—*Liverpool Echo*.
If you think we are going to lower ourselves by saying anything about "fouls" you are quite mistaken.

"Take a couple of hours' good exercise every day. It is sufficient for the man whose muscles are not altogether in trim. The rest of the time he can be drinking in the good seaside or country air."—*Daily Mail*.
The reader is warned not to pause after the word "drinking."

"Captain Rogers shot a pariah in the gardens of the Terrace a few days ago and was destroyed in the bazaar the following morning."—*The Pioneer*.
The S.P.C.A. appears to lose no time out in India.

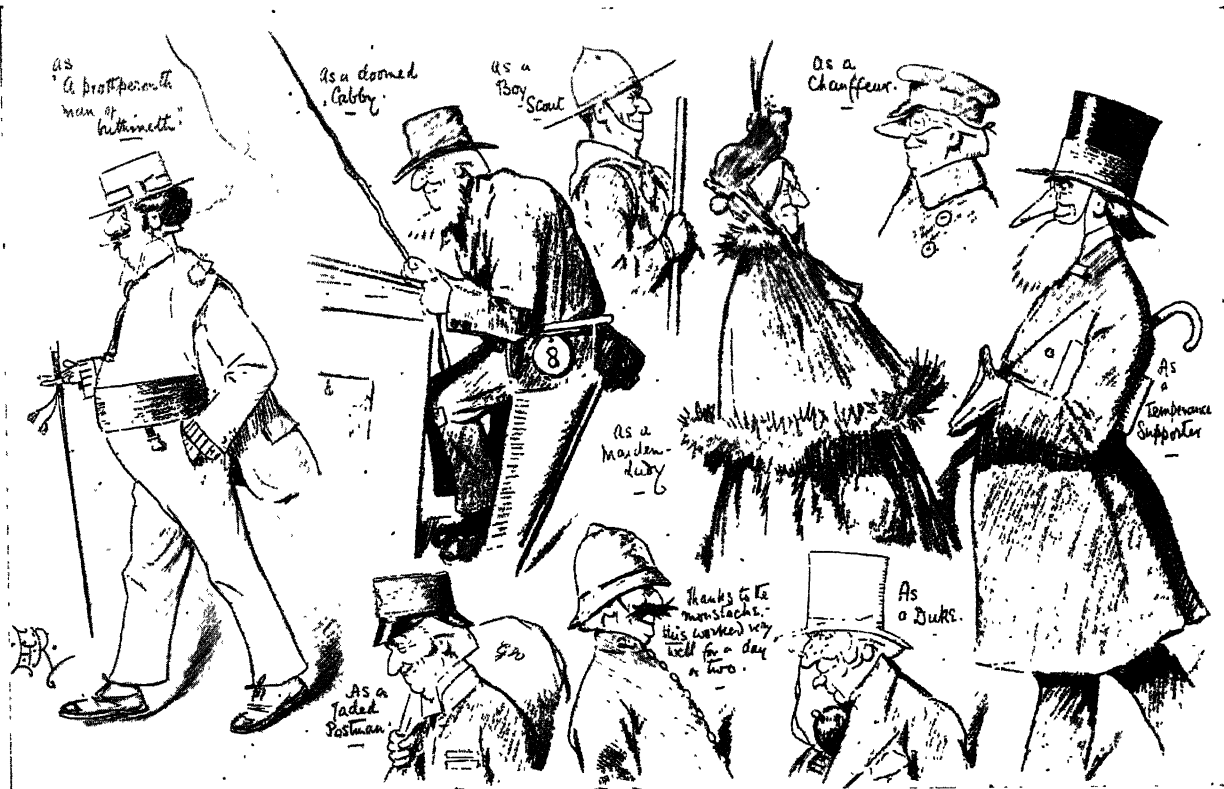


CARRIAGE PAID.

CITIZEN GEORGE (to Condemned Aristocrats en route to Execution). "GENTLEMEN, WE WISH TO MAKE EVERY CONCESSION THAT MAY SUIT YOUR CONVENIENCE. THERE WILL, THEREFORE, BE NO CHARGE FOR THE TUMBRIL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



A FEW OF MR. ASQUITH'S DISGUISES.

IT SEEMS INHUMAN TO GIVE HIM AWAY, BUT THESE ARE SOME OF THE METHODS BY WHICH THE PREMIER CONTRIVES TO ELUDE THE VIGILANCE OF THE SUFFRAGETTE "PICKETS" AT THE GATES OF ST. STEPHEN'S.

House of Commons, Monday, August 9.—It was N. BONAPARTE HALDANE who first mentioned half-and-half.

Reference made in enticing circumstances. After brief interval, House back in Committee on Budget Bill. Seem to remember many weeks already devoted to pleasant task. Occasionally sat up with Bill all night as if it were a fractious infant. Take up Paper to make cheering discovery that there are more amendments set down on it than there were when work first began. Interesting this as feat of legerdemain. In actual circumstances alarming. If process continues we shall about October 1 find ourselves faced with a few score more amendments than were tabled on May 1.

Since Bill last in Committee someone in Unionist camp has run up white flag in token of surrender. Incident led to angry resentment. So far from contemplating retreat, Opposition is resolved that the fight shall be carried on with aggravated energy. This partly accounts for increase in number of amendments; also for added touch of fierceness on countenances of group behind Front Bench. Mr. EMMOTT scarcely settled in

Chair when motion made to report progress. This an extra in addition to amendments on Paper. Served to pass a couple of hours; involved four divisions which accounted for a minimum of forty minutes.

Came about thus: Dr. FELL, endeavouring to combat vague dislike for his personality, moved to postpone certain clause for ten years. Talkie-talkie by the yard. Performance beginning to pall, BOB CECIL moved to report progress. (Mem., none had been made.) Talkie-talkie for another half-hour. ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved Closure. Division. Committee now divided on motion to report progress. Defeated by majority of 99. Up gets Mr. HOPE, radiant with Faith and Charity; proposes amendment on Dr. FELL's amendment. LLOYD-GEORGE promptly moves Closure. Division. At long last FELL's amendment is divided upon and rejected by 189 votes to 93. Aggregate figures amazing. Not forty Members have on the average been present during speech-making.

Drawing on to 11 o'clock when NAROLEON B. HALDANE brought in the half-and-half. WHITTAKER, authority on these

matters, tells me half-and-half, a liquid refreshment popular in sultry weather especially if boldly treated with ice, is compact of equal quantities of beer and stout. SECRETARY FOR WAR delicately introduced it in form of allegory. Question pressed as to what would be proportionate yields of taxes on undeveloped land and taxes on minerals.

"Half-and-half," said N. B. H., with subtle suggestion that he was obeying the injunction to "give your orders whilst the waiter's in the room."

PRINCE ARTHUR so charmed with idea that, speaking later, he defined half-and-half as "one of those happy coincidences on which those who advise the Government should be congratulated."

"Never heard it called by that name before," said FREDERICK BANBURY, smacking dry lips. "But, as the farmer said, having sipped at his landlord's expense a liqueur glass of Benedictine, 'I'll take some of it in a moog.'"

Business done.—Back to the Budget Bill. Great sweeping out of amendments.

Tuesday.—Adjourning at five minutes past six this morning, House met again at a quarter to three this afternoon.

Even in palmy days of Parnellite obstruction, all-night sittings were not nearly such lively entertainments as fancy of outsiders feigned. With the site value of undeveloped land as topic of debate, and this night the sultriest of a coy summer, dulness deepened to ultimate chasm of depression.

FENWICK didn't mind sitting up for his country's good. But no use trying to snatch a quarter of an hour's sleep as others did. His mind oppressed by news from Wylam. Seems, according to local paper, that ten days ago high jinks were carried on in grounds of local landlord, whereat LORD-GEORGE and all his works, specially the Budget, were denounced. That all right as far as it went. Still open to a landowner to invite his political friends to gather in his park. What FENWICK objected to was alleged circumstance that detachment of men from H.M.S. *Calliope*, with band playing, gun trailed, arrived on scene.

"What steps does the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY propose to take to put a stop to such practices?"

Thus at meeting of House this afternoon he catechised MCKENNA. Turns out that some one has blundered. The warlike crew of the *Calliope* were men in buckram. What actually happened was that a private company of boy blue-jackets made holiday in a field a hundred yards away from place where political meeting was held, "an event," the ADMIRAL drily remarked, "in which the lads took not the slightest interest."

Captain CRAIG, naturally resenting this invasion of his peculiar field of operation, shouldered FENWICK aside, pulled from breast-pocket a news-sheet printed on orange-hued paper and took the floor. Related how emergency man—oddly enough "name of Walker"—returning from fair in County Cavan was fired at from behind a hedge, shot in face and chest. Wanted to know from IRISH SOLICITOR-GENERAL whether "the murderous assailants" had been arrested and what steps were taken to protect the hapless victim of disorder against further outrages?

Reversing proverbial order of procedure, CHERRY made four bites at the story. (1) THOMAS WALKER is not an emergency man. (2) He has not been fired at. (3) Did receive wound in the face, but told police it was caused by a fall. (4) Fact is, he was shooting rabbits when accident befell.

How these things get in the papers others besides *Mr. Crummles* wonder.

Business done.—Clause 10 added to Budget Bill in Committee.

Thursday, 6.10 A.M.—PRIME MINISTER, wending his way homeward, first peeping round gateways to see if there were any ladies in waiting, confessed himself a little weary. His 'orny-anded brother

who "wants eight" hours as the maximum of a day's labour little reckes what the First Minister of the Crown goes through between the time of his up-getting and the laying down of his head on an untaxed pillow.

That by the way. It's all in the day's work and must be cheerily met. What depresses the PREMIER on this fair summer morning is reflection on the lack of gratitude in mankind. The Budget Bill, as introduced and as dealt with in Committee up to yesterday afternoon, involved the principle of placing on the private owner



"DR. FELL."

"The reason why I cannot tell,"
I find considerable difficulty in drawing you.
Dr. Fell.

(Mr. Arthur Fell.)

the burden of cost of Land Valuation. On that particular point the Opposition centred all their forces. They protested that to resolve to clap fresh taxes on the hapless landowner, and then to insist that out of his slender purse he should pay the charges of the process of valuation on which the tax is to be levied, was an exercise of ingenuity closer akin to the subtle cruelties of the Inquisition than to the practices of English statesmen.

For some weeks, including an occasional all-night sitting, CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER has on this point presented inexorable front. Yesterday afternoon, his countenance wreathed in smiles, his hair brushed with exceptional care, something of a gala appearance in his dress, PREMIER announced abandonment of the obnoxious proposal, and threw the charge of valuation upon the State.

Having made this clear, pretty to see him stand with downcast eyes, a slight flush on his countenance, his lips pursed in sly smile. Expected outburst of applause from gentlemen opposite. Not quite sure that, creating precedent, PRINCE ARTHUR and WALTER LONG might not cross over, raise him shoulder high and carry him round, whilst BOB CECIL sang solo, "For he's a jolly good fellow," the rank-and-file of the Opposition insisting in chorus that "So say all of us."

So far from this expectation being realised, blank silence fell on benches opposite, broken later by turbulent stream of angry denunciation. To relieve the private owner at expense of the State was, in PRINCE ARTHUR's view, infinitely worse than original proposal. LORD BOB so agitated that, introducing an autobiographical note, he misquoted a familiar couplet. Said he:

"When I was young I had no sense,
I bought a shilling for eighteen pence."

It would be rude to challenge the assurance frankly put forth in first line. The second is not exactly what was written by that voluminous poetaster, *Anon.*

That, however, a detail due to heat of weather and debate. Enough for PREMIER, going home with the milk in the morning, to meditate on man's ingratitude to man.

"Hit high or hit low," he murmured, "I can't please the Opposition."

Business done.—Ministry perform right-about-face movement on Land Clauses of Budget Bill.

HOBBIES THAT PAY.

POULTRY.

COMPARED with most of the hobbies in which amateurs indulge, poultry farming possesses inestimable advantages. It is more virile than stamp-collecting; less fatiguing than big-game-shooting; infinitely healthier than palmistry.

Previous experience is not only unnecessary—it is undesirable. People who have had experience on poultry-farms nearly always seek to discourage beginners, and exhibit a peevish reticence when confronted with the most convincing figures and data.

The country is better than London for poultry-farming, though it is true that an ideal scratching-ground is vacant on the north side of the Strand. Choose a site as near a town as possible, since you have to think of marketing your produce; and it is almost essential, if you wish to make a profit on your eggs, to be in a position to sell them. Many beginners fail to grasp this point and have the hardihood to blame the industry! The industry is all right.

The principal consumers of eggs are Channel swimmers (an uncertain trade); proprietors of shooting galleries (shells only); and sick persons (with milk and brandy). If you can get into touch with a sufficient number of these your success is assured.

Age is an important factor to consider when fixing the selling price of a chicken or an egg, for the purveyor of poultry, unlike the furniture or picture dealer, must aim at youthful effects when placing his wares before prospective purchasers. In the case of a fowl, when once it has come of age, little can be done to obtain this pleasing result, though massage of the boniest parts is well spoken of. In dealing with eggs the problem presents less difficulty, and the judicious use of a rubber date-stamp is all that is necessary. Even an egg which has arrived by *petite vitesse* from Riga acquires, by the timely use of this contrivance, a flavour which commends itself to the most exacting connoisseur.

Food is an important item and should receive your careful attention, as a chicken's welfare depends largely on its diet. You must remember that the birds' interests are yours, and it is false economy to starve your stock. Plenty and often is the rule adopted by the most successful poultry farmers. Anything that the birds fancy will do, so long as they thrive on it. Some birds are dainty and obstinately refuse to eat; in such cases a very good plan is to borrow a funnel from the garage and pour the food through it, having first introduced the narrow end into the captious bird's throat. When feeding do not on any account omit to put some gravel in the rations, as chickens are inordinately fond of this delicacy and look for it with eager pleasure. Any kind of gravel will do, but it *must be gravel*. Unscrupulous dealers sometimes endeavour to foist wood-paving and asphalt upon unwary fanciers, but, if you insist on having gravel, the man who supplies you will see that you know what you are about, and that this discreditable artifice will not go down.

In spite of the greatest care you will occasionally have trouble with your stock, as chickens are subject to ailments which are a cause of considerable vexation to the owner. Roughly speaking, these disorders fall under one of three heads--foxes, motors and the gapes. It is unnecessary to say much here about the first two, as they invariably prove fatal, and the only thing to do is to face the loss. In the case of a bird which has fallen a victim to the motor craze, you may minimise the loss by eating what is left; this, however, is about all that you can hope to do, as a bird which has once passed through a gear-box is



JAMES IN THE HIGHLANDS.—No. 1.

JAMES (THE NEW BUTLER), IN CHARGE OF THE LUNCH, IS OVERCOME BY THE HEAT, AND FINDS A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE POOL OF SPRING WATER TO BATHE IN. UNFORTUNATELY HE MISTAKES THE OPERATION.

useless for market purposes. Appearance counts for so much in these matters.

The complaint known as gapes presents fewer difficulties, and yields, as a rule, to suitable treatment. The distressing symptoms exhibited by its victims are the result of ennui and want of rational amusement; unless you can at once introduce some variety into the birds' lives you may expect the worst. You can best achieve your object by moving your farm to some less depressing neighbourhood, where the surroundings will prove congenial. Skegness has a great reputation, and the tonic qualities of its air have restored many a jaded bird to health and spirits. Of course, if you live at Skegness, this

suggestion does not apply, and you must seek some other locality; bearing in mind that complete change is the essence of the treatment.

These remarks do not cover the whole field of poultry farming, but they go a long way.

Figures of Speech.

"Egregiously wrong in his facts, Mr. Lloyd-George is bowled out in his rickety argument by his own colleague, and becomes a dog in the manger in the light of Unionist policy."--*The Scotsman*.

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE may be wrong in his facts, but *The Scotsman* seems rather mixed in its figures.

SURPRISING DISCOVERIES.

A MEMBER of the staff of *The Daily Chronicle*, in the course of a taxi-cab drive, recently made the surprising discovery that the chauffeur was an ex-theatrical manager. A most interesting narrative was extracted from him. As the *Chronicle* sapiently remarks: "With this new experience, in which he has proved himself to be a man of resource with no false pride, Mr. ——— would be most useful to any theatrical manager requiring an enterprising individual to look after his interests." It is pleasant to know that within the last few days adventures equally stimulating have fallen to the lot of other journalists.

Thus, while recently returning, in one of the L. C. C. trams, from his residence, Mr. FitzGeorge Crowe, the famous editor of *P. A. P.*, made the soul-shaking discovery that the conductor was none other than the missing Austrian Archduke: who disappeared some years back under the alias of JOHANN ORTH. Slightly condensed by Mr. Crowe's masterly stylo, the Archduke's story runs as follows:—

"I was for several years an artificial-eye-maker's assistant, but wearying of that trade went into business as a bath-chair proprietor at Denmark Hill. The demand for these vehicles, however, proved fluctuating and precarious, and I was obliged to sell my entire stock, except one bathchair, in which I and my family lived for two years before I got my present job.

"Now I am happy again. As an Archduke, I own, the thought of the unearned increment which I enjoyed weighed so heavily on me that I suffered from chronic depression and sought refuge in a morganatic marriage.

"You ask whether I have been recognised by any of my former friends? Honestly, I don't think that I have. You see the uniform is a bit of a disguise, and besides it is contrary to etiquette for an Austrian Archduke to travel in a tram. Still I cannot help thinking that I once saw the GERMAN EMPEROR, disguised as the captain of a penny steamer, board my tram in Camberwell.

"How long shall I remain a tram conductor? That depends on circs and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE. You see that, having become a naturalised British citizen, it would be rather awkward if I resumed my ducal status and exposed myself to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S irresistible invective.

There are times, I admit, when I hanker after the luxuries of Vienna, but the consciousness of a simple life spent in furthering the interests of my fellow-men compensates for everything."

With his new experience (as Mr. Crowe puts it), in which he has proved himself to be a man of admirable efficiency, the Archduke should be most useful to any member of the L.C.C. requiring an enterprising individual to act as his private secretary. In any case it is to be hoped that he will act as



First Golfer. "Who's the TURF-REMOVER?"

Second Golfer. "He's an actor with that SHAKSPEAREAN CROWD at the MUMMERS'—PLAYS THE GRAVE-DIGGER IN HAMLET."

First Golfer. "WISH HE'D FIND SOMEWHERE ELSE TO REHEARSE."

an outside contributor to *P. A. P.*, where his inner knowledge of the Austrian Court should render his "pars" peculiarly palatable to the stalwart Radical readers of that fearless journal.

Only last week a leading member of the staff of *R. O. T. (Rare Old Tosh)* made the astounding discovery that a sandwichman, to whom he had generously offered a Tipperary cigarette, was an ex-leader-writer on the staff of *Bell's Chimes*. The sandwichman's narrative is as follows:—

"For several years I wrote leaders on foreign politics, but finally I had a dispute with the editor. I spoke of

Berlin, to avoid repetition, as 'Athens on the Spree,' and he objected to it as a vulgar periphrasis. Of course I wasn't going to stand that, so I left. I was then six months on *The Daily Maelstrom*, but they sacked me for spelling petrol with an e. Finally, as my supplies ran short, I thought I would take up this business, as I had formerly belonged to the Sandwich Golf Club, and worked hard in order to pass the examination to obtain the police licence. The examination was pretty stiff I can tell you, but my journalistic *flair* stood me in good stead and I came out third of seven hundred, my place entitling me to choose my district and to wear a pair of *Art Nouveau* sandwich-beards with the uniform of a cinquecento Florentine. In this way I have so far succeeded in evading recognition. The work, however, is severe, and I confess to a craving for the old Fleet Street grind. But, of course, I should want a decent salary before I chucked my present job."

With his new experience, in which he has proved himself to be a man of resource and no false pride, this fine fellow would be most useful to any newspaper proprietor requiring a writer steeped in the actuality of London life.

PEBBLY TOM'S ORGY.

"Our countryside teems with food, some of which we insult by the name of fodder, some of which we neglect. After all, our cultivated oats are no more than a slightly enlarged wild oat, and the original of the cabbage can be found growing by English cliffs. . . .

I have often thought of the scope open to a giver of a 'wild dinner party,' and if the food were properly collected and cooked the wild dinner party would escape all comparison with the mad tea party which the title suggests."—Mr. Beach Thomas in "*The Daily Mail*."

HAVING read my article, dear reader, on "Wild Vegetables," will you not join me in a gourmet's ramble? What say you to Epping Forest? Very well, then, let it be Epping.

Thirsty, are you? Then what could be better than a good pull at yonder puddle? Never mind if it looks muddy; mud is an excellent purifier of the blood, and remember that every man is bound to consume his peck of dirt in time.

Lunch time, is it? Then let us make our camp here and consider the menu. For *hors d'œuvre* there are the sticklebacks which we caught in the brook. We have only to hold them over our pipes for a while and they will be as good as smoked sprats. For soup there is the

tail I pulled out of that old ox. It came away with great ease owing to the age of the animal and my healthy dietary ever since I took to eating like NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

For *poisson* there are the gudgeons which we caught in Auntie's hair net, an admirable article for the purpose. Never go for a hungry ramble without an aunt.

We come now to the joint, and here is discovered the usefulness of chancing upon a lost sheep in a desolate spot. Had it been more open and populous we could never have killed it so successfully, while skinning and quartering it would have been more difficult and perilous. As it is, the meat is bound to be rather tough, but as the week wears on it will get better and better; unless of course our forest larder is discovered.

For vegetables there are the nettles, which are far better than spinach, the pignuts and the wild carrot.

Next the game. Here we attack the moorhen which so providentially fell to my aim, accurate throwing being of the highest value to the countryside diner, and with it a dandelion salad, upon which the oil from two or three handfuls of tadpoles has been squeezed.

For sweets there is nothing better than a little wild honey from an old tree, but in default of this we may eat the blossom of the clover and honeysuckle. For dessert the crab-apple and the sloe. For coffee the powdered sorrel, and for the cigar the famous "Flor de Wiggs" from the nearest cabbage-patch.

As for the supplementary articles, we can get them, too: bread should be easy when the fields are so full of corn, and for butter of course you have only to seek the buttercup. The milkwort is equally rich in milk. Mustard grows in every field. Salt, I will admit, bothers me, but why not do without it?

The total cost has been the match that lit the fire. Even a duke might live in this luxury, and, indeed, it was largely because I and my paper so feel for the ruined ducal industry that I wrote the article.

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

Mr. *Punch* recommends any chilly mortals who are just now suffering from the shivers to follow the opportune example of Tottenham Hotspur and other London Football Clubs, who have begun a noble endeavour to restore their circulation with practice games. A picture in *The Daily Mirror* of August 12, exhibiting a perspiring forward in a sun-hat, is evidence of true British determination not to run the risk of getting chilblained in this weather. Persons of less sporting tendencies, but endowed with a salamander temperament, may find other



Macdougall. "YON'S AN AWFU' LIKE SIGHT TO SEE ON THE SANBATH, ANGUS!"

Angus. "AND WHAT AWFU' LIKE SIGHT DO YE SEE, MACDOUGALL?"

Macdougall. "THERE'S AIRCHIE AN' HIS LASS SMILING AND HURRYING AS IF IT WAS A WEEK-DAY, JUST."

ways of escaping the Arctic rigours of the dog-days. Thus, should any immediate vacancy occur in the House of Commons, the existing atmosphere of St. Stephen's may be relied upon to keep off frost-bite, if the patient can safely weather an August by-election. On a Budget night the temperature approaches three figures, and furs need not then be worn.

For women we strongly advise the Wearing of the Green, plus white and purple. The adoption of these now

familiar colours is frequently found to develop a considerable amount of heat, especially after collisions with the police.

We feel confident that, without such banal methods as lighting a fire, blowing fingers, swinging arms, or rushing off to the Riviera, we can safeguard our numbed readers' extremities for this week at least. The Hotspurs have Mr. *Punch's* warmest congratulation for not belying their name, and for giving a lead to lethargic and blue-nosed Londoners.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To anybody suffering from a surfeit of divorce-problems who is in need, as he ought to be, of a complete change, I heartily recommend *The Castle by the Sea*, designed by H. B. MARRIOR-WATSON and built by METHUEN. There, within smell of the Atlantic, he may revel in the spirit of adventure and in an atmosphere of momentous and incredible events. He will hob-nob with the fugitive *Sir Gilbert*, a sportsman with an unconscious philosophy, and fall in love with the beautiful *Perdita*, who not only says she is, but is, adorable. My student of the morbid will not have been in this Devonshire resort for twenty pages before the fresh air will have filled him with a new energy, and he will thereupon plunge into the ancient smugglers' caves devoted to modern nefarious uses, to escape with his life (if any) in his hand. Later, in the calmer moments of reaction, duty may compel him to criticise an excess of melodramatic and romantic incident which inclination prompted him to enjoy, but even he will admit the charm of humour which permeates the whole. He will miss his accustomed innuendo and habitual problems, and may wonder why on earth I recommended to him so juvenile a book. Then, if he is the clever lad he pretends to be, he will suddenly understand. I knew that the bright and healthy change would do him good.

What I like least about *The Way Things Happen* (LANE) is the title, because, as a matter of fact, the events in Mr. HUGH DE SÉLINCOURT'S amiable fantasy fall out after a fashion not at all that of actual life. Indeed, "The Way things are Written About" would have been a truer label for what I feel to be rather a successful literary exercise than the result of honest observation. *Miss Paul* was a maiden lady with a limited income who inhabited the top floor of a house in the Marylebone Road. The lodger below was one *Dr. Paveley*, who, a confirmed misogynist in the first four chapters, asks *Miss Paul* to marry him in the fifth. There is also another suitor, very rich, who meets *Miss Paul* in an omnibus, and proposes to her a few days later. This is the one that she weds; and then, a little brutally, Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT kills the husband in a motor-accident, and leaves his heroine a rich widow. However, the last part of the book is by far the most sincere; and well told is the development of the ex-*Miss Paul* into the almost legendary benefactress of her poorer neighbours. On the whole, if Mr. DE SÉLINCOURT ever thinks of dividing his works after a certain celebrated example, *The Way Things Happen*, despite its artificiality, will go justly under the heading of Novels Pleasant. That is why I am the more sorry that, of all the characters, the only one in which I can really believe is the Blue Russian

kitten—and even this is a matter of outside evidence, not unconnected with a recent appearance of the same animal in a published interview with its distinguished owner.

You would think that it needed, in these days, an exceptional gift of nautical bluff for the crew of a tramp to board a liner, smash its machinery, pinch the contents of its safe, row off with the richest passenger, and then turn up later on from another quarter with offers of salvage. Yet *ARTHUR BRENNER*, the author of *John Saint* (WARNE), contrives to give plausibility to this adventure, as conducted by the mate of *The Four Winds*, who gives his name to the book. By the aid of a little moral philosophy, not too expensive, and a repertoire of allusive comparisons well within the range of a popular encyclopædia, Mr. BRENNER wants to persuade the

average reader that there is something stronger in this tale than mere stuff for boys. *John Saint*, ex-gentleman, and constructed for better things, failed to get rid of the relics (eventually resurgent) of a conscience, and this failure, while it spoiled his chance of being a really perfect villain, was the recurring source of internal conflicts which give a certain quality of romance to a book in which the feminine element, commonly supposed to be requisite to romance, is quite subordinate; for the one woman in the cast, though necessary to the plot, has only a very small speaking part. Mr. BRENNER, if he has not exactly achieved literature, has at least written a good breezy tale, that smacks true of salt seas, and, unlike the poor tramp ("blistered in the Doldrums, frozen round the Horn," as he says of it in a phrase fit for a KIPLING chanty) is full of seaworthiness. Mr. LANCELOT SPEED'S illustrations, both plain and coloured, are effective, but I wish that he had given us more of the sea itself, for he



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—I.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND SHOWING THE LADIES OF THE COURT HOW HE CLIMBED THE OAK TREE.

knows better than most how to draw waves and ships sitting on them.

"John Strange Winter" in *The Daily Mail*:

"At the same time I cannot forget that my grandmother and my mother-in-law were both married at eighteen—one being twenty-two, the other twenty-one."

It is certainly the sort of thing one would always remember.

"A new office has been organised at the British Museum, that of Assistant Keeper to Mr. Sidney Colvin."—*Daily Telegraph*.

The mid-day meal is administered at I. Admittance by white ticket.

"Seaton had very hard luck in losing two men leg before wicket, after having the game well in hand."—*Devon and Exeter Gazette*.

Why won't the umpires keep their eyes on the score?



Helpmeet. "FRANKIE DEAR, SHALL I READ TO YOU WHILE YOU DO THAT?"

CRICKET AS SHE IS REPORTED.

THAT'S right, kick me, and I beg yours, was the order of things at Clacton yesterday as the crowd surged through the clickers to watch the match played between 17 of the district and a bag of nuts brought down by Artie Maclean (who ought never to play again in a Test Match) of Rutland. Special interest was attached to the game as his side included Douglas Cairns, the wiggly-wizard or disappearing-man king.

Artie called bird and looked chirpy; so sauntered seventeen out to a wicket that looked a bit MARIE LLOYD, but really was a veritable pride of Pont Street. Followed Charles Burge and Tenent, the latter taking a nice four-pennorth off the first ball, a sea serpent on the legs. However, on trying to repeat the stroke, up went the black flag at the other end, only to be hauled down a minute later, as apparently the ball had been played. "I never said—" but that's another story. Anyhow, the next ball caused the death rattle; a sort of ball that shrieks, turns, apologises, and then gently fells the middle ash! In ambled Alfredo, but, after a deep dive at the first, came up again at the Pavilion steps. The next of the side made the score mount up like the 2d.'s in a taxi, and it looked like a case of all day and Martin for

the Shrimpers; but with 372 for 5 on the blinds Artie called the cows home.

The local innings reminded me of a funeral, and several willows were weeping; Cairns wasn't, but then he had the job; and Walter Barley, at the other end, looked like a man who had the key of the hutch in his pocket.

With the exception of Grunt, the home skipper, none of the side did anything to put on clean flannels about. That Grunt hit some pretty how-do's, and everybody was sorry when he was sent home by a creeper.

It should be mentioned that Lawson was unable to field, as in opening a telegram he slightly strained his heart.

Taken as a whole the game was a pretty tidy regatta. Everybody was pleased, and the folk had something to tell Auntie of. Met a chap afterwards in the guard's van; said he to me, "They could play and we couldn't, and that's the diff."

"The steamer Letty arrived on Thursday last with a salvage cargo from the steamer Slavonia, which included 34 bales of domestics."

Journal of Commerce.

Just the cargo you would expect on the *Slavonia*. (We don't mind saying this sort of thing now that London is so empty).

Judging by Appearances.

"Then the engine left the metals and swung completely round. Then there was an explosion, and the passengers knew that a serious accident had taken place." — *Manchester Courier*.

The Journalistic Touch.

"By a strange coincidence the residence of this clergyman stands on the exact site of the house in which for many years lived the notorious Charles Peace." — *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

"With 29 up Hornby played rather easily at a slow ball from Trott, which broke back and bowled him after being joined by Tyldesley." — *Lancashire Daily Post*.

If it broke back and then waited for TYLDESLEY, it must have been a very slow ball.

Spinster Lady (anxious about the health of a pet dog which is out in the garden). "What is the darling doing, Jane?"

Jane. "He's eating a little grass, Miss."

[Interval of three minutes.] *Spinster Lady (presently).* "And what is he doing now, Jane?"

Jane. "Still grazing, Miss."

From an advertisement in *The Garden*: "D—'s Flat Fanshaped Broom. Designed especially for the lawns of the Nobility." As a last resort the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND may have to sell his broom.

THE NEW FOLKS AT HOME.

London (Eng.).

DEAR SADIE,—You must have been thinking hard things about poor little me for not writing before, but I've been too busy to breathe, almost, tearing around and sight-seeing; so you must overlook it this time, and I will be good in future. We're located here at present, me and Pop and Cy, that is. The hotel is a one-horse shack in some ways and only about six floors up, but, as Pop says, it hasn't burnt down yet, which is something to be thankful for, and if nothing happens we may finish the vacation here.

Sadie, you *must* make the trip next year. It's simply great, and I haven't been disappointed yet. The place is full of Britishers and they're *just* like what you read about in the magazines—stupid and homely-looking (the women I mean), and so polite. Only yesterday I boarded a car on Fleet Street—it's one of the main roads here—in a rush-hour, and the conductor said, "Thank you," when I paid him! Store-keepers just the same, too. And everybody speaks with such a funny accent, you wouldn't believe; but I can understand them pretty well now, and get on O.K.

Some of the side-shows here are worth the passage money to see, and you'd be tickled to death if you could come rubbing with us. Right here, about a couple of blocks from the Parliament, there's one of the cutest abbeys I ever clapped eyes on, with the queerest old-time fixings and things that you can imagine. I could have spent a whole forenoon there, almost, I was so stuck on it; but we're pressed for time and Pop's schedule doesn't allow for much. I'm sending you a postal by this mail, so you can see for yourself what it's like.

You would laugh, Sadie! Cy came rushing in just before lunch as mad as a wet hen! He went into one of these Strand saloons and asked the bar-tender (they are females here) if she could shake a cocktail, and she said, certainly she could; so Cy called for a Highball, and the woman gave him gin-and-something and charged him eighteen cents for it, and then the man next to Cy told him the right price was twelve cents for a gin and bitters. Well, Cy got mad and scratched up the dust and claimed that it was not a fair deal, and the girl said, yes it was, the lemon-peel made the difference; so Cy asked her if she thought he'd got bats in his belfry? and she said the interpreter was out having his dinner, but she'd try to understand if he'd speak slower! Pop cracked his sides almost when he heard about it.

We went to a swell crush at a country house last week and I enjoyed myself

considerable, but I wish Pop had not offered to buy the place, because I warned him not to, and the man it belonged to turned as cold as a clam, and dropped the glass out of his eye, and said he could not entertain the proposition for an instant. But that's Pop all the time! spot cash and clear the deal! This one did not pan out, and Pop was side-tracked for once. Well, I met a terrible good-looking man there, and he brought me some strawberries and fal-lals, and we had a good time munching. He's called The O'Stickjaugh (though it's pronounced quite different), and you mustn't call him Mister, or My Lord, or anything like that, and he's head of the whole push, and all the other O'S's don't amount to shucks when this one is around. He told me that England is played out and that only the Kelts are any use. It appears his clan is Keltic, so I asked him why he didn't stay up in his hills and make homespun and haddocks, and he seemed a bit rattled, and said I couldn't be expected to understand these things all at once. Then there was another man, an Englishman this time: he came and sat down and said that if I wanted anything he would tell somebody to get it for me! I looked at Cy (he was running around like a dog at a fair) and told the man I did not believe in slave labour, and why did he look so miserable, anyway? Was it money or an entanglement? Well, he just polished his glass and said he was worried to death about his golf, because he had gone clean off his form and could not understand the reason, by Jove!—Land's sake!

Oh, Sadie, do you remember the Saddlebags? Well, I ran across old man Saddlebag at a picture gallery and he looked as though he had dropped a nickel down a grating, so I let him take me to lunch. He told me Mrs. Saddlebag had divorced him on account of his wearing spectacles and looking mean in consequence. He pleaded myopia (I'm not sure about the spelling) at the trial, but the judge said he was not going to let any technical point interfere with justice; so they jarred loose, and the old man got his walking-papers, and Mrs. Saddlebag has gone in for jigsaws. I thought you would like to know.

There was a railway accident here a little time ago, a silly little thing—only two men killed; and the papers are cracking on about it so, anybody would think that something had happened! They have arrested a signalman or somebody, and are going to try him for manslaughter! Pop says they always do that over here, and that Britishers' ideas are quite different from ours. I guess they must be!

I went to a polo match last week and Myrtle Dikkerson happened along, so we had a crack, and she gave me all her news. She's in the worst kind of a fix because she's got engaged to a continental baron, and can't speak a word of his language! It's too bad, and I'm real sorry for her; but she's got a conversation book, and you know what a persevering girl she is.

I must quit right now or I shall be late for the theater, so goodbye for the present. Shall see you again in the fall.

Yours as before, ELMIRA.

THE SCHOOL OF MODESTY.

ONLY one of the critical cricketers-in *The Daily Mail* remains; and he—our own J. T. TYLDESLEY—continues his masterly policy of self-effacement. Thus:—

LANCASHIRE v. KENT.

Lancashire were disappointing to-day, but the luck was against them. Everyone did his best, but there are times in a match when everything goes wrong. I had the good fortune to stop one or two nasty ones. Let us hope to-morrow will be kinder to us.

Score.

A. H. Hornby, run out	3
Makepeace, b. Carr	2
Tyldesley (J. T.), not out	251
Sharp, b. Blythe	11
K. G. Macleod, b. Carr	0
&c., &c.	

LANCASHIRE v. SURREY.

It was indeed a good thing for Lancashire that HITCH was not on the wicket, or who knows what might have happened to some of our timbers? As it was we did pretty well, and Mr. MACLEOD'S innings was a marvel. So was MAKEPEACE'S and Mr. HARTLEY'S. We ought to win.

Score.

R. H. Spooner, c. Strudwick, b. Lees...	9
Makepeace, b. Thompson	4
Tyldesley (J. T.), b. Lees	183
Sharp, b. Thompson	4
K. G. Macleod, not out	25
A. H. Hornby, run out	0
C. R. Hartley, c. Strudwick, b. Hitch ..	20
&c., &c.	

LANCASHIRE v. SUSSEX.

Owing to a variety of causes Lancashire came out to-day on top on the first innings. I never saw SHARP play better: his timing was a treat to watch. Mr. HORNBY also took the long handle to some purpose. No other innings calls for remark.

Score.

R. H. Spooner, b. A. E. Relf	8
A. C. Maclaren, b. Cox	7
Tyldesley (J. T.), not out	302
Sharp, c. Smith, b. Vine	51
A. H. Hornby, b. A. E. Relf	31
Makepeace, b. Cox	0
&c., &c.	



MORE VICTIMS OF THE BUDGET.

[Owing to the superior claims of the Budget upon popular attention, the usual silly-season correspondents find themselves without employment.]



OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB.

Excited and confident Chorus. "HOW 'S THAT?"

Umpire. "I WASN'T LOOKING—DO IT AGAIN."

OPERATIC REALISM.

MR. SANKEY MORRELL, the great *impresario*, writes to us to call attention to some remarks made by Mr. CHARLES MANNERS *apropos* of his production of *Rienzi* at the Lyric Theatre.

Mr. MANNERS is reported as saying:—

"I have never attempted anything on so grand a scale before. Gladiators, Roman soldiers, and diplomats will all be suitably arrayed. There will be five ambassadors and their suites in one of the scenes, and in the last Act the sacking of Rome will be depicted with realistic effects that reach the limit of safety. I shall have as many as 140 people on the stage at one time, and it will be no easy matter to find room for them all."

On this, Mr. Sankey Morrell comments as follows: "Without wishing to institute any invidious comparisons, I wish to point out that at my forthcoming production of *Carmen* at the Agricultural Hall effects will be introduced which have never before been seen on any stage. The brigands in the Third Act have been imported from Catalonia at great expense, and their booty includes several dozen frozen Chinese pigs, twenty butts of dry ginger ale, besides a captive balloon and fifty strings of Spanish onions. In the last Act, by kind permission of Lord CARRINGTON, several real Irish bulls will be introduced; the cigarettes consumed by

Carmen and her lady friends will be of the Sinn Fein brand, and the smoking of them will be depicted with realistic effects which reach the limit. The stage crowd will include Carthaginians, Basques, Celto-Iberians, Troglodytes and Phagocytes, all of whom will be not merely suitably but sumptuously arrayed. I may add, that by way of testing the musical capacity of the governing classes I have sent invitations to every peer in the realm to attend the opening performance."

HINTS TO HIS GRACE.

["Thirdly, he (Sir Edward Grey) holds that some owners of property could earn something themselves. I wish he had indicated in what manner; but as he seems to be kind enough to consider my unpaid work more valuable to the public than anything I could earn, I am absolved from the necessity of considering what remunerative employment I could undertake at the age of sixty-three which would bring in a sufficient income to be of any appreciable assistance to me in meeting increased taxation."—*The Duke of Northumberland* in "The Times."]

SIR EDWARD GREY is silent. Let us try to supply some useful suggestions. That money is to be made in endless ways even by sexagenarians is beyond question. Nor is the age any bar to enterprise. Look at Count ZEPPELIN, well over seventy, but simply crammed with beans. Sixty-three is nothing.

There are, to begin with, always the Music Halls. If the Duke cared to try his luck there he would make a fortune. No need to do anything but walk on, describe his income and expenditure, say a few terse things against the Government (always a popular line to follow in the Halls), and retire. He could, of course, if his artistic conscience demanded it, learn some small trick, a feat of juggling, a song, a dance, but it would be a superfluity. The Duke alone would be the attraction.

GREAT SENSATION.

REAL DUKE APPEARS NIGHTLY.

VICTIM OF BUDGET ON VIEW.

Such lines as these would fill any Hall.

There are other not less simple means of acquiring wealth. There must be in London alone, even now in August, a thousand hostesses who would willingly contribute a handsome sum for the privilege of including the Duke in their next dinner-party. He could not go to all, but he might put himself up to auction for, say, thirty evenings. The only effect would be that his income-tax would cost him more.

There are company promoters also who would be very happy to arrange for the Duke's alliance—or we are greatly mistaken.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Uncle John—Captain John Lambert, late 28th Hussars—aged 44.)

Little Arthur. What do you think of life, Uncle John?

Uncle John. Oh, come, I say, Arty, that's a pretty stiff question.

L. A. Is it, Uncle John? I thought you would be able to tell me something about it. You've lived a good long time, you know.

U. J. I'm not so sure about that, old man. Lots of people have lived much more. If you come to think of it, I'm not so very long in the tooth. Your father thinks I'm a sort of perpetual two-year-old—eh, what?

L. A. Does he, Uncle John? I'm sure that's very unjust of him.

U. J. That's what I always say; but it's a hard world, and it's no use complaining.

L. A. But what do you think of life, Uncle John?

U. J. Well, if you *must* know, I think it's a doosid serious thing, especially when the bills come in.

L. A. Bills, Uncle John? How do you mean?

U. J. Ah, you'll find out some day. It's this way. Just when you think you're going ahead like a streak of lightning your tailor and your bootmaker and your haberdasher and the man at the flower-shop send you their blessed accounts, and, instead of having a nice pocketful of money, you find you've got a bit less than nothing. It's cruel luck, but it's no good fighting against it. I've done my best, but they've always scored off me in the end.

L. A. But you bought the things, didn't you, Uncle John?

U. J. Oh, I daresay I bought 'em all right; but paying for 'em's quite another pair of shoes, as you'll find. If this mouldy Government were any good they'd pass a law abolishing bills for ever. I'd vote for 'em right enough if they'd do that. As it is, a poor beggar never gets a chance. Think of the things I might have done if it hadn't been for bills. They're the curse of a fellow's life, and that's the long and the short of it.

L. A. But the other day, Uncle John, you said women were the curse of existence. I heard you say it, you know.

U. J. Did you now? Well, you weren't meant to hear it, anyhow.

L. A. But what did you mean, Uncle John?

U. J. Meant what I said.

L. A. But do you think women and bills are the same thing? When you met Miss Hickson on Tuesday—

U. J. Ah, you've just hit the difference there. I could meet the women every time, bless their little hearts; but as for meeting a bill it's death to me. Never could do it. Besides, no bill ever chucked a man—sticks to him like a leech, you know—but it comes to the same thing in the end, misery and all that.

L. A. But you don't *seem* very miserable, Uncle John.

U. J. Don't I, o'd man? I daresay I manage to keep a laugh going, you know, but in my heart I'm as desperate as they make 'em. Mustn't give the show away, though. Never say die.

L. A. But then you do think life is a very serious thing, Uncle?

U. J. Serious isn't the word, my boy. It's simply gloomy—that's what it is.

L. A. But I wonder what Papa meant when he said you'd never be brought to take a serious view of life? He said that to Mamma.

U. J. Oh, he said that, did he? Well, your father doesn't understand me, that's all. He never did and he never will.

L. A. But he said he could read you like a book.

U. J. Like a book, did he? I wish he'd read my book on the last Newmarket Meeting. He'd understand a thing or two then. But what did your mother say?

L. A. Mamma said he mustn't be too hard on you, he must think how you were brought up.

U. J. There's an unnatural girl for you, and my own sister, too.

L. A. Oh, Uncle, you mustn't say that. She does like your jokes, you know. You always make her laugh; and I've seen Papa laugh when you've been playing the fool.

U. J. Playing the *what*? Come, I say, old man, that's hardly respectful, is it?

L. A. I'm sorry, Uncle John, but it was Papa who said it. He said that was your strong point.

U. J. Well, it's lucky I've got one.

L. A. Yes, Uncle, it is. Then you do advise me to consider life a serious thing?

U. J. Certainly; I've said so before.

L. A. Papa says the same thing, and so does Mamma, and so does Mabel. But you said yesterday that a chap who didn't get a bit of fun out of life was no use to anybody.

U. J. That's right enough, too.

L. A. But if it's such a serious thing, how am I to get any fun out of it?

U. J. Look at me. I manage to rub along all right.

L. A. Ah, but you say that in your heart you're as desperate as they make 'em, and life's simply gloomy. I don't see—

U. J. I daresay you don't, but you can keep trying. Trot off now and have a bit of fun with Miss MacBrayne. She's waiting for you with the English Grammar.

WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD.

[“Day after day Hyde Park is strewn with repellent bodies, the more objectionable because not dead. They are so thick on the grass that one is forced to go near them, and the sight leaves one sick for several hours. . . . Their most evident marks are liquid gluttony and vicious exhaustion.”—*Saturday Review*.]WHAT kind of man, O *Saturday Review*,Hast thou unearthed to sing thy wrath and thunder,
That draws a smile, and then a frown or two,
But most of all unutterable wonder?I, reading with amazement, marvel much
What kind of man possesses such a touch.Is he some Pharisee of spotless worth,
Devoutly thankful he is not as others,
Who, looking on these clods that foul the earth,
Declines to see in them his fallen brothers,
And feels his spirit outraged when he sees
That he must breathe the selfsame air as these?Or is it youth that feeds his pen with gall,
Great youth, that sees the world with perfect clarity,
And, never doubting, gives their due to all,
Untainted by the vice of Christian charity?
Only the penetrating eye of youth
Sees with such certainty where lies the truth.Or is this rage assumed? Methinks I hear
A tender-hearted greybeard softly sighing;
Upon his eyelid lurks a tell-tale tear
For this sad spindrift round about him lying;
Then, shamed of so much weakness, he conceals
In these wild words the fact that he still feels.“Mr. M—, on behalf of the parishioners, then asked Canon B— to accept the presentation, which took the form of a presentation.”—*Cape Times*.

This saves a lot of bother.

MR. PUNCH'S RELIABLE GUIDE TO POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORTS.

No. IV.—BLUMENALP, SWITZERLAND.



1. CORRECT WALKING COSTUME.
4. MERRY SWISS BOY TODELLING.

2. METHOD OF SHOWING CHAMOIS.
5. TOURISTS SEARCHING FOR EDELWEISS.

3. GUIDE DIRECTING CLIMBERS' FOOTSTEPS.
6. EVENING CONCERT ON ALPINE PASTURAGE.

— LEWIS BAYLER —

A LINE FROM THE WILDERNESS.

MY THOUGHTFUL FRIEND,—I can never thank you sufficiently for the picture-postcard of Lynton which the postman brought me this morning. As I said to the policeman on duty at Wellington Street to-day, "The next best thing to being on the Devon coast with Miss Middleton is to have her picture-postcard of Lynton on your mantelpiece at home." He waved back a motor-bus, and replied briefly, "You shouldn't say your 'mantelpiece'—Lady Grove doesn't like it." "I don't like it myself," I said, "but the landlord won't do anything."

By way of return I am sending you thirteen picture-postcards of the House of Commons. I only wanted one, but the lady in the shop said it came cheaper if you took thirteen. I don't believe it did. As far as I can make out, it came elevenpence dearer. Anyhow, note the pigeon on the extreme right as you face the picture; he is said to be Mr. HALDANE'S favourite.

It is no good your trying to make me jealous with your tales of high diving and shipwrecks. We are having just as good fun in London. Sometimes we go for drives, and sometimes we wander down by the river; and after tea we stroll into the park and tell Colonial strangers delightful stories about gold bricks. We often make as much as £200 a night in this way. As we pocket the cheque we add, "Oh, by-the-bye, do you know that other *very* funny story about the Spanish Prisoner? I *must* tell you that." And if they haven't heard it before it means another £100. There is a simplicity about our visitors which is very touching.

In the evening I console myself with a new game, which we will play together when you come back (if you are not too proud). This is how: you open an A. B. C. railway guide at random, and choose which of the twenty-odd places on the two pages you will go to. Then the other person does the same; and then of course you tell him how much nicer your place is than his. (It doesn't sound much, but neither would cricket if you tried to explain it in a letter.) You choose your place partly by the name, and partly by the county it's in, and the distance from London and the number of trains a day, and so on. It happens sometimes that you select a jolly-sounding place like Bayswater, and then find at the last moment that there are so many trains to it that it can't be in the Lake District after all. So you have to be careful. I may tell you in confidence that the real snip winner on the Bayswater page is Bealings; you can only get there once on Sundays. I should say it was on the sea, wouldn't

you? We could sail round Bealings Bluff and have tea at that little cottage by the coastguard station. And if you *must* do your high dive, there is a place halfway down Bealings Ness— Oh, jolly!

Don't go and get wrecked on a desert island without me, there's a dear. I spent a night on an uninhabited island once, but that was before I knew you. Oh, I did really—off the coast of Scotland. ("Tales of my Dead Past.") But there were no goats and no axes and no nothing. Only me. I had a keg—I mean a flask of brandy, though, and a rifle. And I made a footprint in the sand overnight and really staggered back next morning at the size of it. It must have grown. But it rained a good deal, I remember, and I fell over a small cliff in the misty dawn, and the flask leaked, and—I don't know who works these things; I may be wrong, but it didn't seem to me to be quite entering into the spirit of the adventure.

I saw a postman in spectacles yesterday for the first time in my life; not that I ever particularly wanted to see one. Why should they be so rare? This one was a very good specimen, I should say. You never see them at Lynton, do you? Own up. After all, you've got the hills and the sea, and you can't have everything.

Can you stop the side-stroke for a moment to listen to me? I need your advice. You're a young woman of tact and—and—well, tact, that's the word I want.

A year ago I was asked to a wedding, and I resolved that—even if I was the only one—I would send a present to the bride. After a lot of thought I decided on an egg-boiler. These are very handy things, because when you have visitors you can say casually to them, "By the way, I was just thinking of having a lightly boiled egg—I wonder if you would care to join me?" And there is no business of ringing up the *chef*.

Well, I was out of London at the time, so I wrote to David, and told him that he was to buy and dispatch a wedding present for me. I said that I didn't want to spend more than a million pounds, and that there was no need to spend less; that in fact I had fixed upon a million pounds as the sum I could afford, and that he could please himself what he chose, but that I *had* rather thought of egg-boilers.

By a curious chance David knew a man whose one idea in life was to make egg-boilers by the thousand for the people in shops who try to sell them. As an old friend of David's this man was prepared to let him have a boiler upon wholesale and incredible terms. For a million pounds he would sell him a work of art for which the ordinary retail

jeweller would charge no less than five million. How did that strike him?

It struck David so forcibly that he planked down the million, placed my card in the place where the methylated spirit goes, and forwarded it to the lady. Several days later, of course, I received a grateful letter from her, and some days after that I wrote David a similar one. There you would say the story should end; but it doesn't. For I have just received an invitation to the double wedding of the lady's two sisters; and the thing that worries me now is—*what on earth can I give them?*

You do see why, don't you? It has either got to be egg-boilers again or it hasn't. If it hasn't, then it must be sugar-sifters, and David doesn't know anybody who sells sugar-sifters. I still can't afford more than a million pounds; but this time it will only look like a million, and Edith and Daisy will be sure to notice the difference. I never saw the egg-boiler, but from all accounts it was in solid gold throughout, with, perched on top, an emblematic hen, cut out of some still more precious metal—radium perhaps. What will they think, to have plated sifters palmed off on *them*? When Molly was the youngest!

But if we go in for egg-boilers again, won't the family think it rather funny? It doesn't show *much* originality; the mind appears to work in a groove. They may even fancy that I have a kink somewhere. I see them introducing me to the company—the tapped forehead, and the warning whisper, "Ahem! egg-boilers."

Now then, give me your advice, and then go on swimming again. It's David's fault for being so grasping. You see that, of course. So I suggest that he should simply give his whole mind for the next month to the problem of finding a man who makes sugar-sifters. That he should then follow him to Brighton, push him off the pier, and rescue him . . . and so up to the ware house together.

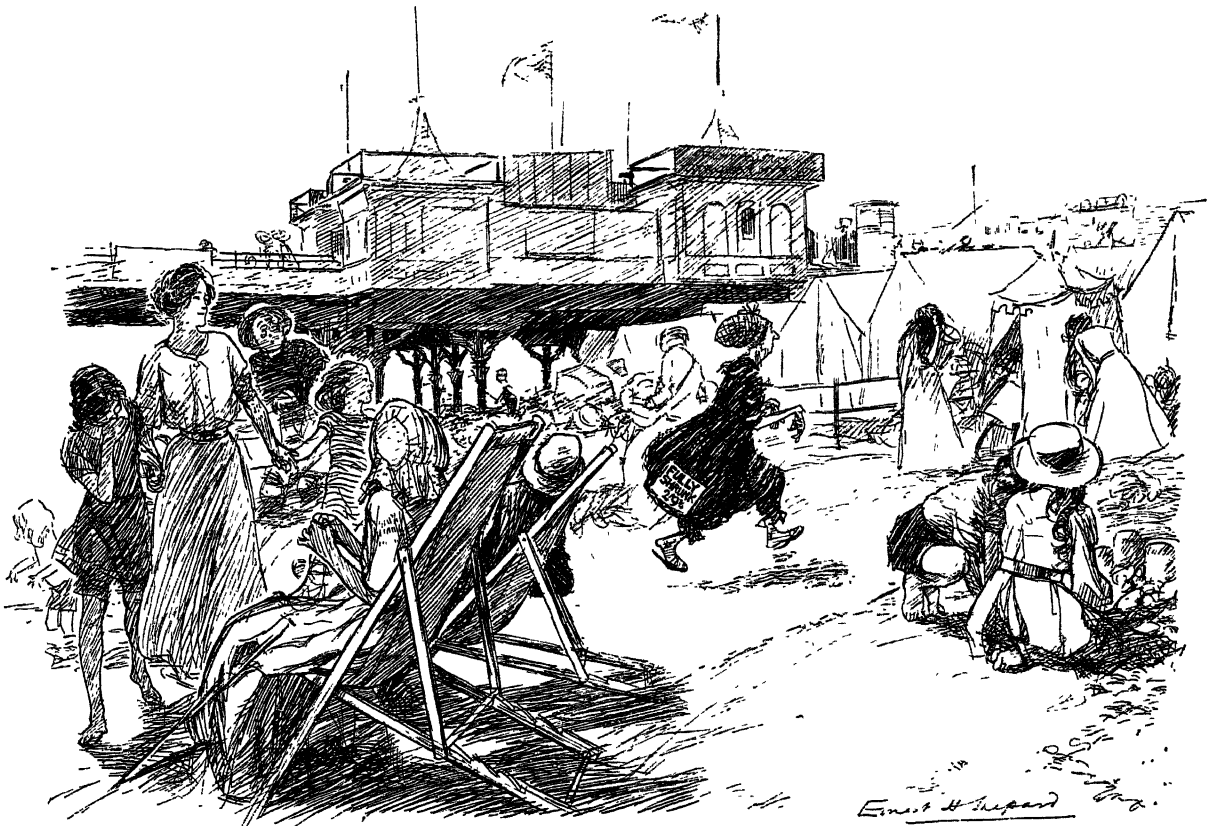
But still more, of course, you see that in the beginning it arose from my being out of London. *That* is what I am trying to bring home to you. Poor girl, stuck miserably on the Devon coast—what trouble you may be laying up for yourself!

A. A. M.

The Daily Mail is giving prominent announcement in its columns to the fact that it has issued a book that "will not sell." It asks

"Can any one explain to us why it is that *The Daily Mail* has only sold 32,000 copies of this volume?"

Our opinion is that this beggarly result is due to nothing but lack of advertisement.



AWFUL WARNING TO LADIES INVESTING IN NEW BATHING CONFECTIONS!

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE FUTURE.

[The long sittings in the House of Commons leads *The Mail* to anticipate a new kind of Cabinet Minister—one chosen first of all for his physical endurance.]

Nor his to lead a rapt, submissive retinue,
 Not his to hear his lavish praises sung,
 Not his to catch a whispered "Sir, we've met in you
 The leader sought—ambitious, brave and young."
 For him no hall where gather, simple witted,
 The slaves whose fierce devotion naught can quench :
 Such things he never knew who late has quitted
 The utmost private bench.

And mum in hall, no man than he was mummer
 When duty bade him haunt the House he hated ;
 The Lobby, too, he dodged. Of no new-comer
 Is knowledge less, are fewer yarns related.
 Yet they who know their REDMONDS (JOHN and WILLIE R.)
 Their BALFOUR, GEORGE, and GREY, their mem'ries hunt,
 Wondering why *his* face too is not familiar
 Whose place is now in front.

They whisper queries ; watch the abject terror
 With which his earliest question he surveys ;
 They see him rise, and note the childish error
 Which marks how small his lore of City ways
 Then one explains : " He *can't* keep hearers captive,
 Nor keep accounts, and yet, the truth to break,
 There's none to present needs who's more adaptive,
 For he can keep awake."

"Here a splendid dinner was in waiting, and ceremony being brushed aside, everyone soon put hunger into the arena of forgetfulness."—*Ballymena Observer*.

Other things were put into the arena too, no doubt.

THE GILDED INVASION.

We hear that Mr. Volney Sprague, who recently crossed the Atlantic with a number of other prominent New Yorkers, has converted Wharfedale, where he rents the largest grouse moors in Yorkshire, into a perfect paradise. The once unsightly ruin of Bolton Abbey has been transformed into a magnificent mansion of sixty storeys high, the top ten storeys being apportioned to the army of 500 beaters who accompany Mr. Sprague on the moors. Mr. HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY, it will be remembered, employs only 100 men in this capacity, and they are obliged to find their own lodging. Mr. Sprague's beaters, on the other hand, have permanent quarters in the sky-scraping château of their munificent employer. Their wives are each presented weekly with a new pearl necklace and a Gainsborough hat, and their children are educated free at Eton and Roedean.

At the unanimous request of all the inhabitants this beautiful tract of country has now been renamed New Yorkshire, and (if the consent of a famous Soap king can be obtained) the Wharfe will be rechristened the New Hudson.

Mr. Volney Sprague, whose wife is a daughter of the Egg king, Mr. Columbus Harridan, travelled from London to Leeds yesterday in a special bomb-proof, fluorescent, platinoid Pullman car. During the journey Mrs. Sprague wore in rapid succession the tiaras of SEMIRAMIS, CLEOPATRA, MESSALINA and Queen ELIZABETH, which form an insignificant portion of her personal jewellery, and her guests were regaled with choice chansons by Madame MELBA and Signor CARUSO, accompanied by M. PADEREWSKI. The cost of this railway concert alone is estimated at £100,000. The company also included Mr. Larry Pottinger, the Lard emperor ; Mr. Ira D. Joram, the Tripe Tsar, and Mrs. Stanleyette Bangs, only daughter of Mr. Agrippa Bangs, the Onion archduke.



Officer of the Day. "ANY COMPLAINTS?"

Corporal. "YES, SIR. PLEASE, SIR, THERE'S TWO TEETOTALERS IN THIS TENT, AN' AS THERE'S NOTHING TO DRINK BUT BEER, THEY'VE HAD TO BREAK!"

RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS HOMES.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

I WAS playing golf the day
That the Germans landed.
All our troops had run away;
All our ships were stranded;
And the thought of England's shame
Altogether spoilt my game.

AUNT.

Aunt, a most delightful soul,
But with little self-control,
Grew unconscionably waxy
When run over by a taxi.
She could not have made more fuss
Had it been a motor-bus.

FATHER.

During dinner at the Ritz
Father kept on having fits,
And, which made my sorrow greater,
I was left to tip the waiter.

LONG-SHORE NOTES.

IN an article on "Little Creatures of the Seashore" in *The Daily Mail* of August 19, Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS states that "the whelk is an easy and most amusing animal to observe." Personally, we have never had the good fortune to catch this British univalve in one of his lighter and more frivolous moods, having generally seen him and his brother Gasteropod, the periwinkle or wilk, depressed by their humiliating situation on a barrow, and awaiting pin-pricks up a side-street. We therefore refrained from pursuing his acquaintance. But with a title like *Buccinum undatum*, familiarised in North Britain by the pet name of "Buckie," no doubt he has his humorous points, not the least being a proboscis capable of boring through other molluscs' shells and devouring the astonished inmates.

Among the other entertainers who are enjoying a successful season this year around our coasts, we may mention the large influx of sharks, reported by the

local papers as having quite a vogue. While absolutely innocent of man-slaying intent, they are responsible for delightful little interludes of *sauve-qui-peut* in mixed bathing circles.

The jelly-fish also are on their mettle, especially in the Solent and along the Yorkshire littoral, doubtless in the latter case with the idea of titillating an aquatic Cabinet Minister like Mr. SAMUEL.

The blennies and gobies are appealing this summer, as usual, to a more juvenile *clientèle*, and rely chiefly on their absurd appellations for their drawing power.

Among the more recent fauna of the sea-shore we cannot refrain from noticing the remarkable outbreak of "Gems," "Cadets," and other sea-pierrots. They are to be found on the front at all states of the tide, and occasionally their wheezes and antics will beguile the wandering naturalist into a laugh. Children and unsophisticated observers are, at any rate, delighted with such finds, which, on the whole, quite deserve to rank with whelks as fun-makers of the sea-side.



AS PER AGREEMENT.

MR. BIRRELL (*Usher*). "THE HEADMASTER AWARDS YOU THIS PRIZE, MY BOY, FOR EXEMPLARY CONDUCT."

MASTER REDMOND. "YES! I KNEW HE'D HAVE TO GIVE IT ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



LEGISLATION BY PYJAMA.

THERE ARE OTHERS BESIDES THE LANDOWNERS OF THE COUNTRY WHO ARE MADE TO "SIT UP" BY THE BUDGET.

(Mr. Winston Churchill was supposed to have been discovered on the Treasury Bench in pink pyjamas.)

House of Commons, Monday, August 16.—At three o'clock this afternoon wild hope for a moment flushed the weary breasts of Members. As usual, SPEAKER took Chair at a quarter to three. Five minutes sufficed for devotions; then came Questions. Only twenty on paper. Sure sign of failing energy. Of the score, only half-a-dozen put and answered. Then fell awesome pause. SPEAKER sat motionless in canopied Chair. The few Members present moved restlessly, here and there exchanging whispered observations.

What had happened? What was coming to pass? Was it possible that end of tether had been reached, limit of endurance overpast? Was the Session crumbling to pieces? Would it be all over before one of the PREMIER's colleagues in the Cabinet could say, "ENERGY ASQUITH?"

Keen eyes noted a matter, small in itself, but fruitful of suggestion. The SERGEANT-AT-ARMS was wearing a pair of

snow-white kid gloves—a size too large, for convenience in heated weather. In criminal courts, when no cases are set down for trial, Judge is presented with white kid gloves. Was there point of analogy? Did the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS's unusual garniture import absence of material for work and therefore prompt dispersal?

As these matters were pondered, messenger hurriedly approached SERGEANT-AT-ARMS and whispered in his ear. The gallant ex-Guardsman, of whom few to-day think as having served with his Colours in the Crimea, lightly loosening sword in scabbard, rose, marched to door opening on Lobby, and stood on guard. Afar off sounded the ghostly cry, "BLACK ROD!" SERGEANT-AT-ARMS closed and barred oaken door.

Straightway was mystery fathomed. BLACK ROD was coming with message bidding the Commons attend in other House to hear Royal Assent given by Commission to certain Bills. We were

simply waiting for the messenger. That was all. As the SPEAKER passed out in obedience to the summons, blank disappointment reigned in bosoms of late lighted by flash of hope.

Business done.—SEELY moved second reading of South Africa Union Bill in speech that distinctly raises growing reputation. Some show of opposition. LUPTON loves not the Bill, nor BYLES of Bradford either. They do not, however, challenge division. Read a second time *nemine contradicente*.

House of Lords.—Here is played a comedy almost divine in the superbness of its anachronism. The few privileged to look on see a brilliant patch of Plantagenet times pinned on to plain grey skirt of Twentieth century.

BLACK ROD has achieved his errand; has escorted SPEAKER and half-a-dozen Members representing the Commons to Bar of Lords. The SPEAKER more or less humbly stands there; SERGEANT-AT-ARMS on his left, BLACK ROD on his right,

behind the Chaplain, distinguished amid a scanty group of Members. On the Woolsack, robed in scarlet gowns slashed with ermine, crowned with black cocked hats, are seated three figures which at first sight look like relics of *Mrs. Jarley's* famed waxworks. They are in truth the Lords Commissioners appointed to give royal assent to long catalogue of Bills.

The wigged-and-gowned Reading Clerk presently standing halfway down the Table proclaims their individuality.

"Our most dear cousin and councillor, ROBERT THRESHIE, Lord LOREDBURN," he recites, bending low till almost his abashed forehead touches the unsympathetic floor.

The cloaked figure in the centre, raising three-cornered hat, reveals plump pleased countenance of LORD CHANCELLOR.

"Our most dear cousin and councillor, Lord ALTHORP," continues the Reading Clerk, with another convulsive movement threatening to dislocate his spine.

Figure to left uplifting three-cornered hat, we look upon the fair young countenance of "BOBBY" SPENCER, whose memory is kept green in the House of Commons he long adorned.

"Our most dear cousin and councillor Lord DENMAN."

Another creak in back of tall gowned Clerk: a hat is lifted by another of the trio on the Woolsack, and behold! the martial visage of the Captain of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

Not a single Peer graces with his presence the waste of Opposition benches. On Ministerial Front Bench, all alone, picture of heavenly resignation, sits Viscount WOLVERHAMPTON, Lord President of the Council. By his devotional figure rests on the bench an ordinary modern top hat which, designedly or by accident, lends sardonic touch of realism to picturesque scene. From bench behind, otherwise sole representative of our old nobility, Lord BLYTHE looks on. One thinks regretfully of how JOHN MANNERS would have framed his immortal verse had he been inspired to write it on this fateful occasion:—

Let Laws and Learning front the keen-edged scythe;

But spare, O spare, our James, first Baron Blythe.

Commission duly proclaimed, Reading Clerk safely assumes perpendicular. Chief Clerk leaves his chair and stands midway at Table in line with colleague on t'other side. The MEMBER FOR SARK is inclined to delight the more in this gentleman's part of the performance. It was brief, and to certain extent monotonous. But you should have seen and heard!

He got his cue when Reading Clerk recited titles of Bills for which royal



"The gallant ex-Guardsman marched to the door and stood on guard."

(The Sergeant-at-Arms, H. D. Erskine, Esq., C.V.O.)

assent was sought. The list was read with Clerks facing Woolsack, view of their backs icily bestowed on SPEAKER at the Bar. As each Bill was named the Chief Clerk, turning halfway to-



"Couldn't see Fitzalan signalling on his left."

(Mr. J. Fitzalan Hope.)

wards the Bar, threw over his right shoulder the humbly desired boon.

"*Le roy le veut*," he said, preserving the Norman French in which Plantagenet kings flung surly assent to presumptuous Commons.

Where the fine delicacy of the little part shone was in the sharpening of tone, the clipping of syllables, the less generous turn of head over shoulder, as assent was reiterated. *Per contra*, there was throughout no scamping of the reverential bow towards the Woolsack prefacing every citation of name of a Bill.

End of long catalogue reached, SPEAKER and Commons, making reverence to the Woolsack, withdrew into outer world, where were electric trams, taxi-cabs, a network of telegraph wires, and use of the telephone.

Business done.—Lords, exhausted with their labours, adjourn till 30th inst.

House of Commons, Thursday 8.41 A.M.—Just up after another all-night sitting with Budget Bill. Mr. CALDWELL, heedless of BOB CECIL, in great form. Knocked over groups of amendments like ninepins. Once, on the question being put that certain words be inserted, FITZALAN, HOPE-ing he didn't intrude, rose to point of Order. DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN, adapting to Parliamentary exigencies historic trick of NELSON's, put his telescope to his blind eye. Couldn't see FITZALAN HOPE signalling on his left.

"The question is," he breathlessly said, "that these words be here added. Those of that opinion say 'Aye,' the contrary 'No.' The 'Ayes' have it."

So motion was carried. No use saying anything more about it.

FABER illumined debate with one of those phrases the world would not willingly let die. On report of Resolution providing for expenses of Valuation, he remarked that once the principle and machinery were established, all required was a turn of the screw. Ironical cheer from Ministerial benches. Quick as lightning, FABER turned on interrupters.

"Ah!" said he, "those cheers let the cat out of the bag."

Which was very careless of them.

Business done.—Sitting eighteen hours, Committee nearly finished Part I. of Budget Bill dealing with Taxation of Land.

"According to the 'World's' informant, whose name has not been divulged, no foundation exists for the report that King Edward will intercede on behalf of Miss Elkins. It is represented that he has shown such hostility to the match that Mrs. Elkins, who is now travelling in Europe with her daughter, has omitted from her itinerary all places which the British monarch might visit during their trip abroad."

New York Herald.

Even Royalty has its special trials and troubles.

GETTING IN THE FIRST WORD.

I KNEW it would happen. When I see a man riding on a bicycle with a bag of golf clubs on his back, I always expect the worst. When that man is myself, I am sure of it, and ride accordingly. Indeed, the worst had happened to me several times that day, but I was riding so slowly at the time that nothing resulted save a ripple of laughter among the rustic population.

But with George it was different. His bag was large, his brake broken and his speed terrific. So I picked him out of the ditch at the bottom of the hill, bent the bicycle as straight as it would go, and explained to him how well I knew it would happen. He thanked me for the information and demanded a rough estimate of the damage.

"The bruise over the left eyebrow," I answered, "I assess at one-and-sixpence, but against that we must set the improved appearance of the nose. Internal examination may reveal that the appendix . . ."

"I mean the damage to the bicycle," he said shortly.

"I think you are well rid of that," I advised. "You will forgive me for saying this, but I, who have observed your conduct at the tiller, think that, excellent though you are in other respects, you are not a fit and proper person to be a bicycle owner."

"No?" he said reflectively. "Perhaps I am not. That is probably the reason why I do not own a bicycle."

"Come!" I said. "It is not as bad as all that. Though we cannot point to any definite part and say, 'Here is a back, there a front wheel; here is a handle-bar, there a saddle,' what remains is still a bicycle."

"Maybe," said George; "but not my bicycle. Perhaps you would not mind taking the raw material home and explaining your theory to James. When he learns what it is, he will probably be interested."

"So," I said, "it is James's bicycle, is it? The James whom I know is a hot-headed man, prone to complain. Come, George, we must go straight home, rout out this James person, and start the abuse. . . . It is very kind of you, but I think I can manage my own bicycle best, and it is no trouble. Perhaps you would not mind carrying my clubs?"

* * * * *

It was a tense moment when we met James. For ourselves, we should have been glad to say nothing, but we felt that we must monopolise the conversation. James, on the other hand, was obviously bubbling over with remarks which he must not be allowed to make. So, "James," said George sorrowfully, "I am ashamed of you."



Hotel Visitor. "ARE THERE EVER ANY DEER ABOUT HERE?"
Gillie. "WELL, THERE WAS YIN, BUT THE GENTLEMEN WERE AYE SHOOTIN' AND SHOOTIN' AT IT, AND I'M THINKIN' IT LEFT THE DEESTRICK."

"What," cried James, turning to me,—"what does he mean? I . . ."

"George is annoyed with you," I said, "and I must admit that he has a right to be very annoyed. I like you very much, James, but was it not a little mean?"

"Look here . . ." James shrieked.

"It isn't right," said George, with an unflinching eye fixed upon James. "You know it is not right, and no amount of blustering on your part will carry it off. To leave a bicycle about in that dangerous condition was little less than criminal. As it happens, nothing worse has resulted from your carelessness than a broken golf-club or two (which I will allow you to replace at no great expense to yourself), a severe shock to my nerves (which I overlook), and irreparable damage to my face (which Thomas assesses at fifty shillings). But suppose something serious had happened to me, suppose . . . ah, no! it is too horrible to think of . . . could you ever have forgiven yourself?"

Again James started to speak, but he got no further than the preliminary

oath. "Surely you are not going to argue about it?" said George, with astonishment. "It is bad enough to possess such a bicycle, for that is almost suicide. But to leave it about in a prominent position, practically to invite me, who never did you an injury, to risk my neck upon it in happy ignorance . . . James, aren't you a little ashamed?"

"What do you mean," got in James at last, "by smashing my bicycle?"

"James," I said, "that sounds to me a little weak."

"James," said George, "I did not expect you to apologise, but I did expect you to show a little decent feeling. Oh, James!"

James appearing likely to get out of hand, George took my arm and turned from him. "Let us leave him," said he, placing his other hand in front of his eyes. "I cannot bear to think that this is my real brother James." And to James as we moved off—"You will find me in the billiard-room when you want to ask my forgiveness. I am not angry with you, James, only a little pained."

NATIONAL DEFENCE IN A NUT-SHELL.

A LUMINOUS and epoch-making paper was read last night at the Chandos Street Banqueting Hall to the S. N. P. (Society of Nucivorous Patriots) by Mr. EUSTACE MILES, P.S.N.P. The dangers that confronted England at the moment, he maintained, were the possibility of foreign invasion and the insufficiency of her home-grown corn supply. In the face of these awful crises he proposed to outline a scheme which would render the country immune from external danger, and crack (as it were) the Gordian nut at a single blow.

His suggestions were:—

1. The re-afforestation of England with nut-groves.
2. The substitution of nut-meal for cereal foods as a staple of national diet.

Nut only, he argued, was the nut the most sustaining, body-building, and (if he might be allowed to say it) nutritious of all known comestibles, but the value of belts of hazel-trees, chestnuts, and the like as a source of national wealth and prosperity was almost unutterable. They would constitute firstly a forest of refreshing shade for tired townsmen, and, secondly, a cover from which

marksmen could fire in safety at the advancing foe. It was while England was still England that the grand old ballad, *Here we come gathering nuts and may*, was written, and one of the wisest and most successful of British kings was named CNUT. To members of what he would term the Dreadnut School he could only say, "Try a six weeks' course of my diet, and all your cares and worries will cease for ever." There might come a day when the safety of England would be said to lie, not, so much as of old, in her wooden walls but in her wooden walnuts. In conclusion he advocated an armed neutrality and reminded his hearers of the glorious motto of their association, "*Ex nihilo fit nihilum*" (Out of nutting nothing comes).

The meeting was followed by a repast of silkstone nuts washed down with oil of cocoa.

CHARIVARIA.

THE new Army dirigible balloon is to be called No. 2 A. We are still awaiting the A 1.

One result of the Imperial Defence Conference is that the words of command in our over-seas armies are to be the same as those obtaining here, and Colonial non-commissioned officers will shortly receive instructions to discard the brief "Shoulder Arms!" in favour of "Shoulder Harms!"

Reading in an account of the training camp of Lord ROBERTS's Boys that "a good tie was shot off between the Natal delegate and a Swan Street lad," a dear

Yes, but do the Eton masters understand it as Mr. REDFORD understands it?

It is reported that when a lady asked Sir HERBERT TREE the other day whether he was for or against the Censor, the distinguished actor replied that he had been reading a report of his evidence before the Committee and he really could not quite make out.

The Willesden police have issued a warning against counterfeit half-crowns and florins which are being largely circulated in the district. The spurious coins, it is said, are excellent imitations of the genuine ones. In our opinion this makes the crime far more reprehensible.



The Visitor. "You didn't 'arf fall orkard, Jim. The chaps up at the yard ain't done chucklin' about it yet."

At a recent athletic meeting in America (*The Express* tells us) the programme included a "Salome race," which is thus described:—"After twenty-five yards, coats go; after twenty yards more, shorts are abandoned; and after another twenty-five yards all but the tights." We dread to think of the inevitable further development of this idea in less puritanical countries.

Some idea of the severity of the recent heat wave may be gathered from the fact that during its course the

Liberal Members of Parliament have been working "in shifts."

The danger of allowing children to read the newspapers received startling proof the other day when a small child who had been perusing an article on Celestial Pork took a china pig from the mantelpiece and consumed half of it before being arrested in his perilous course.

Mr. DE MORGAN's new book is to contain 320,000 words, but each volume will bear on the back the guarantee, "It Never Can Happen Again."

"A very good test of soap," says *The Nursing Times*, "is its taste. No good soap tastes nasty." This sampling of soaps must be one of the most trying duties of conscientious housewives.

old lady has expressed the wish to replace it, and thinks it marvellous that no one was hurt.

Sir JOHN FORREST, in his Budget speech, mentioned that the human population of Australia now numbers nearly four and a half millions. He also stated that the Commonwealth has ninety million sheep. How many of these are black is not stated; but anyhow we cannot help thinking that it is foolish to publish such figures. When the sheep realise their enormous numerical superiority the temptation to start a revolution will be almost irresistible.

Mr. ROBERT HARCOURT, in the course of the proceedings before the Censorship Committee, pointed out that *Odipus Rex*, which was prohibited by Mr. REDFORD, was the subject of instruction at Eton.

442,077 persons entered the Zoological Gardens from January 1 up to the end of July, and it speaks well for the excellent behaviour of the animals that no fewer than 442,077 persons also left the Gardens during the same period.

* *

A lady's hat caught fire in Fleet Street one day last week owing to a lighted match having been thrown from the top of an omnibus. Fortunately a passer-by drew the owner's attention to the fact that a conflagration was proceeding in a far-away corner of her head-gear in time to prevent the entire edifice being destroyed.

* *

The erection of the air-ship garage on Wormwood Scrubs is, we hear, causing considerable excitement among the inmates of the neighbouring prison, all of whom take a more than ordinary interest in the problem of flight.

* *

The East Preston guardians have sanctioned arrangements to enable the inmates of the workhouse to play golf in the grounds. It is rumoured that this step was taken at the instance of Mr. LLOYD-GORGE with a view to reconciling the Dukes to the idea of their future homes.

THOUGHTS ON HEARING A BAND.

SING, Muse, if so conventional a theme
May serve to rouse you from your
summer's dream,

By what mysterious influence a band
The most unlikely creatures may command.

Sing not of nomad Teutons who encamp
Beneath the rays of some suburban lamp,
Whose brazen instruments emit a sound
As cheerless as the post they circle
round:

Such is not music, and the notes they
play
Drive not men's cares but men themselves away.

But rather, Muse, for illustration take
A regimental band of British make,
And then behold a miracle achieved,
Which must be seen before it be
believed!

The deafening drum, the penetrating
fife,

Awake the office boy to signs of life;
Observe him, as the distant sound he
hears,

Lay down the ruler and prick up his
ears;

He scans the room with comprehensive
glance,

And in a moment, quick to seize his
chance,

Slips from his stool and hies him to the
street,



Curate (to Mrs. Budge, who has advanced crockery for a local tea). "I TRUST, MRS. BUDGE, EVERYTHING WAS RETURNED SAFELY?"

Mrs. Budge. "PUFFECKLY, SIR, EVERYTHINK--DARRING ONE SPOON AS COME BACK SHORT."

Propelled for once by not unwilling feet.
There, mingling with the crowd, he
sweeps along,

A joyous item in a joyous throng:
No thoughts arise in his official mind
Of duties left undone and left behind;
He marches on with spirits soaring high,
He cares not whither and he knows not
why.

That is a feat by martial music wrought
Which baffles reason and surpasses
thought;

You, Muse, if you should deem it worth
your while

To seek so crude a listener to beguile,
However ravishing or sweet your strain,
Might work on such material in vain.
Orpheus himself, though credited with
skill

Sufficient to make rivers flow up-hill,
Whose melodies, as many are aware,

Produced the earliest type of dancing
bear,

In spite of all the art he could employ,
Was never followed by an office boy!

The Absent Treatment.

From an advertisement in *The British Weekly*:—

"To quickly cure headache, for instance, all one has to do is to drop one of the powders in a small cup of hot tea—or milk or water. In from two to five minutes the headache will disappear."

"Yesterday there were thousands of men who, adopting an American style, discarded the superfluous and suffocating waistcoats and wore belts instead."—*Daily Mail*.

On the other hand, quite a lot of people wore braces instead.

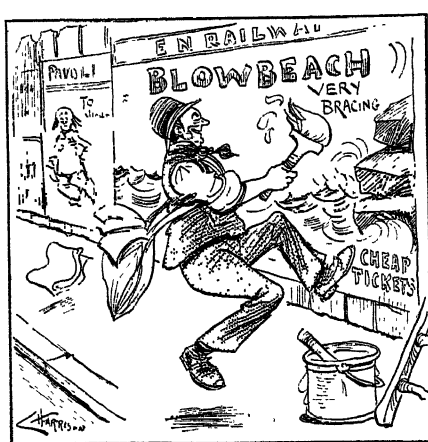
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF India has been lucky in her KEIR HARDIE, so has Egypt in her HALL CAINE. With the unerring instinct of the casual tourist that gifted author has detected at a glance the mischief underlying the administration of such mediocrities as Lord CROMER. In *The White Prophet* (published by HEINEMANN in a novel and delightful form) he proves by the simple method of repetition that

"Though East be East, and West be West,
Yet shortly the twain shall meet,"

and by quotations from hymns of both districts, amplified by socialistic sermons of his own, he dismisses any difficulties which might have been supposed to exist in the matter of religion. He has conceived the ideal Englishman in *Charles Gordon Lord*, an officer ready to argue at any length his superior's orders, and to obey them or not as may seem good to his higher morality. This splendid fellow, acting as deputy to the local prophet, and associating with a host of good, bad, and indifferent characters, much to be commended for the scrupulous consistency of their goodness, badness, and indifference, controls fate and the Consul-General with the few well-chosen words, "It cannot, must not, shall not be." Thus, while solitary but corpulent tears roll down cast-iron cheeks, and "sainted" mothers languish by easy stages, he brings himself, his love, Egypt and the world to a prosperous convalescence. If Mr. CAINE cannot claim to be inspired, he has certainly spared himself no pains. The complications of his plot are infinite, and his reproduction of the Oriental atmosphere lacks none of the detail and subtle suggestion of the *Continental Bradshaw*. Lastly, his illustrator has managed to impart to at least one page of this wonderful book quite a tolerable resemblance to real life.



THE IMPRESSIONABLE BILL-STICKER.

Admiral MORESBY's *Two Admirals* (MURRAY), "a record of life and service in the British Navy for a hundred years," is a work of exceptional interest. The two admirals of the title are Admiral of the Fleet Sir FAIRFAX MORESBY, and his son, the author, and between them they touch all the years of the period which is bounded by the *Victory* and the *Dreadnought*. Thus there are pages which make one long to read MARRYAT all over again for the sake of being able to believe every word. There are yarns of the convoy of gold from Mexico, with officials all feathering their own nests, and even British captains on the make; yarns of Chinese pirates and of Celestial cunning; of Japan in the days of the feudal Daimios, with warriors still clad in black burnished chain armour; of the first British ironclad; of wrecks and wreckage-looters on the coast of Ireland; of many more things, indeed, than I can mention. Admiral MORESBY, it will be remembered, has already published a book on his discoveries in New Guinea, and some considerable amount of space in the present volume is given to an account of his explorations in the then unsurveyed waters of that part of the world. His achievements included the addition to the chart of many first-class harbours and navigable rivers, and upwards of a hundred islands, and the finding of a shorter route between Australia and China. All this is good reading, but it is not good to read that the Admiralty hydrographer, when he received the report, remarked, "Discoveries, Captain MORESBY!

I was not aware that you had made any. I suppose New Guinea was discovered before you went there. We have work like yours coming in every day." Nor is it pleasant to be reminded, as the author very rightly does remind us, that Germany had taken advantage of the labour and seized the fairest portion of New Guinea before the British Government woke up and made a colony of what was left.

"*Susannah* and *Several Others*" might serve as a generic title for most of Madame ALBANESI's books. For since *Susannah's* time *Caroline* and *Mary* and *Louisa*, and now *The Invincible Amelia* (METHUEN) have all figured on the bookstalls in the sweet simplicity of their Christian names. *Amelia* is as fresh and piquant as the rest of the sisterhood, and as truly feminine as the style of punctuation affected by her godmother. Only she should have been called the Incredible instead of the Invincible. I don't believe a dashing young *Dreadnought* cruiser of her build could have sailed in such shallow waters and so close to the shore without running aground. As she resolutely declined to do any honest work, and as she had nothing a year but her wits to live on, it takes all her own and Madame ALBANESI's ingenuity to supply her with enough money-making adventures to keep her from starving. In fact, they would ignominiously fail to support her if it were not for occasional timely cheques, sent by her humdrum but useful feminine relatives whenever her fortunes are at their lowest ebb. She would be more possible if she were an out-and-out adventuress. As it is she is too good for the job, and is like a poor privateer that is continually running alongside rich merchantmen and then declining to board them. So she passes a fairly exciting but distinctly anxious existence, in company with various moneyed strangers whom she meets in trains and motor-cars and restaurants and the streets, always sailing under false

colours, when all the while there is a certain person in the Temple, with a "strong, nice hand," who is only too anxious to take the tiller of her life and steer her into the quiet haven of matrimony. But that Madame ALBANESI does not allow him to do till the last page of the book.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

1816—1909.

LET the theme of loyal service other pens engage;
Let them praise the friend of Rulers, counsellor firm and sage,

Laud the art wherewith you echoed in our English tongue
Golden voices from the ages when the world was young;
Be it ours in grateful homage to recall the lays
Chanted by the good BON GAULTIER in his salad days.

Sixty years have passed since AYTOUN joined your gay crusade—

DICKY DOYLE and LEECH and CROWQUILL lending you their aid—
Sixty years have passed since *Fhairshon* swore his famous feud,

Since the flight of *Gomersalez* wondrously pursued;
Yet although our lives be moulded by a different rule,
Still the cap you deftly fashioned fits the modern fool.

Comrade of our "roaring forties," in your pages still
From the midmost fount of laughter may we drink our fill—
Watch you, RABELAIS' disciple, sunshine in your eyes,
Shooting with an aim unerring folly as it flies.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

"I AM going to found a new agency," said Ponker, "that will supply a long-felt want, and at the same time offer gentlemanly and remunerative employment to out-of-work dramatists, novelists, barristers with occasional spare time, and others. No outlay required, and no canvassing.

"We all admire," he continued, "the versatility, the boundless fecundity of *The Daily Mirror's* dinner-table conversationalist. But, in the hands of persons of ordinary mental calibre, might not the use even of his generous list of topics result in rather pedestrian table-talk?

"It will be the business of the young men employed by my syndicate to frame, every morning, epigrams, verbal ripostes, puns, fragments of light banter, to be used in countering *The Mirror* man's topical remarks. These will be supplied to the dining public at ten shillings per half-dozen, or six specials (exclusive) for one guinea.

"Now let us see how the thing will work.

"Ferdinand is going out to dinner, and expects to meet Miranda, whom, for reasons, he wishes to dazzle with his brilliancy. Knowing himself to be really rather a dull dog, he goes to the office of the syndicate, which opens at noon sharp, and says: 'I want half-a-dozen specials, please.'

"'Certainly,' says the obliging shopman briskly, 'what kind will you take? We have them in several lines—cynical, broadly humorous, informative, or mixed.'

"He ruminates for a moment; through the glass door behind the counter he can see the impromptu manufacturers hard at work. Miranda has rather piqued him of late, and at first he thinks he will go in for the smartly cynical. But finally he hedges: 'Mixed, please,' he says. The shopman gives him an envelope, and he puts down a guinea and goes out.

"During soup he has an unpleasant fear that Miranda is not going to play the game, and that his guinea will be wasted. Their talk flags; but then Miranda has recourse to the diner-out's best friend, and something like the following results:—

"Miranda (*indifferently*): 'Were you

at the Hardacre wedding this morning? No? By the way, what do you think the proper age for a girl to marry at?'

"Ferdinand (*brightening perceptibly*): 'But is there a proper age? Marriage is too often like a shop egg. Spooning ends as soon as you become conscious of the yolk.'

"Miranda (*surprised at his ready wit*): 'I had no idea you were such a cynic. Really I am half afraid of you. Let us talk of something else. Let us talk about the drama. Musical comedy

claws without losing its identity, and it finishes by getting red.'

"('She talked to the man on the other side of her after that,' said Ponker's audience with quiet conviction.

"Nothing of the sort," said Ponker irritably, "she was electrified by his delightful vein of humour. But, to continue:)

"Miranda: 'Er—the holidays, now. Some people say we have too many holidays,—but don't you think they help to prolong our youth?'

"Ferdinand: 'Exactly. Less than a

century ago, when a man reached fifty he began to think about 'making his soul,' as the Irish say. Now he begins to think about learning golf.'

"Miranda (*thinking what a novelist the world has lost*): 'After all, the race for wealth is so keen we must turn aside sometimes, or the pace would kill us.'

"Ferdinand (*mournfully*): 'Ah! yes. The money market is too much with us. In the City of London Gog and Magog have given place to twin monsters of more portentous growth—Gammon and Mammon.'

"Miranda (*meek with reverence for his conversational powers*): 'Speaking generally, are we not all too eager to "get rich quick"?''

"Ferdinand: 'Hasty generalisations are seldom just; you may say that bounders with full pockets are always vulgar,—but what about the kangaroo?'

"Miranda (*aside*): 'Good Heavens! and this is the man I twitted with his want of small-talk. . . .'

"And so," said Ponker, "whatever their precise relations with one another may have been, be sure that Ferdinand has bettered his

position—and all for one guinea."

"Yes," replied Ponker's captious critic, "but having, like a spendthrift, used up his guinea's worth, won't there now be a sudden falling off—won't she think him sulky or something?'

"Then," said Ponker sharply, "the remedy is easy. He should go in for two guineas' worth."

"When dinner came up I scratched my name on the dark paint very effectively with the knife (which is, I think, made of tin); and when I had finished 'Annie Bell, Suffragette,' the point was entirely gone."—*Votes for Women*.

Well, well, there never was much point.



Bertie (in Piccadilly). "I RATHER LIKE TOWN THIS TIME OF YEAR—SEEMS MORE SORT OF SELECT."

has held its own during the past season, has it not? Perhaps we have lost the taste for tragedy.'

"Ferdinand (*without turning a hair*): 'Precisely. On the modern stage the main difference between Comedy and Tragedy is that one ends with billing and cooing, and the other with killing and booing.'

"Miranda (*with increased respect*): 'Really, that is rather apt. Have you—but no, it's not possible—have you, by chance, anything new to say about the Budget?'

"Ferdinand: 'Certainly. The Budget is like a lobster; it sheds claws after

THE DOLL'S HOUSE.

"Why did you never writed to me on my birfday?" asked Margery.

"Your *what*?" I said in alarm.

"My birfday."

"I have—I mean I'm going to. It's to-morrow, Thursday."

"I *finck* it did be on Monday."

"I know you were born on a Thursday, anyhow," I argued, beginning to feel anxious.

"My baby dolly," said Margery, forgetting the point at issue, "is *always* born on a Fursday."

"So it would be Monday this year," put in Margery's mother. "She was so disappointed—it wasn't like you to forget."

"I didn't forget," I said angrily. "And I wish you wouldn't interrupt us when we are conversing."

"My baby dolly," said Margery, "never interrupts conversings."

"There you are. We may learn a lesson even from the youngest. Margie, dear," I went on, "I'm so sorry. What would you like?"

Margery fetched a chair, climbed up on to it, and, standing on tip-toe, whispered in my ear:

"Some strorrribries."

"Bother," I said.

"I fought you was going to bring me some strorrribries yesterday-to-morrow."

"Yes, so did I. I just missed it somehow. Isn't there anything else?"

"Lady Betty," said her mother, looking at the swellest doll, "wants a new nightie. I don't know if you would like to make her one."

"She does want a new nightie with pink ribbon," said Margie plaintively, "and a lannel petticoat, and a—"

I heaved a great sigh. If it had only been a bat or a stamp album.

"Very well," I said, "if she wants them I suppose she must have them."

The Chief Proprietor (to judge from his smile) of The Doll's House came forward with a bow. All these people seem to know that when once they get me into their shop they can make me buy any old thing they like. There must be some sort of Tramps' Code in use amongst them; I have no doubt that I carry on my back a chalk mark from the last shop, meaning, "A Silly Ass—but you must leave him two shillings for the cab home."

"A wet morning," he began. "Allow me to take your umbrella. What can we have the pleasure of showing you?"

"I want," I said, "a ni—er—something for a lady—that is to say, for a young doll."

"Dolls upstairs on the right."

"On the right, thank you. Oh, here we are. Good morning, madam."

"Good morning. What can I show you, Sir?"

"Well, that's just it. Now we are in the thick of it, you know. The truth is, if you must have it, that I want some—some clothes for a doll."

"Yes, Sir. Any particular garment?"

"A *very* particular garment," I said.

"One can't be *too* particular in referring to it."

"What exactly do you require? We have everything here."

"To be absolutely accurate, I want a nightgown with pink ribbon for Lady Elizabeth."

"A nightgown. Certainly." She brought out several, and we selected one.

"Jove, that is ripping. You never see a stamp album like that. I mean, what trouble they take over children's toys now. In my young days—"

"Yes, Sir. You will have two, I suppose?"

"Eh! I—No, only—er—oh yes, perhaps I'd—Two, thank you."

"And the next article?"

"Well—er—I really think that's all. Something *was* said of a flannel petticoat, I believe; but I don't know if that's possible."

"Certainly, Sir. I will show you some."

"Oh, no. What I meant was that this Lady Elizabeth goes to the Opera *every* night, and is—well, generally speaking, one of the nob's. So I should hardly think that a flannel—Oh, well, if you really—Two, thank you."

"Shoes, stockings?"

"Oh—er—no. Unless you—"

"We have some very pretty silk open-work stockings," she said, and she brought them out.

"Golly—I mean Right-o."

"What about frocks?"

"Oh, no, thanks. She's got this one she goes to the Opera in, you know, and that's a'l she wants."

"What does she do in the day-time?"

"I *finck* she does go to bed. That's why I wanted the— I say, those are awfully pretty. Perhaps, if you think . . . Yes, I'll have them both."

"Underclothes?"

"Under what? Oh, look here, if once we begin talking about *them*—Do you really think so? Well, then," I sighed, "take it from me that Lady Elizabeth is just going to get married, and wants two of *everything*. Now then."

"In that case I have just the thing for her."

She went away, and came back with a blessed wardrobe. Looking-glass, cupboard, chest-of-drawers, everything. Wonderful.

"I suppose that costs billions of pounds?" I said in awe.

"Well, there is a doll that goes with it, and if you don't take that, we let you

off three-and-sixpence." She opened the drawers. "Hats, frocks, sunshade, shoes, brushes—"

I pulled myself together—only just in time.

"Don't be silly," I said. "What do I want with a wardrobe? I told you that Lady Elizabeth was about to be married; naturally Viscount Bendish will do the furnishing."

"We have them all in a trunk, if you would prefer that."

She took me away and showed me a trunk full of clothes—all higgledy-piggledy; like my kit-bag when they give me a week's holiday.

"That's simply rotten," I said.

"Then you'll have the other?"

"Well, I suppose—" I stopped myself; again only just in time. "Look here," I pleaded, "are you being quite kind to me?"

"*Il faut vivre*," she said.

"I don't speak German, but I know what you mean. So must I."

"I'm sure your—your little niece—"

"Grand-daughter," I corrected.

"Would be delighted with it."

"After all," I wavered, "I *did* forget her birthday was on Monday, didn't I? And I needn't take the doll, you say?"

"We let you off three-and-sixpence, if you don't take the doll. Of course all the clothes are made to fit this particular one, and if—"

"I gather that the brushes would fit *any* doll," I said severely. "And your man's got my umbrella already . . . Oh all right then—if you *must* live."

* * * *

Down below, the Chief Proprietor smiled; and as he handed me my receipt he made certain chalk marks on my back. They were slightly different from the ones with which I entered, and the interpretation of them was:—

"You're right about the 'Silly Ass,' but there's no need to leave him two shillings for the journey home. The cabman can always call at the bank on the way." A. A. M.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the claims of Epping Forest are vigorously upheld in some of your contemporaries as an ideal setting for the London Pageant of 1910. So far as I can see there is only one objection to this choice—the proximity of the spot. Distance lends enchantment to the view, and while we are about it, why should not the Pageant be held in the beautiful scenery of the Falkland Islands or St. Helena? Yours, ANTI-PAGETT, M.D.

"For Sale, Bay Gelding, 15.2, with Doctor's Rubber Tyre Brougham. Doctor no further use." A most callous way of referring to the accident.



OUR YOUNGEST LINE OF DEFENCE.

BOY SCOUT (to MRS. BRITANNIA). "FEAR NOT, GRAN'MA; NO DANGER CAN BEFALL YOU NOW. REMEMBER, I AM WITH YOU!"



Uncle (helping Harold to write to athletic outfitters for an air-gun). "AND NOW, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO END UP—'YOURS AFFECTIONATELY,' EH?" Harold. "NO. I KNOW BETTER THAN THAT; THIS IS A BUSINESS LETTER. I'M GOING TO SAY, 'YOURS TO HAND.'"

THE ARTIST.

I MEET him in the daily walk
That takes me through a London
square—

A man who writes his soul in chalk
Upon the flagstoned thoroughfare.
His art untrammelled is; he knows
None of the laws of may and mayn't
Which schools impose at will on those
Who bow and worship Paint.

His weapons lie exposed to view,
All in a grimy cloth outspread—
Yellow and brown, a green or two,
Some blue, a double dose of red;
Defily with these he paves your way
To Nature (as his visions see't),
As who should say, "Behold I lay
Earth's beauties at your feet."

His works are few. I call to mind
A ship at sea in parlous state,
A sunset landscape—this is signed,
A fish, say haddock, on a plate;
Others he shows upon his pitch,
Slight in themselves, and yet his zeal
Will these enrich with legends which
Make infinite appeal.

That portrait, for example. That
At various times does duty for

A criminal, a plutocrat,
A Budget-framing Chancellor;
BLÉRIOT, BULLER, C. B. FRY,
Sure as the turn of each one came
To occupy the public eye,
Have lent that form a name.

He's found, in short, Life's key. To him,
Viewing the world with lofty calm,
A primrose by the river's brim
May be a poppy or a palm;
He's learned—nay, always he has known
Art's greatest truth, sublime, supreme,
Cold as the stone he makes his own—
Things are not what they seem.

THE SUPER-BEASTS.

It is on record that Mr. A. J. WEBBE,
on being bowled by an underhand
from MORDECAI SHERWIN, the Nottingham
wicket-keeper, remarked, on his return
to the Pavilion, that it was like being
run over by a donkey-cart. What then
does it feel like, after trying in vain for
years and years to perform even the
simplest feat of equilibrium, to stray
into the Coliseum and find a sea-lion
doing it with ease? Humiliation is not
the word. Had one been asked at

random, a few years ago, which was, of
all the strange and varied animal
kingdom, the least likely creature to be
taught to balance billiard-cues on its
nose, and play intelligently at ball, and
catch clowns' hats, and generally behave
like CINQUEVALLI, one would probably,
after mature thought, have said the
sea-lion. Yet here are sea-lions who do
these things to perfection; and having
done them, roguishly lead the applause.

Captain FRED WOODWARD's sea-lions at
the Coliseum are wonderful. They
understand, they laugh, they talk, they
play, they are artists. They do ex-
quisitely difficult things to perfection.

The lion may be the king of beasts in
point of nobility and beauty; the cat
may comfort the old maid; the donkey
may draw the chaise of the feeble; the
suede may provide the gloves for the
élite; the otter may distil roses; the
horse may be the friend of man; the
dog may be faithful and protective; the
elephant may be strong and serviceable;
the cow may give milk, and the sheep
blankets and mutton; but they are all
fools beside the sea-lion. The sea-lion
is the true super-beast, and Captain
FRED WOODWARD should be made an O.M.

JOHN.

He's a boy,
And that's the long and (chiefly) the short of it,
And the point of it and the wonderful sport of it;
A two-year-old with a taste for a toy,
And two chubby fists to clutch it and grasp it,
And two fat arms to embrace it and clasp it;
And a short stout couple of sturdy legs
As hard and as smooth as ostrich eggs;
And a jolly round head, so fairly round
You could easily roll it,
Or take it and bowl it
With never a bump along the ground.

And, as to his cheeks, they're also fat—
I've seen them in ancient prints like that,
Where a wind-boy high
In a cloudy sky
Is puffing away for all he's worth,
Uprooting the trees
With a reckless breeze,
And strewing them over the patient earth,
Or raising a storm to wreck the ships
With the work of his lungs and cheeks and lips.

Take a look at his eyes; I put it to you,
Were ever two eyes more truly blue?
If you went and worried the whole world through
You'd never discover a bluer blue;
I doubt if you'd find a blue so true
In the coats and scarves of a Cambridge crew.

And his hair
Is as fair
As a pretty girl's,
But it's right for a boy with its crisp, short curls
All a-gleam, as he struts about
With a laugh and a shout,
To summon his sister-slaves to him
For his joyous Majesty's careless whim.

But now, as, after a stand, he budges,
And sets to work and solemnly trudges,
Out from a bush there springs full tilt
His four-legged playmate—and John is spilt.

She's a young dog and a strong dog
And a tall dog and a long dog,
A Danish lady of high degree,
Black coat, kind eye and a stride that's free.

And out she came
Like a burst of flame,
And John,
As he trudged and strutted
Sturdily on,
Was blindly butted,
And, all his dignity spent and gone,
On a patch of clover
Was tumbled over,
His two short legs having failed to score
In a sudden match against Lufra's four.

But we picked him up
And we brushed him down,
And he rated the pup
With a dreadful frown;
And then he laughed and he went and hugged her,
Seized her tail in his fist and tugged her,
And so, with a sister's hand to guide him,
Continued his march with the dog beside him.

And soon he waggles his way upstairs—
He does it alone, though he finds it steep.
He is stripped and gowned, and he says his prayers,
And he condescends
To admit his friends
To a levée before he goes to sleep.
He thrones it there
With a battered bear
And a tattered monkey to form his Court,
And, having come to the end of day,
Conceives that this is the time for play
And every possible kind of sport.

But at last, tucked in for the hundredth time,
He babbles a bit of nursery rhyme,

And on the bed
Droops his curly round head,
Gives one long sigh of unalloyed content
Over a day so well, so proudly spent,
Resigned at last to listen and obey,
And so begins to breathe his quiet night away.

R. C. L.

MORE BOOKS THAT WILL NOT SELL.

I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I also have written a book which for some unaccountable reason does not sell. It is not about Germany: any ass could understand a book about Germany not selling; it is a story of love and adventure, containing, in fact, every ingredient that the public wants, and yet it does not sell. The title is *Passion in Mid-air* (this shows how up-to-date it is) and the publishers are Messrs. Bills and Moon, and yet it doesn't sell. Can you suggest a reason? I can't; but I will gladly give any one five pounds who will lift its circulation to 32,000 copies. Yours, &c.,

ORVILLE UNREDD.

II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—*The Daily Mail* seems to think it occupies an abnormal position in being unable to sell more than 32,000 copies of a book. But I can assure it that the experience is more common than it fancies. I, too, am with it. My last volume of poems, *The Heart's Tuning-fork*, stopped well under that figure, and apparently cannot recommence its sales without the assistance of some violent cataclysm of nature, art or artifice. German statistics naturally make no claim on an Englishman; but here is a book full of appeal to their sympathy and understanding. I adjure you to help me unload a few more copies. I will give away a copy of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's Limehouse speech and a portrait of one of the DARES with each. Yours, etc., P. N. NONFIT.

III.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have written a book, copies of which were sent to the PRIME MINISTER, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, Mr. EUSTACE MILES and Lord ROBERTS, each of whom replied that he was greatly honoured to be the recipient and would lose no time in reading it—and yet it does not sell. How to make it do so is my constant thought day and night. The book, one would have thought, would have gone like hot cakes, since it deals with the important question of chemical manure and the best means of making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. What could be more valuable than that? And yet we have sold up to the present moment only thirty-two copies. I await your sage counsel. Yours, &c.,

SCRUTATOR.

IV.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have written a book which won't sell, and I can't think of any reason except that it is not interesting enough. But surely that is absurd. Yours, &c., QUERIST.

CHARIVARIA.

IN spite of his No Surrender attitude in the House of Commons Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has been contemplating flight at Rheims.

And is the Government, after all, going to withdraw from its uncompromising attitude to the Beer Trade? The abandonment of Mr. Burns's Pure Milk Bill looks like a sop to the brewers.

In connection with a right-of-way dispute at Newport a fence belonging to Colonel Lockwood, M.P., has been forcibly pulled down. This strikes us as being a peculiarly heartless outrage, for, in the case of a politician, a fence may be needed at any moment for sitting on.

No wonder Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was always cheerful during the all-night sittings. They were serving his purpose. He was training for the KAISER's Manœuvres, at which he is to be one of a batch of distinguished guests, who, we are told, will not be allowed more than four hours' sleep.

One result of the Imperial Defence Conference, we are informed, is that Canada and Australia and New Zealand are to have navies which will be local in ordinary circumstances, but liable to be called on by the Admiralty when Britain's Command of the Sea is threatened. Locally, we take it, they may only fight in time of peace.

An airship is being built hurriedly for the Spanish Government, and the Moors are said to be not a little proud that theirs will prove to be the first war in which such a machine will be used. It will undoubtedly be an additional attraction, and excursions from the more distant parts of Morocco are already being arranged.

The POPE has given the motor-car which was presented to him by certain American admirers to Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL. In future, we suspect, American admirers will mark their gifts "Not transferable."

Miss HELEN MATHERS thinks that the decline of the novel is due to a large extent to motor-cars. There is no doubt that a large class of readers has been almost entirely eliminated by these vehicles. We refer to those persons who used to read as they walked along the roadway.

"The Censor is a plain man," said Mr. WALKLEY in his evidence before the Censorship Committee. We think it



Wicked Boy (whose offer to carry bag has been somewhat abruptly refused). "THEN SHALL I 'OLD YOUR BEARD STILL, GUV'NOR, WHILE YOU LIGHTS YER PIPE?"

regrettable that this controversy cannot be carried on without personalities.

Lieutenant SHACKLETON, whose powers of endurance are well known, has been elected a vice-president of the Poetry Recital Society.

Signor CARUSO appeared at Plymouth last week in a dress suit of golden-brown, and Signor LECOMTE in one of purple, and the local Pierrots are complaining bitterly of the unexpected competition.

The price of rubber, it is alleged, is being artificially inflated by the manœuvres of certain companies. If this be true, the mis-printer who referred to "the manipulations of the robber companies" showed something like genius.

Meanwhile we hear that a number of artists are seriously contemplating pooling all their pieces of india-rubber and floating the same as a limited company.

A Northumberland farmer was astonished to find, on reaching home the other day, that a bull which he had sold at a neighbouring market for eighteen guineas a few hours previously was back in its shed. And yet people say that Agriculture cannot be made to pay.

ART GOWNS
FOR ATHLETIC GIRLS

announces a contemporary. This will scarcely be an innovation. Most of the Art Gowns that we have seen look the very thing for sack races.

"HOLD."

I KNOW, where Hampshire fronts the
Wight,
A little church, where "after strife"
Reposes Guy de Blanquely, Knight,
By Alison his wife,—
I know their features' graven lines
In time-stained marble monotone,
While crouched before their feet re-
clines
Their little dog of stone!

I look where Blanquely Castle still
Frowns o'er the oak wood's summer
state,
(The maker of a patent pill
Has purchased it of late),
And then through Fancy's open door
I backward turn to days of old,
And see Sir Guy—a bachelor
Who owns a dog called "Hold"!

I see him take the Tournay's chance,
And urge his coal-black charger on
To an arbitrament by lance
For lovely Alison;
I mark the onset, see him hurl
From brodered saddle to the dirt
His rival, that ignoble Earl—
Black-hearted Massingbert!

Then Alison, with down-dropped eyes,
Where happy tears bedim the blue,
Bestows a valuable prize
And adds her hand thereto;
My lord, his surcoat streaked by sand,
Remounts, low muttering curses
hot,
And with a base-born, hireling band
He plans a dastard plot!

* * * *

'Tis night—Sir Guy has sunk to sleep,
The castle keep is hushed and
still,—

See, up the spiral stairway creep,
To work his wicked will,
Lord Massingbert of odious fame,
Soft followed by his cut-throat
staff;—

Ah, "Hold" has justified his name
And pinned his lordship's calf!

A growl, an oath, then torches flare;
Out rings a sentry's startled shout;
The guard are racing for the stair,
Half-dressed, Sir Guy runs out;
On high his glittering blade he waves,
He gives foul Massingbert the point,
He carves the hired assassin knaves
Joint from plebeian joint!

* * * *

The Knight is dead—his sword is rust,
But in his day I'm certain "Hold"
Wore, as his master's badge of trust,
A collarette of gold:
And still I like to fancy that,
Somewhere beyond the Styx's bound,
Sir Guy's tall phantom stoops to pat
His little phantom hound!

FEEDING THE LONDONER.

I.

"JAMES," said George, "our common friend Thomas tells me that there is a big Furnishing Establishment in the West End which gives a free lunch to its better-class customers. I have induced our common enemy, Henry, to believe that he wants a new carpet for his study, and I have undertaken to purchase it for him. I am bound to confess that he did not appear too willing to assent, but I kept him quiet by telling him that he could always return the carpet if he didn't like it."

"Thomas has mentioned the shop to me, too," I said. "He told me that he started with a chair and went on ordering cushions till the Superintendent invited him to lunch. Then he stopped ordering cushions and countermanded the chair. He would not, however, give me the name."

"He did not want to tell me either, for he is essentially greedy. But I doubted his word with such persistent derision that he had to tell it me in the end. I further elicited from him the information that they placed an ample wine-list before him; but that the prices were so obviously marked on it as to lead him to suspect that that part of the meal was less hospitality than a commercial transaction. So he ordered a small lager, and found out in the end that they stood alcohol too. He says that the thought of what he missed spoilt his day's pleasure. Let us go and purchase this carpet and have a pleasant meal together, not omitting to benefit by Thomas's experience with the drinks."

II.

We arrived at the shop at about one o'clock, feeling that at that time one gets the best light for carpet choosing.

"We have come," said George to the Superintendent, "to buy a great deal of furniture—carpets, rugs, mats, more mats, rugs and carpets. Then of course we shall want some rugs. If you are prepared to undertake an enormous order, let us begin with the carpets. . . . What is the time, James?"

I looked at my watch. "Hello!" I said, "would you believe that it is very nearly, if not actually, lunch-time? I had no idea it was so late."

"Time for lunch?" said George. "Well I never!" and we both turned to the Superintendent appealingly.

"I catch your meaning, gentlemen," he said, with conspicuous inaccuracy. Then to an unimportant assistant, "Show these gentlemen some carpets at once. They are in a hurry to get away."

This first failure cast a little gloom over the carpeting, and we were both determined not to see anything we liked

until we were certain about the meal. When we discovered further that the assistant was a new hand and was not even aware of the existence of a restaurant on the premises, we felt that this would never do. So George started looking over another pile of carpets, while I wandered off in search of the Superintendent.

"Mr. Superintendent," said I, "we find that this is a bigger job than we thought. Your assistant is a good fellow, but I doubt if he is experienced enough to deal with an order of this magnitude. So I thought I would come back to you. We have plenty of time now, as we are too late for our luncheon party in the City, and shall have to get a snack where we can." The Superintendent made no movement. "Look here, suppose I and my friend got our lunch now and we all went along afterwards and dealt with this colossal order of ours, when you are less busy?"

"Just as you please, Sir," said he.

"What?" said I.

"I said, 'Just as you please, Sir,'" he answered.

I gave him time, and then continued:—"You don't happen to know of a convenient place on the spot where we could get a bite?"

"If you go out of the front door and turn to the left . . ." he began.

"Come," I said, candid for the first time in my life, "I have told you that ours is going to be the most enormous order you have ever had. I understood you provided a little refreshment for your better-class customers?"

"We used to," he said. "Now we have abolished the restaurant and leave our customers to pay for their own food, ourselves making a corresponding deduction from the price of the goods purchased."

III.

When it had been agreed beyond all chance of misunderstanding that each paid for what he ate, George and I lunched simply at an A.B.C. shop. I suppose Henry scored in the long run, without knowing it, for I have no doubt that he returned the carpet that we chose for him without troubling to look at it twice.

"The argument would be that the Lapps were to eat blubber, the English beef, the Italians figs and daisies, and the Cingalese rice, each group by virtue of its geographical position."—*The Daily Mail*.

Now we know why Antonio went away.

Mr. W. W. ASHLEY, M.P. (the famous philanthropist) on the Budget:—

"The next time they heard a Minister denouncing the Lords, let them ask him who it was he dined with the night before."

The dinner wouldn't have been as bad as that, though.



"ETHEL DEAR! I'VE GOT THE POWDER AND THE PINS, BUT I CAN'T FIND YOUR HAIR-NET ANYWHERE!"

THE DANGEROUS LIFE.

[“Live dangerously.”—NIETZSCHE.]

THERE are who love the levels
Of Brooklands course. There are
Who, like demented devils,
Devour the track of tar.
They find the chance of spilling
So gloriously thrilling,
They love the pace that's killing
To driver and to car.

There are who do not shudder
To man the submarine
And turn the fearless rudder
To Ocean's deepest green.
Down, down their ship is taken
With snorts that well might waken
The ever-slumbering Kraken
No mortal eye hath seen.

There are who fain would follow
Young Icarus and fly
More swiftly than the swallow
Across the summer sky;
And though the breezes blow them
Away to sea and show them
The Channel far below them
They gaze with fearless eye.

But if the brass be threefold
About the breasts of these,

How many times must we fold

Our valiant hearts with *aes*?
For though we Cockneys try not
Frail submarines, and fly not,
The wonder is we die not,
Such risks our marrow freeze.

There's nothing in the Strand which
With safety may be done:
Suppose we take a sandwich
And glass of milk at one,
Who knows what weird bacillus
May enter in to fill us
With tubercle or kill us
Before the set of sun?

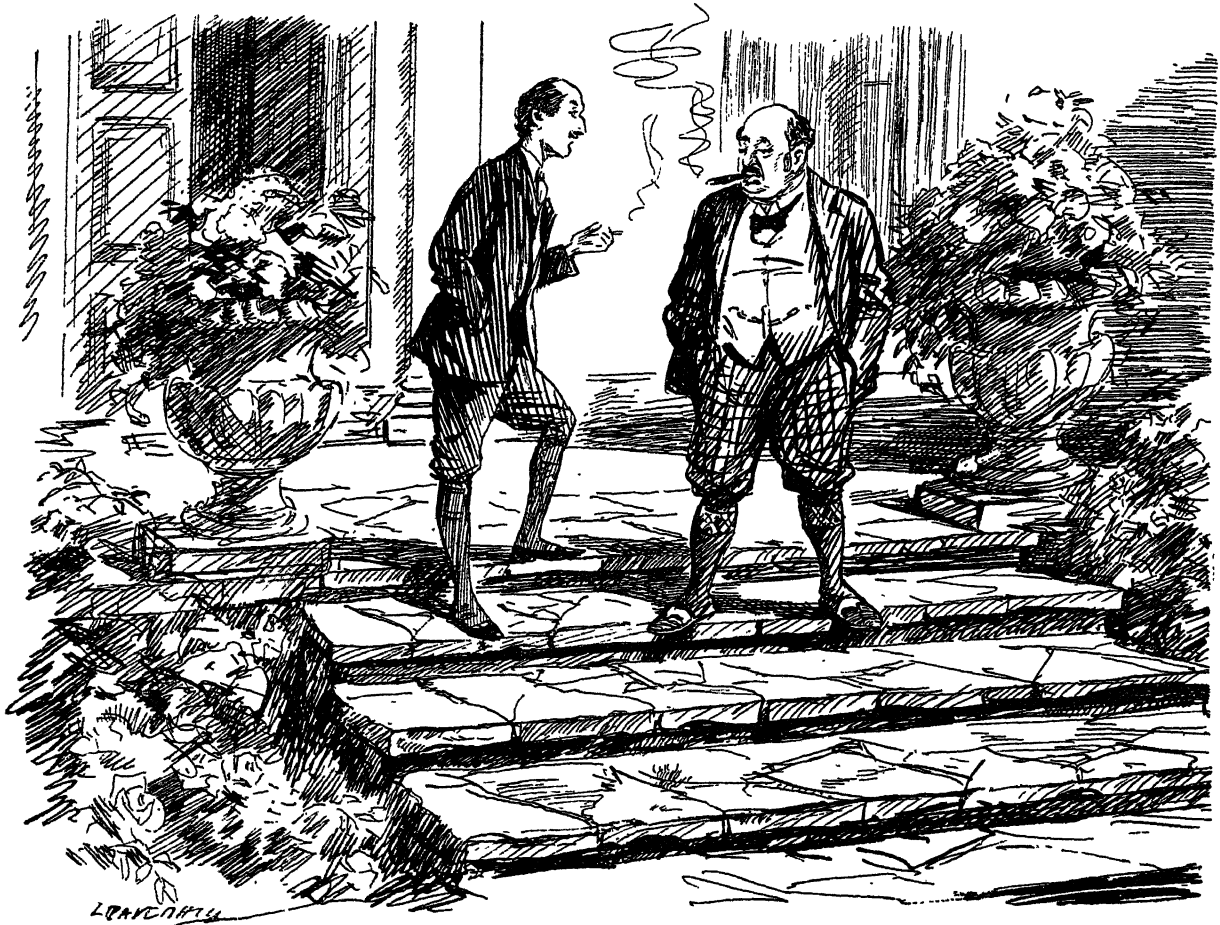
When motor-cars are skidding
With all their wonted zest
We bravely do the bidding
Of NIETZSCHE with the best;
When taxis, flying faster
Than whirlwinds, bring disas'er
And need of sticking-plaster,
We follow his behest.

Then microbes by the billions
In tube-lifts may be found
To catch us toiling millions
Who travel under ground.
Your so-called brave have none done
The things we've every one done—
'Tis we pale sons of London
That live the riskful round.

The Grammar of the Air.

A good deal of Aero-Anglo-French was ejaculated last week around the *piste* at Rheims, and the vocabulary of aviation still seems somewhat in a state of flux. A short and satisfactory word for the motion of aviators in flight is wanting. We would suggest a ready-made one in the verb *av-oir* = “to ‘ave” or “av.” This is conveniently bilingual, and would come in handy for the International Meeting at Wembley. Most Britishers know as far as “*avez-vous*” in French, and this would now stand for “Do you proceed through the air in a flying-machine?” or words to that effect. “*En avant! j'ave!*” (not *j'ai*) would be the bird-man's utterance at the start, equivalent to the golfer's cry of “Fore!” while “Avast!” and “Avaunt!” might also be brought into use. We offer this linguistic hint to the various Aeronautic Clubs and Leagues. It has classical authority in the gladiators' cry of “*Ave, Cæsar!*”

Mr. MERRIMAN - LABOR, in his book, *Britons through Negro Spectacles*, says “The white man is really whiter than he looks.” This is very true. Take our colliers, for instance.



Eminent Artist. "I'M GLAD TO SEE, SIR MULTIMILL, THAT YOU HAVE A LITTLE WORK OF MINE IN YOUR CORRIDOR."
Bloated Plutocrat. "OH—'AVE I?"

RUTHLESS RHYMES FOR HEARTLESS HOMES.

UNCLE.

UNCLE, whose inventive brains
Kept evolving aeroplanes,
Fell (from an enormous height)
On my garden lawn, last night.
Flying is a fatal sport;
Uncle wrecked the tennis-court.

MABEL.

Mabel's chronic inflammation
Led at length to amputation.
Oh, her cries were loud and deep!
I could scarcely get to sleep.

INCONVENIENCE.

I collided with some trippers,
In my swift De Dion Bouton;
Squashed them out as flat as kippers,
Left them "*aussi mort que mouton*."
What a nuisance trippers are!
I must now repaint the car.

WASTE.

I had written to Aunt Maud,
Who was on a trip abroad,
When I heard she'd died of cramp,
Just too late to save the stamp.

SHOPPING.

[In the near future—perhaps.]

Customer. Er—I want a monoplane.

Shop-walker. Certainly, Sir. Step this way, please. Mr. Jones, forward! Monos for this gentleman.

Shop Assistant. Monoplanes, Sir? Yes—sir. Made up or to fly yourself? To fly yourself? Yes, most gentlemen prefer them. This is the very latest shape in "Blériots." Perfect fit guaranteed—especially the first time you use it.

C. Does it float in water?

S. A. Float? Oh, no, Sir; it's not meant to float. It will never be necessary. You're thinking of the "Latham," I expect. We have a very cheap line in "Lathams," if you would care to—

C. No thanks, I'll take the "Blériot."

S. A. Thank you, Sir. That will be two ninety-nine nineteen eight—sale price. Sign, please! Will you fly it now or shall we send it?

C. Oh, I'll fly it now, I think, that is if—

S. A. It is ready for instant wear, Sir, and we can have it on the roof in five

minutes. Can I show you anything else this morning? Dirigibles, biplanes—

C. Nothing more, thank you.

S. A. Nice little thing in Zeppelins here, Sir, for the children; sale price—

C. No, thank you.

S. A. We have some great bargains in slightly shop-soiled British Army Aeroplanes—

C. No, thank you.

S. A. Thank you, Sir. Lovely flying weather, isn't it? Your change—fourpence. Good morning.

C. Good morning. [Exit to roof.]

"EXPRESS TELEGRAMS IN BRIEF."

"Hoji-Len-Akh has been appointed the young Shah of Persia's instructor in political science."

For the chief news of interest this week we are indebted to *The Express*. Guess who has been appointed to instruct the young Shah of PERSIA in political science? HOJI-LEN-AKH!

"The Master reported that Mr. Agnew, Local Government Board Inspector, visited the workhouse, and that one of the pigs died."—*Irish Daily Telegraph*.

Yet they say that joy never kills.



BLAST AND COUNTERBLAST.

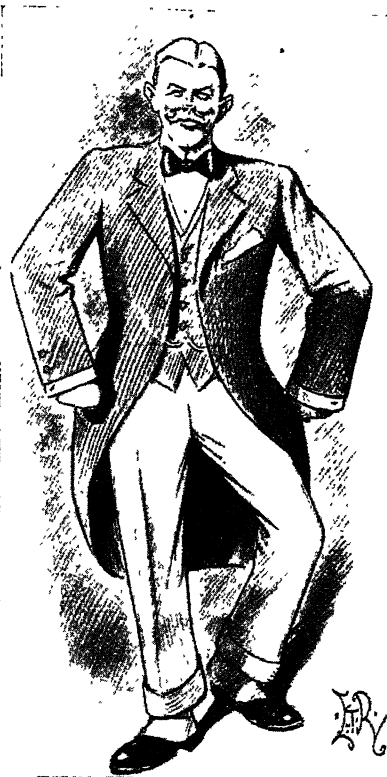
JOHN BULL. "I'VE MET WITH MANY A BREEZE BEFORE,
BUT NEVER SUCH A BLOW."—HOOD.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 23.

—Sauntering through a country fair, did you ever come across well-set-up



REPRESENTING THE WAR OFFICE, AGRICULTURE, AND THE TREASURY.

"The Vice-Chamberlain stepped to the front."
(Mr. J. M. F. Fuller.)

smartly-dressed chap in tights, engaged, *inter alia*, in keeping three balls in the air at the same time? If you chanced to be in House this afternoon—and there was plenty of room—you would have seen J. M. FULLER, Junior Lord of the Treasury, Vice-Chamberlain H.M.'s Household, doing analogous trick with grace, ease and certainty that suggested long practice.

Apparently been stampede of Cabinet Ministers. Treasury Bench empty save for presence of HOME SECRETARY, CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND, UNDER SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE, and the VICE-CHAMBERLAIN. Front Opposition Bench, not to be outdone in game of abstention, represented solely by WALTER LONG and GEORGE WYNDHAM, the latter allured by prospect of fresh conversation on new Irish Land Bill. Fair number of Questions on Paper, some addressed to SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, representative of BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, and CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The last at the moment at Rheims—"He was wearing," one of the morning papers breathlessly announced

by telegraph, "a soft grey hat and a light overcoat"—studying the science of aviation.

"With a Budget like mine, never know where you may be, TOBY, dear boy," LLOYD-GEORGE said, wringing my paw on eve of departure. (He was, I remember, dressed in rather large check suit, with blue necktie, tweed cap, tan leather boots, over which one caught a gleam of purple sock, and an umbrella.) "If things come to the worst with the Dukes, it will be a great thing to have an aeroplane in your back-yard, into which you step and disappear over the hills and far away."

It was in respect of this triple flood of questions that VICE-CHAMBERLAIN stepped to front. In turn he answered for War Office, Agriculture, and the Treasury. The three balls, so to speak, revolving round each other in the ambient air with surety, swiftness, precision, were watched by Members with rapt attention. FITZALAN HOPE had spent an hour in his study evolving intricate question designed to show that LLOYD-GEORGE blundered hopelessly in calculation of the yield, during current financial year, of increase on spirit duties. Put it with assurance that it would bowl over the hapless deputy.

"The answer to all the questions is in the affirmative," said the VICE-CHAMBERLAIN, bowing to the interrogator and showing instinctive tendency to retire a few paces backward as upon occasion he does at Court, an impulse checked by unrelenting bench at back of his legs.

Nothing could be neater. FITZALAN HOPE gasped for breath. Expecting



"Detected (by Sark) in playful little manoeuvre."
(Tim Healy.)

to find representative of Treasury collapse under his conundrum, was not prepared with another. Help came from unexpected quarter. Up gat PETER



Mr. Jimmy Caldwell as Lord Robert Cecil hoped to see him.

(The Deputy Chairman of Committees)

WHITE from Nationalist camp below Gangway, and this is what he said:—

"If duty is only paid on 24,000,000 gallons during the present financial year that will be only half of what was paid last year, and although 3s. 9d. is paid on this, 11s. will be lost on the other 24,000,000 that will not be taken out of bond. Will not that be a loss of revenue?"

This sort of thing, suddenly sprung on a man, would knock down anyone but a Vice-Chamberlain. Of course FULLER knew no more about the subject than did the Mace on the Table. Written answers were placed in his hand on behalf of absent Ministers. Not his to wonder why. All he had undertaken to do was to read them. As much as he had been able to do up to now was to keep the three classes in proper order. Very nearly read out War Office reply about new Howitzers when some one interested in Agriculture was wanting to know particulars relating to Dead Meat Trade. For a moment seemed done for. Only for a moment.

"Perhaps," he said, "the hon. gentleman will allow me to make enquiries;" and straightway he sat down.

Business done.—With help of Closure, Irish Land Bill rattled considerable way through Committee.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY turned up in one of his rare meteoric flights. Finds himself standing with back to wall, his countrymen above and below the Gang-

way fighting each other for the love of Ireland, united only in their impulse to gird at him. Seems rather to like it. Generally manages to give as much as he gets, an honest habit appreciated by House.

LYNX eye of MEMBER FOR SARK detected TIM this afternoon in playful little manoeuvre. As everyone knows, tickets securing particular seat for a sitting are obtainable only at prayer time. For obvious reasons, TIM doesn't attend on ministrations of the Chaplain, whom everyone is glad to see back on service temporarily interrupted by a grievous sorrow. But he has an affection for corner seat on third bench below Gangway. It places him in proximity to his dearest friends. JOHN DILLON sits on his left, immediately behind him, JOHN REDMOND. Unless he inserts in receptacle at back of bench, card bearing his name, it is open to any Member in his temporary absence to displace him.

What SARK saw this afternoon was TIM, entering just after Questions were embarked upon, turn round, and in casual manner drop in its place the prized ticket. Then he faced DEPUTY-SPEAKER with countenance of almost supernal interest, assured that he was safely seated for the night, none daring to make him afraid.

Incident recalls episode in a Parliament dead with the last century. Liberals were at that time in Opposition. LABBY—known to-day in his adopted home at Florence as Signor LABBI—taking an active part in Parliamentary proceedings, established a freehold in corner seat below Gangway to left of SPEAKER, a place ever connected with the budding fame of GRANDOLPH. There was no doubt about the legitimacy of his holding. There, to be seen of all men, was his honoured name set forth on white ticket placed in back of seat. But LABBY, though living in close proximity to Westminster Abbey, was never in his seat at Prayers. How did he manage it?

SIDNEY GEDGE, happily then still with us, a never-failing attendant on Divine Service, had his suspicions. His ordinary seat was above Gangway, in faithful proximity to his pastors and masters on the Treasury Bench. On a day he quietly shifted his quarters to a bench below Gangway immediately opposite that from which MEMBER FOR NORTHAMPTON used to make mischief. The seat was at the moment tenantless. Bending his head in reverent attitude whilst the CHAPLAIN read prayers, through the open fingers of hand held before his face, Mr. GEDGE distinctly saw CHARLES DILKE drop a ticket into receptacle at back of LABBY'S seat.

Presently, Prayers over, LABBY, with smiling countenance, strode in and took his place beside his accomplice. Mr. GEDGE forthwith rounded on him. The House chuckled, SPEAKER administered grave reproof, but there followed no intermission of tenancy of the corner seat.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in Committee still merrily closed.

Thursday.—Lord ROBERT CECIL has some moments of pained reflection on Mr. CALDWELL'S conduct in the Chair. Ten days ago he felt constrained to give notice of a motion formally calling attention to it. This arose upon alleged omission of Chairman to cry aloud, "Clear the Lobby," before finally putting

he had risen to speak before the amendment was put.

"I did not obsairve the noble lord," said JIMMY, glancing sideways at the top corner seat above Gangway.

Lord ROBERT gasped. For anyone to fail to observe him when drawn to his full height of 6 feet 2, his voice uplifted in angered reiteration, seemed to verge on the impossible. But you can't flatly contradict the personal assertion of a Member, much less a Deputy-Chairman. So Lord ROBERT sat silent, staring at JIMMY as if he were some new incomprehensible product of Nature.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill still in Committee.

AN EXPLANATION.

[A doctor has recommended flirting as a tonic for dyspeptic and bilious people. When two young people commence a flirtation, he argues, they become animated and gay. Their hearts beat quicker and the blood circulates more freely. Thus the sluggish action of the liver is quickened by the increased blood supply.]

NAY, Phyllis! I've never intended to wed;

A course I consider so stupid
Has not for a moment come into my head,

I don't care a cuss about Cupid.
I call on you often, I talk with you much,

I salute you with amorous greetings,
But now let me hasten to tell you that such

Are purely medicinal meetings.

We prattle together, exchanging our views,

But vows do not enter the question;
Love-making is merely a physic I use
To quicken a doubtful digestion.

Your charming society freely dispels
A hump which were otherwise chronic;

In short, dear, platonic flirtation excels
All other descriptions of tonic.

Did anyone offer me you as a wife,
I fear I should laugh at the giver;
I think of you, *not* as the "star of my life,"

But merely a stir to my liver.
Yet do not imagine I'm treating you ill,
But rather rejoice at the notion
That I have esteemed you as good as a pill

And ranked you as high as a potion.

"The annual regatta, which was held on the 10th inst., was, to a great extent, spoiled by want of wind. In all the events the courses had to be shortened. It is to be regretted that the genuinely sporting efforts of this club have met with so poor a response this year."—*The Yachtsman*.

It really does look sometimes as though the weather wasn't trying.



"Lord Robert . . . staring at Jimmy as if he were some new incomprehensible product of Nature."

the question. House looked forward with keen expectation to seeing JIMMY standing at the Bar in a white sheet, peradventure with a candle in his hand, what time Lord ROBERT enlarged on his shortcomings.

Nothing came of the threat. Encouraged by impunity, JIMMY has been at it again in even aggravated form. Debate on an amendment having gone forward for considerable time, CHAIRMAN proceeded to put question. At same moment Lord ROBERT rose with intent to continue debate.

"Mr. CALDWELL," he called out in a voice that travels far.

JIMMY, however, not looking up from the paper, continued to recite the amendment, put the question and declared the Noes had it. House cleared for Division, Lord ROBERT in due form put on his hat and sternly reminded the CHAIRMAN that



GROUSE SHOOTING MADE EASY.

Tyro (to old Keeper, who has been very successfully occupying the end butt). "I CAN'T HIT THESE CONFOUNDED DRIVEN BIRDS AT ALL! HOW IS IT YOU DO IT?"

Keeper. "WEEEL, I GIE IT THEM IN THEIR FACES WHEN THEY'RE COMIN,' AN' I POUR IT ABOUT THEIR TAILS WHEN THEY'RE GONE BY, JUST ACCORDIN' TAE CIRCUMSTANCES."

WHEN THE DUKES CAME BACK.

In 1924 there was not a solitary duke or millionaire left in the country. Capital had gone. There was no money save CHIOZZA MONEY, and this foreign currency was considerably depreciated. The United States had absorbed every duke. By a special constitutional amendment dukes of foreign birth were allowed to become President. The Duke of WESTMINSTER was just completing his second term. The Duke of NORFOLK, whose admirable management of Tammany Hall was the envy of all native-born politicians, had just secured the Democratic nomination for Presidency. He had delivered an ultimatum in a letter to a leading senator. An obscure politician named ROOSEVELT had striven for a special income-tax on dukes, but had been defeated by the Duke of PORTLAND, who instantly discharged his thirteenth butler, and intimated that he was prepared to take even stronger steps.

In England the great leaders of the Conservative Party, Mr. JOYNSON-HICKS and Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, had striven in vain to overthrow the KEIR HARDIE Government. The Government had the steady support of all the Old Age Pensioners, and as this included every one

over forty, opposition was futile. Even a resolution of censure on Viscount BYLES, the Viceroy of India, for giving precedence at his levees to (coloured) bomb-throwers, had been defeated by 624 votes to 10. But one day, as Parliament was discussing an important Government measure for giving free meals to all married or engaged couples, an armed mob appeared in the Lobby. The Press photographers, feuilletonists, and short story writers of England had risen *en masse*.

Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING and Count WILLIAM LE QUEUX (of the Principality of Monaco) placed their demands before the trembling House:—

"Whereas we the petitioners have derived our livelihood in the past solely from dukes and millionaires; And whereas some tens of thousands of British subjects have in the past earned an honest living by selling to the papers such snap-shots as 'The Duke of Norfolk smiles,' 'The Duke of Bedford puts up an umbrella,' 'The Duke of Leeds tells a friend a good story.' And whereas the industry of feuilleton-writing (which hitherto employed on *The Daily Mail* and its allied papers alone one thousand tax-payers) has become extinct owing to the public's lack of familiarity with

dukes and millionaires—the essential raw materials of the feuilleton; And whereas two million writers of short stories are driven to seek their material in the slum, the kail-yard, and Upper Tooting; Therefore we the petitioners demand that all protective taxes on their raw material, dukes and millionaires, be instantly removed. And in the event of your honourable House failing to comply with this demand then the members of the House will be forcibly restrained whilst the petitioners' representatives read aloud typical feuilletons of their own production."

There was a shriek of horror from the frightened House. Mr. Crooks, the Secretary for War, fainted. Then the forms of the House were unanimously suspended and the veteran Premier introduced a Bill providing that dukes and millionaires should be exempt from all taxation and become Old Age Pensioners from birth.

Two days later every illustrated paper in England contained a snap-shot, "The Duke of Norfolk paying his taxiplane driver at Liverpool aerogage," and *The Daily Mail* announced a new feuilleton by the author of *Lepers in Purple*, entitled *True Hearts in Tiaras*. England was herself again.

A MORNING DIP.

SHE tripped down the sand
For a dip in the briny,
And cautiously scanned
The breakers at hand;
Her costume was grand,
Her temerity tiny.
She tripped down the sand
For a dip in the briny.

The water was blue,
And so was the maiden,
Her nervousness grew,
She was shivering too
As she bobbed her way through
The rollers spray-laden.
The water looked blue
And so did the maiden.

Her machine she mislaid,
And searched for it blindly;
To doorways she strayed,
Recoiling dismayed,
For their inmates conveyed
Their reproaches unkindly.
Her machine she mislaid,
And searched for it blindly.

But she found it, of course,
And took hours over dressing,
While the unbathed, in force
On the steps, became hoarse
('Twas their only resource)
In—the converse of blessing.
But she found it, of course,
And took hours over dressing.

THE BENEFIT OF LITERATURE.

At North Walsham on Saturday the 21st ult. two lads were charged with stealing "a bottle of brandy, a bottle of Chartreuse, a box of Sure Shot cigars, a box of Tortoise-shell cigarettes, seven boxes of Colonel Bogey cigarettes, a box containing 10 packets of Colonel Bogey cigarettes, a bicycle wrench, 10 packets of Player's cigarettes, six packets of Woodbines, and nine cigars, value in all £1 2s. 6d," from a hotel at Bacton. The prisoners, one of whom explained that they had been reading "a book called *Raffles* which appears to have turned our heads," were dealt with under the Probation Act and were bound over in their own recognisances of £50, and their father's surety for a like amount, to come up for judgment if called upon within twelve months.

Several eminent novelists have written to us to contrast the effect of the novel in question with that on the ingenuous minds of the readers of their own beneficial fictions.

Mr. Halk Ayne, the author of *The Great Black Loss*, informs us that two Egyptian Nationalists have been so moved by the perusal of his romance that, hearing of a recent regrettable

robbery at Pastor's Hotel at Cairo, in which the thieves carried off a dozen of champagne, six bottles of Benedictine, 2000 gold-tipped cigarettes, 100 Magnifico Pomposo cigars, valued at £22, or exactly 20 times the amount of the goods abstracted by the readers of *Raffles*, they asked and obtained permission to recompense the proprietor for his loss. "I leave all unprejudiced readers," Mr. Halk Ayne modestly adds, "to draw the obvious inference."

Miss Carrie Morelli writes to state that none of her readers have ever been prompted by the study of her works to any confusion between *meum* and *tuum*.



MORE BUDGET DEBATES.

"YUS, BUT YOU JEST PUT YOURSELF IN THE DOOR O' WESTMINSTER'S PLACE."

On the contrary they have led to the diffusion of a spirit of such boundless benevolence that, as recently published wills testify, various charitable institutions have directly benefited to the extent of many thousands of pounds.

Meanwhile the Scotland Yard authorities are seriously considering the importance either of enrolling extra police during the forthcoming run of *Arsène Lupin*, or arranging for some dramatic antidote to that further attractive exploitation of the gentleman thief.

"Mr. C. E. M., Parish Church and Burgh Organist, resumes his Professional duties on Wednesday, 1st September.

"Mr. W. H., Organist and Choirmaster, commences his Professional Duties on Tuesday, 1st September."—*Port Glasgow Express*.

Thus there is no clashing.

OUR MERRY MUSICIANS.

No surer indication of the advance in public musical taste could be afforded, as *The Daily Mail* justly points out in a recent issue, than the popularity achieved at the Promenade Concerts by the *Valse Triste* of the Finnish composer, SIBELIUS. To quote from our contemporary: "It is, indeed, sad and ghostly, written as a part of the incidental music to a drama, 'Death,' by Arvid Järnefelt (brother-in-law of Sibelius). A sick and sleeping mother suddenly awakens to the sound of soft music, which develops into a waltz refrain. She waves her hands in time to the music, and strange visionary couples appear and dance to the weird valse rhythm. Then a knock comes at the door; the mother utters a despairing cry; the door flies open, and Death stands on the threshold."

Although the *Valse Triste* may not enjoy the questionable distinction of being whistled everywhere, *The Daily Mail* confidently predicts that it will become very popular with orchestral societies, especially those having a limited but efficient band.

It is pleasant to know that this campaign against unseasonable levity is being carried on by native as well as foreign composers. Thus "The Last Gasp" is the pleasing title of a new symphonic poem which Mr. Schubert Coffin has undertaken to compose for the Kensal Green Festival. The *scenario* of this exhilarating *morceau*, is as follows. A patient suffering from the *sequelæ* of acute influenza is lying prostrate on his couch when his room is invaded by two burglars, who, after garotting their victim, dance a *Valse macabre* round the bed. This number cannot fail to commend itself to orchestral societies in the suburbs, especially during an epidemic of housebreaking.

Again, Mr. Cyril Keltie, noted for his cadaverous charm, has been commissioned by the Woking Choral Society, to compose a cantata illustrating the horrors of premature burial. The orchestra is muted throughout, and the ordinary instruments will be supplemented by a group of four oboes *d'orore*, two screech owls and a banshee, and the conductor's desk at the first performance will be placed on the top of a sarcophagus specially constructed for the occasion.

Finally we are rejoiced to hear that Messrs. Bury and Tombs, the famous musical *entrepreneurs*, have arranged a series of Lethal Chamber Music Concerts. The full programmes will be announced in due course, but we understand that they will include a charming cycle of Death-bed Ditties and a set of Skeleton-Army Quadrilles.

OLD JOKES FOR NEW.

As I climbed the stairs to the editor's office I recalled my last night in London, when I sat with pen and paper before me, racking my brains for a subject on which to write, and cursing the roar of motor-buses that came in at the window. (The roar came in.) I do not remember the name of the country, or how I got there; but I was far from the land of my birth, in a place where the prospect of a fresh start filled me with hope.

I was assuring the editor that I could do all the things the London editors had mistakenly decided that I could not do, when he interrupted me:

"What we want is something fresh," he said, "new treatment, novel points of view, bright ideas, and"—with a wave of the hand—"and so on."

"Exactly, just my line," I said.

"Take my 'Wit and Humour' page, for instance. It's so difficult to get out of the old ruts, away from the old stories——"

"I know—the curate's egg, and the rest of 'em," I said.

"The curate's egg? I don't understand."

"I mean the story—the story of the curate's egg, you know; 'parts of it excellent,' you remember."

"No, never heard it. Is it a good one?" he asked. So I told it to him. He laughed loud and long, slapped his leg, and summoned his assistant, to whom he repeated it. I began to wonder whether I was dreaming. However, I was encouraged to try again, and I recounted the incident of the man who attempted suicide on the metals of a slow line, and died of starvation before a train came, following with the tale of the nervous page-boy at the Bishop's bed-room door. They were convulsed.

"Young man," said the editor, wiping away his tears, "I'll pay five pounds for a column of stories like those."

"Done!" I said. "And could you do with a couple of thousand on the Mother-in-law?"

"No, Sir; humour's your line. You stick to humour."

"But she is humorous," I replied.

"Not in this country," he declared grimly. So I told him a mother-in-law story. His face lit with the light of a new discovery, and he ordered two columns, adding that the boys would enjoy reading it. It required great restraint on my part to reserve the Scot for a future suggestion.

I had reached a land where the old jokes were unknown. Could a humorist hope for anything better even in his dreams? As I rushed back to my lodgings I had visions of wealth and fame. I wrote easily and rapidly, page after page; then I sat back to read what I had written.



"NANNY, NANNY, DO COME TO MAX, HE'S LOST HIS PLACE IN BED!"

But as I read the writing faded away, the roar of motor-buses came through the open window, and the paper before me changed into the same clean sheet that I had meant to write on before I fell asleep and emigrated.

A BALLAD OF THE SCOT.

I LAY among the heath and ling,
Close as a rabbit 'neath a root,
For I had faced that fearsome thing,
A Scottish tenants-shoot!

The beaters bawled, the birds were raised,
And, heartened by his country's wine,
Each vassal venomously blazed
All up and down the line!

The drive came volleying to an end;
I crawled from out my shelter place;
I heard a grey-beard greet a friend—
O woeful was his face!

The friend he turned him in his butt,
Quoth he, "Whit ails ye, Alick Baird?"
"O wae is me, for I hae put
Twa pellets in the Laird!"

"O weary fa' the morn's ill work,
O weary fa' this weepin fell,
To think an Elder o' the kirk
Maun tinker up Himsel'!"

Out spake his friend: "Awa' wi' ye;
Nae maitter that for sic a roar,
Ye've shot the Laird, ye're tellin' me,
But, fegs, it micht be waur!"

"Thank Heeven that it hadna' been
Yin o' they feckless beater loons;
The Laird's Himsel',—a scarted wean
Had cost ye twa half-croons!"

The Elder raised his drooping head;
He dropped the dour and tragic mask,
And, "Aiblins ye'll be richt!" he said,
And took the proffered flask.

"Incumbent desires exchange. Country parish, very healthy position. Excellent train service. Station."—*The Record*.

It is a great idea to have a station as well as an excellent train service; the difficulty of disembarking vanishes altogether.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If novel-readers ever go out on strike and break windows, one of their first demands, I think, will be, that couples who played together during childhood must be happily united in the last page: it is one of the natural rights of romantic sentiment. The principle is rather flagrantly violated in *Diana Dethroned* (LANE), by W. M. LETTS, for the two young people who romped about at the beginning of the book have only got as far as an engagement, when the arrival of an unexpected wife, supposed to have been burnt in Paris, and belonging to *Robin Daynant's* recently discarded past, upsets their apple-cart. The lady dies, but not before *Phæbe Lankester* has bestowed her hand on a rather uninteresting cousin who takes morphia and comes from Australia. The author's mythology is not a little puzzling, for *Phæbe*, or "Diana," although passionately devoted to horse and hound, is to some degree identified with Ceres, being supposed to reach the full perfection of her womanhood after having been married for five or six years. Historically, no doubt, certain local Dianas could be identified with the Syrian Astarte, if one wished to do it, but where the title of a book is concerned it is surely fairer to stick to the instructions in the *Gradus*. I am the more concerned to make this criticism because the first part of the story is, I think, much the best (the writer is particularly happy in her sketches of children and animals, and when dealing with garden and wood), and I rather lost interest in *Phæbe Lankester* after her marriage. Perhaps "Diana Mater-familias" would have been a fairer indication of what the reader had to expect.

Mr. HOWARD PEASE, who has written *With the Warden of the Marches* (CONSTABLE), is at least master of the art of chapter-heading. "Of the Coming of the Stranger," "Of the Rescue of Elfrida," and the like, is how he distinguishes them, and to one who remembers the glorious AINSWORTH thrill there is much virtue in that "of." Truth, however, compels me to add that the story itself falls a little short of the promise thus implied. It only fills half the book, and without Mr. PEASE's picturesque style, and his store of borderland knowledge to quicken it, would be decidedly commonplace. I suppose no heroine in historical fiction ever yet swore a blood-feud against the house of her father's foes without promptly thereafter falling in love with its chief. Anyway that is what *Elfrida* did, and when the gallant *Rinyon*, having rescued her in the most approved style from the clutches of false *Clennell*, turned out to be one of her hereditary enemies, she evinced a surprise which I confess I was unable to share. Naturally there was nothing then for *Elfrida* but to dress herself in doublet and hose, ride to warn her lover of the feud, and fall gracefully into his arms. All of which she did, so promptly indeed as to leave Mr. PEASE with more than a hundred pages of his book to fill up. He achieves this by the aid of some short stories, which give me the impression of being early work, and not particularly

worthy of their present form. Surely there were devices by which such a writer could have kept the interest of his longer tale for the space required to sell it at six shillings; at present the make-weight is a little obvious.

That Mr. EDWARD NOBLE knows

The ropes, and other things marine,
Lords of the Sea (from METHUEN) shows,Like former books of his I've seen;
But what this one makes clear as day,
And what the earlier ones did not,
Is that he also knows the way
To frame a very powerful plot.

Mainly his purpose is to paint

The ugly side of life at sea—
Fierce competition, with the taint
Of P. P. I.'s and barratry.

He does it well, though not so much

By truth to things as they exist,
As by the very human touch
He gives to the protagonist.

Londoner (proud of the Tube system, to friends from the country). "THERE'S THE WHOLE THING, YOU SEE! ABSOLUTELY SIMPLE!"

I propose a vote of sympathy with the heroine of *Fiona* (MURRAY) because her charm has been eclipsed by the obtrusiveness of her creator. It is a pity and more than a pity, for if Lady NAPIER of MAGDALA would realise that a novel is not a fitting place for the airing of countless prejudices her work would be really delightful. In this book, however, she is out to tilt, and one feels at last that a rescue-party ought to be formed to save *Fiona* from such a very wicked pharisaical world. The desire to pillory snobbishness is commendable enough, but I cannot help thinking that Mr. Venables (a member of the great banking house of Venables, Venables, Venables and Pickington) is more of a caricature than a character. I can believe a good deal of Mr. Venables; I can believe in his mottled cheek, his creaking boots, his huge soft hands and his self-importance; but I cannot believe that, with so portentous an outward curve to his waistcoat, he would spoil his social aspirations by wearing his thumbs in the armholes of that garment. Chapter IX. could be aptly named "A Straight Talk with Smart Society," and I hope devoutly that this mysterious set will be more improved than amused by it. Lady NAPIER, needless to say, is in deadly earnest and wholly on the side of the angels, but in her wish to make the world a better place she is in danger of treating her characters unfairly, and—what is worse—of boring her readers.

"Hospital Sergeant Royal Marines, seeks Situation to take charge of doctor's surgery and accounts, or any place of truth."—*Northern Daily Echo*.

He is evidently tired of telling things to the Marines.

From the report of a cricket match in *The Glasgow Herald*:—

"W. White, thrown out 93."

It is no part of the scorer's duty to comment on a bowler's action.



TOIL.

PLEASURE.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE'S Development Bill provides the machinery for the construction of motor roads with no speed limits. Clearly another bid for votes, addressed this time to the Medical and Undertaking Professions.

The War Office is about to issue a number of landscape targets to assist in the training of recruits and young soldiers. This opening of a new field for painters is welcomed in Art circles, and it is said that a certain Royal Academician whose landscapes are often a butt for the critics has already brought himself before the notice of the military authorities.

The KAISER has done much to encourage aviation, but when Count ZEPPELIN reached Berlin he kissed him on both cheeks.

A subscriber to *The Daily Mail* has been complaining of the way in which his favourite journal has been booming the aeroplanes, which he believes will prove a curse to mankind. We under-

stand it to be a fact that it was only after long and careful consideration that our contemporary decided to give its patronage to the new method of locomotion, instead of letting it die of obscurity.

So few persons have a good word for the rook that we are pleased to find a well-known writer whitewashing that much maligned bird. Mr. HAMILTON FYFE, in recounting his impressions of the aerial week at Rheims, remarks:—"The Antoinette, coming up towards one high against the horizon, suggests an eagle sailing on vast white wings—or a rook, perhaps, since eagles are not white."

A representative of *The Mirror* has been interviewing the proprietor of a registry-office on the subject of complaints by servants. "Servants in general," we are told, "always consider themselves much aggrieved in being called by their first names, old as the practice is, preferring the use of the surname." Our experience of menials named Ermyntude, Gwladys, and Daphne is the other way round.

The new American Tariff imposes a duty of 20 per cent. on violin rosin, and KUBELIK and MARIE HALL, who had already entered into contracts with Yankee managers, are said to be faced with ruin.

Judge WOODWARD, of New York, holds the opinion that, while American people many years ago were probably over boastful, the pendulum has now swung the other way, and the average American is too modest in asserting the glories of his native land. But this was said before the Stars and Stripes had been run up at the North Pole.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, on her way across the Atlantic, cut clean through a large whale lying asleep on the top of the water. For some time past, we believe, the problem of the reckless sailing of the big liners—or "sea-hogs," as they are called—has been receiving attention in whale circles, but has not yet been satisfactorily solved.

More decadence! A shop in one of our best streets is boldly advertising "Fashions for the Fall."

THE NEW CORDON BLEU.

TO DR. COOK, OF THE NORTH POLE.

If you can swear upon your soul
That, having passed the icy seas,
You have unearthed the long-lost Pole
(And, though your tale sounds like a wheeze
Told to Marines by giddy middies,
I must not doubt its *bona fides*);—

If it is true that you achieved
The dash across those dismal floes
In isolation unrelieved
Except by stuffy Eskimos,
Let me, although a mere land-lubber,
Anoint your head with oil of blubber.

On you the general gaze is bent;
Our feelings even grow obtuse
About that other world-event,
The football-gladiators' "truce;"
A deed like yours seems, after all,
More vital than a game of ball.

And most we marvel how you nursed
So long in secret such a sprint;
I should have thought it would have burst
Out through your pores in sudden print;
Is there a case of such restraint
In Yankee records? No, there ain't.

Even *The Mail* was months behind
The date of your accomplished fact,
Nor should I be surprised to find
Its Polar Correspondent sacked,
Who missed you in the Arctic night
Through an amazing oversight.

Meanwhile it weighs you in the scale,
It puts you through the critic's sieve,
And finds *The New York Herald's* tale
"AN UNCONVINCING NARRATIVE,"
In rival type it almost looked
As if the whole account was Cooked!

Yes, there are sceptic eyes to face,
Men who will cry, "You talk about
Your Eskimos who joined the chase?"
Well, let us see 'em; trot 'em out!"
And others, "If you reached the goal,
Where's the result? Produce your Pole!"

Myself, I liked that first report,
Laconic as a rifle's crack,
Which showed (without details of sport)
You'd done the journey—Pole and back,
Fulfilling your tremendous mission
"While on a Polar expedition."

In that last line there is the ring
Of Truth that proves your word is good;
Some might assert they found the thing
While skating in the neighbourhood;
But *you* located its position
"While on a Polar expedition."

Well, there have been great Cooks before,
Voyagers famed beyond eclipse—
JAMES who discovered many a shore,
And THOMAS who invented trips,
Nor can there be, in my poor view,
"Too many Cooks" like them and you.

O. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS FOR THE HOME;

OR, LITTLE ARTHUR'S ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Little Arthur, aged 12; Papa, aged 48.)

Little Arthur. Papa!

Papa. Yes, my boy.

L. A. May I ask you a question?

Papa. Yes, yes. What is it?

L. A. Are you a very plain man, Papa?

Papa. Am I a—— Well, I'm dashed! What on earth do you mean? It's remarkably good of you to take such an interest in my looks. I don't suppose I'm better or worse than most other men as far as that goes.

L. A. Oh, Papa, I didn't mean your looks. I've never thought about them. Besides, Mamma said we mustn't judge people by their looks. She said an ugly face often concealed a heart of gold; and I'm sure we all know——

Papa. I daresay, I daresay. You all know I've got a heart of gold. Was that what you were going to say?

L. A. Yes, Papa, something like that. But, of course, I didn't mean that you'd got an ug—— I shouldn't *dream* of saying such a thing as that.

Papa. Well, we won't pursue that subject, if you don't mind.

L. A. No, Papa; but I wasn't thinking of that subject at all when we started.

Papa. What were you thinking about, then? You asked me if I was a very plain man.

L. A. Yes, Papa, I did. I heard you tell M. Lagrange yesterday that you were only a plain Englishman; and I've heard you say the same thing to other people lots of times.

Papa. Oh, that's what you're after, is it?

L. A. Yes, Papa, that's what I'm after. And M. Lagrange said, "*Quant à moi, je ne suis qu'un pauvre Français, moi,*" and you said it didn't matter and he wasn't to mind, or something of that sort—so I thought I'd ask you what you meant by being a plain Englishman.

Papa. Come, there's nothing so very difficult about that. Anybody can see with half an eye what that means. It means a man who's outspoken and downright, a man who means what he says and says what he means, a man who—who's an Englishman, in short.

L. A. Then are all Englishmen like that, Papa?

Papa. It's a national characteristic.

L. A. Yes, Papa, but Mr. Mortimer is an Englishman, isn't he, Papa?

Papa. Certainly he is—a very good old English family, the Mortimers.

L. A. But Mamma said the other day she never quite knew what Mr. Mortimer was up to—he never seemed to say what he really meant; and you said she had hit him off to a T, and that you couldn't stand a man who had always got something behind what he said and was always laying traps for you. You said there were too many men like that.

Papa. Yes, that's true enough.

L. A. But then, if Mr. Mortimer's an Englishman, Papa, and if he never says what he really means, he isn't a *plain* Englishman, is he?

Papa. I never said he was.

L. A. No, Papa; but if there are too many like him——

Papa. Foreigners, my boy.

L. A. But, Papa, you don't know *many* foreigners. You only know Mr. Blinkenstein and Mr. Schmitz and M. Lagrange, and they're only three, and I'm sure they say what they mean, don't they?

Papa. What's Miss MacBrayne doing? Why aren't you having lessons with her?

L. A. She's got a holiday, Papa. She's celebrating the battle of Bannockburn with some Scotch friends in London.



THE BILL-DRIVE.

LORD HALSBURY. "NO SIGN OF A BIRD YET."
LORD LANSDOWNE. "NO, IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THIS.
SHAN'T BE ABLE TO DO OURSELVES JUSTICE."

AND THEN THEY'LL COME WITH A RUSH AT THE END OF THE DAY, AND WE



VARIETY.

Boatman. "NO, THERE AIN'T MUCH TO DO 'ERE EXCEPT BATHE. BUT SOME FOLKS, WHEN THEY GETS TIRED O' BATHIN' FROM THIS SIDE OF THE BREAKWATER, THEY BATHES FROM T'OTHER."

Papa. The battle of what?

L. A. The battle of Bannockburn, Papa, where the Scotch beat the English. She says the Scotch always—

Papa. I don't want to hear what Miss MacBrayne says about the Scotch. What were we talking about?

L. A. I was going to say, Papa, that, as you only know three foreigners and as they're all plain men, you must have been thinking about Englishmen when you said there were too many like Mr. Mortimer.

Papa. Well, I wasn't.

L. A. Weren't you, Papa? Then I wonder what kind of people you *were* thinking about?

Papa. You can go on wondering.

L. A. Yes, Papa. But you *do* think Englishmen are better than foreigners, don't you?

Papa. Of course I do. So does every sensible man.

L. A. But isn't M. Lagrange a sensible man, Papa?

Papa. Oh, sensible enough, I daresay.

L. A. Well, he doesn't think Englishmen are better than Frenchmen. He says France is at the head of civilisation.

Papa. Does he? Well, she isn't.

L. A. No, Papa. And he says Frenchmen have won just as many battles as Englishmen—I think he said many more; and he said French poets—

Papa. What on earth do I care what he said about French poets? You needn't take every word he says for Gospel truth. After all, he's a Frenchman.

L. A. Yes, Papa, that's just what he said about us.

Papa. Said we were *Frenchmen*?

L. A. No, Papa. He said, after all, we were Englishmen, and we couldn't be expected to look at these things fairly.

Papa. I see I shall have to give Lagrange a bit of my mind if he goes on talking to you like that.

L. A. Oh, I don't mind, Papa. I'm a plain Englishman.

Papa. Are you? Well, you can run off into the garden and be a plain Englishman there.

The Daily Mail has been approaching certain great explorers with the question, "What proof would you ask from Dr. Cook that he had reached the Pole?" and the following is Sir MARTIN CONWAY's decisive reply:—

"The statement of a reputable explorer, backed by a consistent story and supported by such observations as circumstances made practicable, would be accepted by the scientific world, if the story were found on examination to 'hang together,' as proof that the explorer had reached the point he claims to have reached."

After reading this definite pronouncement we have no longer hesitation in saying that Dr. Cook has either been telling the truth or else a lie.

Mrs. RAMSAY MACDONALD is reported by *The Chronicle* to have said that women should not be prevented from becoming Fellows of the "Royal Chemical Society." Can this be an off-shoot of the Anti-Corset League?

AN ENGLISH CRICKETER'S LOVE LETTERS.

THE following correspondence was thrust in our letter-box last week with the demand that it should be printed in our next issue. We have not the least doubt that it is unauthentic—or premature, at any rate; but at the same time it certainly seems to convey the atmosphere of the authorised letters. It may be of course that our contributor has only got hold of the rough drafts.

Dec. 24, 1908.

MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—A merry Christmas to you. I hope you are keeping fit for next season; we must try to beat the Australians. Can you possibly drop in to tea to-morrow?

Yours affectionately,
ALVERSTONE.

July, 1909.

MY DEAR CRAWFORD,—We are all horrified at your conduct in refusing at the last moment to play against the Australians, when you had promised LEVESON-GOWER to do so. Unless you can see your way to making a public apology to the Committee, in the presence of APTED and the other groundsmen, it will be our painful duty never to let you have the Saturday half-holiday again.

Yours very truly,
ALVERSTONE.

MY DEAR LORD ALVERSTONE,—All I said was that I wouldn't accept the responsibility of captaining a team which consisted entirely of HARRISON, PLATT and DUCAT. No reason was given to me why the others weren't asked, and I think I ought to at least have been consulted, seeing that it was entirely owing to my captaincy that we won the last match. A lot of people look upon me as a sort of professional, instead of being a very young man with an experience and knowledge of the game unrivalled even by W. G. GRACE.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

MY DEAR PROFUMO—I mean CRAWFORD,—My instructions are to the effect that, anyhow, you are quite old enough to know why all the Surrey professionals except three are in disgrace; if you didn't know, you ought to have guessed. The fact that they are playing to-day against Middlesex has nothing to do with it. If the wicket had been soft some of them would have been left out. Will you apologise?

Yours faithfully,
ALVERSTONE.

MY DEAR LORD ALVERSTONE,—It is awfully nice of you to write me such jolly letters. The official captain, which I won't sully my pen with his name, only told me that HOBBS wasn't good enough for Surrey, and never said anything about the others. Under the circumstances I

don't see why I should apologise to him or anybody—except NOBLE.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

MY DEAR JACK,—Awfully sorry I hadn't time to nod to you when I saw you to-day, but the Committee have ordered me to cut you. I will write you a nice long letter when I get home.

Yours ever,
H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER.

MY DEAR JACK,—I am amazed, revolted and disgusted at your conduct. To think that you should refer to me in this way in your letters to Lord ALVERSTONE, when you know how good I have always been to you! You bad boy! I shall tell STRUDWICK how wicked you have been. Under the circumstances I shall have to cancel your season ticket to the White City—and KIRALFY quite agrees with me in this. It is also obviously impossible that we should both go with the M.C.C. team to South Africa, and so I have asked the South Africans to choose which one of us they would rather played against them in Test Matches. They have unanimously chosen me.

Yours ever,
H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER.

DEAR CRAWFORD,—At a meeting of Surrey stockbrokers it was decided that the following resolution be sent to you:—

"That in view of young CRAWFORD's refusal to play against the Australians, and the bad style and construction of his letters to Lord ALVERSTONE, he be asked never to play cricket again. And a jolly good riddance."

Yours sincerely,
W. FINDLAY.

DEAR FINDLAY,—Why I should be practically branded as a criminal for refusing to take the field eight short, when you might at least have thanked me for past services, I'm sure I don't know. Anyhow, I hope that others will do the same.

Yours for the last time,
JOHN N. CRAWFORD.

The Manchester Evening News on the Brighton walk:—

"Edwards has made great strides this season, and if his improvement has been maintained during the last few weeks the distance between Payne and himself should be considerably lessened."

He certainly couldn't do better than to keep on with his great strides.

Dogget's Cap and Jersey.

"The entry for Jerseys eclipsed anything known before, no fewer than 147 names being included in the catalogue. Mr. Pocock was not able to go himself."—*North Wilts Herald*. A pity that he couldn't have had a shot for the jersey—he might have won it.

CONCERNING THE CAUSES OF THINGS.**I.—KISSING.**

I KISSED HIM:—

Because he told me he was an orphan.
Because he looked so unhappy.
Because he gave me a bull-pup.
Because Elizabeth kissed him.
Because it was Bank Holiday.
Because he was going away for ever.
Because he came back for ever.
Because he had such nice curly hair.
Because he was an anti-vivisectionist.
Because he joined the Territorials.
Because he didn't like Dorothy's hat.
Because the light went out.
Because he dared me to.
Because he'd been bitten by a lion in Somaliland.
Because he made a hundred, not out.
Because he was a sailor.
Because; well, just because.

I KISSED HER:—

Because she said no man had ever kissed her.
Because she was so kind to her mother.
Because our Christian names began with the same letter.
Because we both loved MARIE CORELLI.
Because she had red hair.
Because it was the first chance I'd had.
Because it was the last chance I'd get.
Because she was so sensible.
Because I always had kissed the girls in that family.
Because it was the first time I'd seen her with her hair up.
Because it was the first time I'd seen her with her hair down.
Because she had a dimple.
Because she dared me to.
Because she began to cry.
Because I heard someone coming.
Because I couldn't hear anyone coming.
Because; well, on general principles.

II.—MARRIAGE.

I married HIM:—

Because he said I was the only girl he had ever loved.
Because he was a vegetarian, a total abstainer, and a non-smoker.
Because I didn't want Beatrice to get him.
Because I was tired of living at home.
Because he thought he understood women.
Because I thought I understood men.
Because he didn't know what I was aiming at, until it was too late.
Because he was a clerk in the War Office.
Because I wanted to reform him.
Because my people forbade me to.
Because he had a thousand a year.
Because I thought he'd be easy to manage.
Because he was the first man that proposed to me.

Because his brother was already married.
 Because he read ALFRED AUSTIN's poems so beautifully.
 Because he looked so romantic.
 Because I was thirty-four.
 Because; well, I often ask myself why I did it.

I married HER:—

Because she was the first white girl I met after three years in Zululand.
 Because I loved her.
 Because I didn't meet her mother before we were married.
 Because she had five thousand a year.
 Because she was the daughter of a Cabinet Minister.
 Because I proposed to her one night on the river.
 Because she didn't talk silly rot about Art and Music.
 Because she was such a jolly good sort.
 Because I wanted to settle down.
 Because I wanted to settle up.
 Because a fellow can't help himself with that kind of girl.
 Because I thought she understood me.
 Because I thought I understood her.
 Because she was beautiful.
 Because Kate jilted me.
 Because I wanted to put that ass Blankley's nose out of joint.
 Because she told me she wasn't of a jealous disposition.
 Because; well, hang it all, I really don't know why I did.

LOCOMOTIVE DRAMA.

WE are delighted to hear that the example set by M. MAETERLINCK in his recent production of *Macbeth* is to be emulated in the operations of the new Locomotive Theatre, Ltd., which will shortly open with an extensive classical and romantic repertory.

It will be remembered that at the Abbey of St. Wandrille at Caudebec-en-Caux the tragedy was "lived" rather than acted, the witches dancing in the moonlight round real cauldrons, the spectators who followed the actors from point to point having to travel a mile or two in pursuit of the *dramatis personæ*.

The directors of the Locomotive Theatre, realising to what an extent exercise conduces to the well-being of the spectators, have arranged that in every one of their productions the various scenes shall be represented in the actual places indicated by the authors.

Arrangements have accordingly been made for a production of *Macbeth* in Scotland, where, with the aid of motor-cars, dirigible balloons and other means of rapid transport, the audience will be able to cover several hundred miles during the progress of the drama, travelling from Forres to Elie and the



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY ORCHARD?"

"IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, I JUST CAME TO SEE IF YOU WOULD LEND ME A FEW APPLES."

English border with the utmost rapidity and convenience.

The claims of realism will be rigorously consulted in a variety of ways. Not only will real cauldrons be provided; but real brindled cats, hedgepigs and other animals will take part in the witches' orgies. The cast will include the Earl of CAWDOR, who has kindly placed his castle at the disposal of the company; the ghost of *Banquo* and other apparitions will be supplied by the Society of Psychical Research, and Sir JAMES CRIEFTON-BROWNE will officiate as the Scotch Doctor.

Arrangements are also being made for the production of *Othello* on similar lines. As students of the immortal bard are well aware, the First Act takes place in Venice, while the scene for the rest of the play is laid at a seaport in Cyprus. Negotiations are accordingly on foot with the Italian Government and the Colonial Office with a view to fulfilling the dramatist's intentions, but it

has not yet been decided whether the transference shall be effected by the North German Lloyd steamers or a fleet of dirigible balloons. The cast is not yet complete, but it is hoped to secure EL ROCHI to impersonate the Moor, the Duke of the Abruzzi the *Duke of Venice*, and Miss ELKINS *Desdemona*.

"In another instance they threw the carter's load about in Tib Street, unharnessed the horse, and put the animal back in the shafts tail first."—*Daily Dispatch*.

This is reported as being an "amusing feature of the picketing operations." Next time they must put the animal back head first and be really funny.

"The trained eye knows how to distinguish the plop of a water rat as it drops off the bank and disappears from sight from the sound made by a fish rising under the bank."—*The Staffordshire Sentinel*.

Cf. Chapter XXI., p. 314, of that anonymous masterpiece, *Plops I have Seen*.

A TRUE STORY.

THE Author feels quite justified in publishing the following correspondence, if only to show up to the Editor (as being the only man not directly implicated) the detestable character of a person who has hitherto traded upon a false reputation for fair and honest judgment.

The Author to the Man in the Street.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to inform you that I intend to tell you a story concerning *The Classification of John*, and wish particularly to call your attention to the fact that it is a true story.

Yours faithfully, THE AUTHOR.

The Man in the Street to the Author.

30th Aug., 1909.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter of what (in the careless omission of a date) I assume to be the 29th inst., the contents of which are duly noted. In reply I have to inform you that I have no interest whatsoever in the affair, and that it is a matter of complete indifference to me whether the story concerning *The Classification of John* is a true one or a mere fabrication.

Yours truly,

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Author to the Man in the Street.

31st Aug., 1909.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 30th inst. to hand. I must confess that I am surprised at the attitude you adopt. I cannot recollect a previous instance in which I have met with such an unblushing confession of indifference to the truth. However, I may at once state that I adhere to my intention of telling you the story concerning *The Classification of John*, and that no amount of prevarication on your part shall deter me from my purpose. In your reply please refer to "J. 1909 (T. S.)."

Yours truly, THE AUTHOR.

The Man in the Street to the Author.

1st Sept., 1909.

J. 1909 (T. S.).

DEAR SIR,—In spite of the fact that you most improperly failed to lick the flap of the envelope containing your impertinent communication of the 31st ult., I am in receipt of the same, and have handed it, together with your other letter, to my solicitors. Anything further you may have to write on the matter, you will kindly address to them.

Yours truly,

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Author to the Solicitors of the Man in the Street.

2nd Sept., 1909.

DEAR SIR,—After a long and fruitless correspondence with the Man in the Street, I am now referred by him to you. Briefly to recapitulate the circumstances,

I have the fixed determination of telling to someone (I do not care to whom) a story concerning *The Classification of John*, particularly emphasising the fact that the story is a true story. I understand that you will accept service of the same, and shall be glad to hear from you at your early convenience.

Yours truly, THE AUTHOR.

The Solicitors to the Author.

3rd Sept., 1909.

Re Classification of John.

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, but are at a loss to understand its contents. We make a point, in the interests of our clients, of being in receipt of letters, but being at a loss to understand their contents. This is of course without prejudice.

Yours truly,

THE SOLICITORS.

The Author to the Solicitors.

(Don't Know.)

DEAR SIR,—I am flabbergasted at the attitude you choose to adopt. In the face of such discourteous treatment I shall say no more, but proceed to tell the story, merely changing the name of the hero to satisfy the general lust for falsehood.

Yours truly,

THE AUTHOR.

[1 Enclosure.]

THE CLASSIFICATION OF WILLIAM.

William, though not himself of an adventurous nature, was ever ready to oblige. When first his brother asked him to come out to West Africa and look for lions, William answered with considerable accuracy that he did not think that he had lost any. Later, in order to avoid argument, he consented to go, and together they set off to West Africa, or, if there are no lions in West Africa, then to East Africa.

Arrived there, they equipped themselves with rifles, food and a negro servant apiece, and started forth in their search for ungotten lions. Very soon, however, William and his negro got lost in the desert. Possibly there are no deserts in East Africa, in which case this all took place in any country you like where there are lions, negroes and deserts, but no signposts. Anyhow, they wandered about for some weeks together, managing to subsist by some means best known to themselves. There were discomforts and little awkwardnesses in the situation, but they managed to scrape along all right until the negro took it into his head to run amok. His idea of running amok was to dance round William with a long, naked knife.

William, roused to argument at last, disputed the propriety of this, and told his negro servant to go away and be quiet, but the latter merely replied irrelevantly:—"If you had not been a good master to me I would murder you."

"Go away," said William; and, thinking the matter was at an end, "Don't make a fool of yourself."

The negro ceased his dancing suddenly, and regarded William with a fixed eye. "I am not so sure," he said slowly, making a humorous grimace, "that you have been a good master to me."

The Solicitors to the Author.

6th Sept., 1909.

DEAR SIR,—Referring to *The Classification of John* (alias William), we withhold comment until we have communicated with our client upon the matter. Meanwhile we may say that it reminds us of a little incident which happened to ourselves only the other day. We will write you to-morrow with full details.

Yours truly, THE SOLICITORS.

The Author to the Solicitors.

DEAR SIR,—This correspondence must now cease.

Yours firmly,

THE AUTHOR.

THE SUN AND THE SINGER.

THE sky is absolutely bald,
No cloudlets spoil its iridescence,
The heat wave has begun to melt
The butter, and is being felt
By persons having what is called
A presence.

This is the day when those who choose
To make the god of sport their fetish
Are found on golf-links and on lawns,
With faces of the tint of prawns,
And growing ever, as they ooze,
More pettish.

But not the bard, whose tuneful shell
Is evermore Apollo's servant:
He shall not roam the fields and prod
Alluvial strata from the sod
Until his hide becomes too—well,
Too fervent.

He shall not wave (to suit your whim)
The ineffectual tennis racket,
Nor leave to some indignant fair,
Who muffs it with a mute despair,
The lob that came too high for him
To whack it.

Here on the lawn I mean to sit
While you indulge your gambols
yonder;
Roofed by a tent of waving boughs,
My handkerchief across my brows,
And murmur to the Muse a bit,
And ponder.

Thus I believe those pastoral men,
Watching their tender goatlets eat
thyme,
The bards of old were wont to lie
And weave their songs,—and so
will I,
If one of you will wake me when
It's tea-time.



LABOUR LOST.

Sympathetic Fast Bowler. "WHAT! HAS IT KNOCKED A TOOTH OUT, OLD CHAP? HARD LINES!"
Injured Batsman. "YES, AND I'VE ONLY JUST HAD IT STOPPED TOO!"

THE IDLER.

I AM a keen motorist. I have got no nerves; they were all destroyed years ago. I am very fond of driving; indeed, I spend the best part of my day driving the largest car that is at present made. You may be very proud of your own car, but it is not nearly so large as mine. When I say that I can take sixteen people inside and eighteen on the top, you will see that this is no vain boast.

I have come to look upon myself as a fairly busy man. True, I do not start work much before eight and rarely continue after midnight, but while I am at it I have one or two little matters of some importance to attend to constantly. At a rough computation I should say that I have seven hands. I have never actually seen more than two of these, but I know that I can manage my steering-wheel, my gears, my lubrication, my hand-brake and my throttle all at the same time, and yet have one hand to spare to wave at intending passengers and another for my cigarette. But then, of course, the steering is not really difficult. All I have to do is to realise at the very first that it is impossible to get my little lot

through, and to hope for the best. Now and then there does seem to be a spare foot or two of unoccupied space in the road, but that is generally filled by half-a-dozen taxicabs before I get there.

Bless you, I am quite used to these taxicabs, for there are always three pressing me on my right, three on my left, two nipping across in front of me, and six running into me behind. Very likely lots of them go underneath me, and I should not be surprised to learn that one or two jump over me.

I get plenty of time for quiet meditation, because the passengers always take great care to give me enough opportunities for stopping. They feel that the hills tire me, so they generally arrange to get on and off when I am halfway up. I appreciate the kindness with which they determine among themselves that no two of them get off at the same time. If this seems likely to occur, one of them stays behind, waits till I have got four or five yards further, and then makes me stop again. These little occasions I use for philosophic contemplation. The chief object that I contemplate philosophically is a ruined engine, the position from which I do so being usually on my back in the road.

But there is always the motor-bus above me to keep the sun off. Of course I lose money on these delays, but one cannot have one's holidays for nothing.

So much for myself. If you would only condescend, I should be delighted to see you any time you cared to come for a little jaunt on my motor. Choose a really wet day, stop me as suddenly as you can, and then watch me skidding. If we are lucky in our day, I and my 'bus will be carried into a private carriage driving on the wrong side of the road. The coachman will abuse me and the occupant of the carriage will abuse me. Then we shall all gather round and have a chat with a policeman, who also will abuse me. You, of course, will abuse me too, and (if you don't mind my giving you a little hint about the etiquette of these occasions) you will be doing the proper thing if you tell the policeman, and see that he takes it down in his notebook, that it was entirely my fault.

"Lord Lansdowne, speaking at Calne last night, denounced the Bridget."—*The Pioneer*.

One hears all sorts of stories about this lady.



District Visitor. "GOOD MORNING, MRS. PERKINS. I HOPE YOU ARE COMING TO THE UNIONIST ASSOCIATION GARDEN PARTY AT SIR ARCHIBALD'S THIS AFTERNOON, TO HEAR OUR CANDIDATE SPEAK?"

Mrs. Perkins. "WELL, NO; YOU SEE, MUM, MY NEIGHBOUR, MRS. 'OPKINS, SHE BELONGS TO THAT, SO I JOINED THE LIBERAL GOVERNMENT, SO WE CAN LOOK AFTER ONE ANOTHER'S BABIES WHILE T'OTHER'S AT MEETINGS."

THE TRUTHFUL ANGLER.

(A Confession to his Host.)

No, it was not with cunning, not with guile,
Not with the "far-flung battle line" of "Zulus,"
Threshing the stream for many a weary mile,
Waving my arm like one that bath a screw loose,—
Not thus that, while the midges murmured
Their mournful incantations round my head,
I took this monster from his ancient bed
Of cool ooze.

He did not leap all panther to the lure,
Rush at the hint of steel like Wall Street buyers,
Struggle for ages ere I had him sure,
And seek to foul me underneath the briars;
Jones would have told you that or some such myth,
So would a hundred of his craft and kith;
But I am WASHINGTON, where Jones and Smith
Are liars.

No, with a leaded line, deliberate, calm,
Standing behind a bush as I was bidden,

There in an evening hour of bats and balm,
When all the swollen flood was flotsam-ridden,
I towed him to his meritorious doom,
I and a fat red worm the undergroom
Had garnered over-night from (I presume)
The midden.

Heavy he came and bloated to his end,
A sheer dead lump to pull, and not a skilled haul,
Like some stout City merchant who must wend
(After the speeches and the wine have thrilled all)
His way to villadom, from where he sat,
Doing his duty by the turtle fat,
Helping to feast some high-souled hero at
The Guildhall.

(Homeric simile.) But ere I close
Observe once more the *triplex aes et robur*
Of this stout rodsman as compared with those
Who lie from early March to late October;
Though, had I not observed (with some chagrin)
That Jack, your son, was standing near the scene,
My story too had very likely been
Less sober.



DEUS CUM MACHINA.

LORD ROSEBERY (emerging once more from his retirement). "ANOTHER OF MY PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENTS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"BANBURY PROBED THE DEPTHS OF RARE HISTORICAL LORE TO FIND PARALLEL TO PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD."
(Rt. Hon. John Burns, as seen by Sir Frederick Banbury.)

House of Commons, Monday, August 30.—A night of discursive conversation, punctuated by the Closure. Housing and Town Planning Bill comes up for Committee. Runs to seventy-three clauses and six schedules. House allotted two days for Committee stage. Seems on face of it inadequate. Fact is last year Grand Committee, microcosm of House, sat for weeks shaping the ends of measure rough-hewn by Local Government Board. What's the use of a Grand Committee if, after this, House is to go all through the work again?

Opposition small but expansive. In Division Lobby mustered thirty-six. Clogged paper with amendments. Met Bill on threshold of Committee with no fewer than ten Instructions. Had a single one been in order, the whole sitting might have been appropriated for discussing it. **SPEAKER**, Closure incarnate, made short work of the group. It was the old story of the Ten Little Niggers. Nine ruled out on point of Order "and then there was one." This also the ruthless **SPEAKER** smothered; "and," he added, "all the Instructions being out of order, I will now leave the Chair."

Which he forthwith did, spending a pleasant evening in his library with **PLATO**, whilst Committee wrestled with

FREDERICK BANBURY, who, in absence of **PRINCE ARTHUR**, undertook to lead Opposition.

He probed the depths of rare historical lore to find parallel to **PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD**. Came to conclusion that he was "a kind of **JULIUS CÆSAR**." **JOHN BURNS**, blushing modestly, disclaimed honour thrust upon him.

WALTER GUINNESS made excellent start. Seconding amendment for omission of Clause 1, which compulsorily endows Local Authorities with power to deal with unhealthy areas, he remarked:

"If this clause be adopted, Local Authorities will put up houses without assurance that they can make both ends meet."

JOHN BRIGHT once talked about impossibility of turning his back on himself. An easy achievement compared with problem here suggested. As **MEMBER FOR SARK** points out, it is only during earthquakes that both ends of a house ever meet.

Hardest case of all **DICKSON-POYNDR**'s. On Clause 30 conversation drifted into comparison between sanitary arrangements of continental cities and London. At end of hour's talk D.-P. interposed.

"I think, Mr. **EXMORR**," he said, addressing the Chair, "it is time to come

back to England from Paris and Berlin."

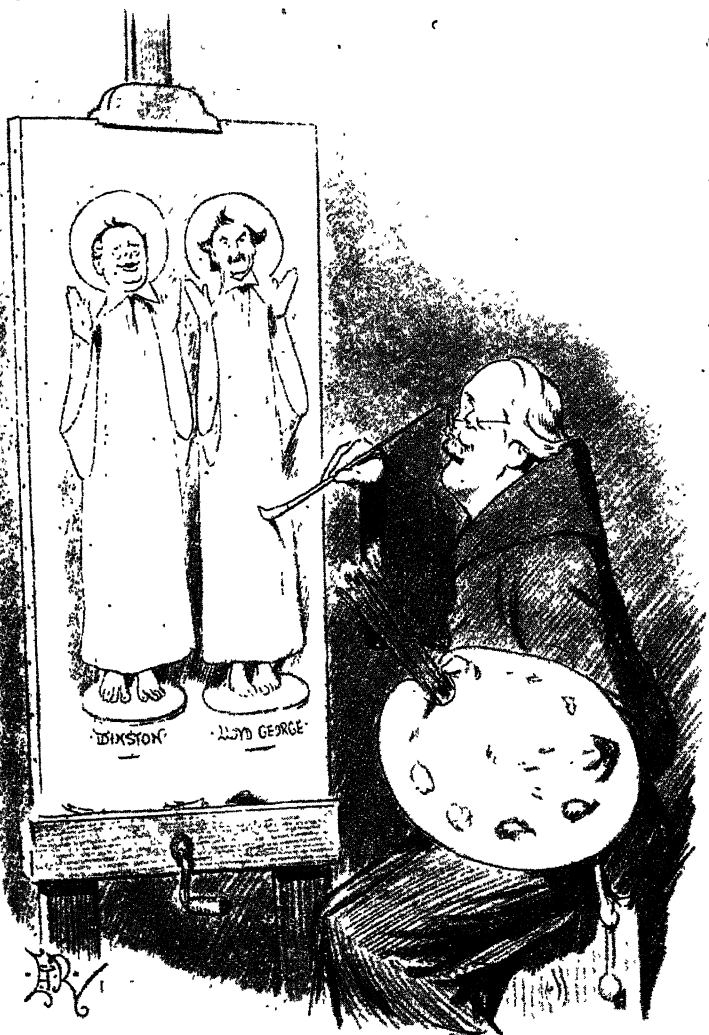
The moment he had landed, so to speak, on his native shore, prepared to enjoy its many privileges—to speak by the card having worked off the first sentence of what promised to be lengthy and interesting speech, **Chairman** rose and put the question. D.-P. abruptly subsided.

BANBURY, making further study of the **PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD**, desires to supplement his previous similitude. **JOHN BURNS** is not only "a kind of **JULIUS CÆSAR**"; in his (**BANBURY**'s) opinion, he further resembles a **Star Chamber President** or (alternatively) an anonymous personage attached to the Court of **LOUIS XVI**.

More blushes from J. B. Has long been accustomed to being called names. Acknowledges that no effort in that direction equals fertility of resources of **Member for the City**.

Business done.—Between 3.30 and 11.30 fifty-two clauses of Housing and Town Planning Bill passed through Committee.

Tuesday.—Never since *Dogberry* delivered his charge to the watch patrolling the streets of Messina has there been nearer parallel to the situation than is found in the case of the outraged House



FRA SLIPPO SLIPPI AT WORK.

"He would like to know whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the President of the Board of Trade had reached those unapproachable heights of public morality in which they could use language which, though it seemed absurd and almost hypocritical in the case of ordinary men, became natural and excusable in the mouths of these political saints."

of Commons and the peccant Duke of NORFOLK. Some weeks have elapsed since His Grace wrote encouragingmissive to "My dear Profumo," Unionist candidate for the High Peak. In it SWIFT MACNEILL's quick eye detected breach of Privilege. Is there not solemnly passed at the opening of every Session an order forbidding Peers to interfere in Parliamentary Elections?

Long experience has shown that inevitable result of flaunting Breach of Privilege flag is to place Commons in ridiculous position. As sometimes happens, action of august assembly was in this case directed at level of wisdom of least discreet Member. Committee of Privileges appointed, with PRIME MINISTER in Chair, to consider the alleged naughtiness of NORFOLK. Decided to

invite His Grace to make any observations that might occur to him. Hinted at desirability of his attendance in person. Duke wrote polite note to say he couldn't conceive what information the Committee required beyond what was common property. As to walking into their parlour, he presumed application would have to be made to the House of Lords.

This afternoon enquiry addressed to Treasury Bench elicits reply that PREMIER is not yet in position to present report on case.

Here the matter stands, and here comes the quotation from *Dogberry's* discourse, with a single verbal variation suited to the political times:—

Dogberry.—This is your charge. You are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name.

2 Watch.—How if a' will not stand?
Dogberry.—Why, then, take no note of him but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together and thank God you are rid of a Duke.

Business done.—Another night in Committee on Town Planning Bill. With the regularity proverbially attributed to clockwork, blade of guillotine fell at seven and again at 10.30. At latter hour 156 amendments chopped off. Soon after midnight Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—It would not be true to speak of Captain CRAIG's martial spirit as being subdued. It is certainly saddened by recent extraordinary procedure of Post Office. House has already by frequent questioning been made familiar with fact that accommodation for His Majesty's Post Office in Collinstown is located in a pigsty. Later information has reached the Captain which seriously aggravates the situation. Submitted it to House to-day in form of further question addressed to POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

"Can the right hon. gentleman state," the gallant Captain asked, fixing the hapless Minister with glowing eye, "if the pigsty has a chimney?"

As everyone knows, this convenience is common to pigsties in Ireland. In the West there frequently are in addition, SARK tells me, a fireplace, fire-irons, and, in some cases, settles within the spacious chimney upon which "the gentleman who pays the rint" may on winter evenings repose and mentally review the events of the day. If Captain CRAIG has been well informed—and on these matters he has established an enviable character for accuracy—the pigsty at Collinstown, wherein His Majesty's mails are received and distributed, has not even a chimney.

Painful to see POSTMASTER-GENERAL shuffling with the question. At the end of conversation, animated on the gallant Captain's part, House was left in doubt as to whether the pigsty has or has not a chimney. Captain CRAIG may be relied upon to remove uncertainty. In his hands it has become the Irish Question. SYDNEY BUXTON may just as well, sooner rather than later, make up his mind frankly to answer it.

Business done.—Lochaber—I mean the Budget Bill, once more.

"It was generally recognised in aviation circles last week that either the claims of Wembley Park must be sacrificed to Blackpool or that Wembley Park must give way to Blackpool."—*Daily Dispatch*.

It is a knotty question which will, we hope, be decided without blood.

A thought for to day:—

"Miss B. Fish looked nice in cream."—*Blackpool Herald*.

THE DONKEYS' PAGEANT.

By kind permission of the Earl of Mokehampton, K.T., the Donkeys' Pageant, which has been so eagerly anticipated, will be held in his grounds next week. The author of the book is Mr. L. Ascelles.

Tableau I. — Euclid inventing his famous side-splitting Pons Asinorum.

Tableau II. — The Old Kent Road. Grand procession of costers and their donahs, each with his little moke. Selections from his repertoire by Mr. Gus Elex, including a new song written for the occasion, beginning—

O I tell you 'e's a treasure,
Is that artful little ass,
We call 'im Neddychadnezzar
Cos he's such a king at grass.

You should see 'im in the barrer
On an August 'oliday,
Trots to Epping like an arrer,
Beats St. Martin all the way

But when he starts a-braying you should 'ear
'im—well, I'm blowed,
You can 'ear 'im from the Garding right away
to Mile End Road.

I dunno wot 'e does it for, I dunno wot it means,
But it stands the onions' 'air on end and
petrifies the greens.

And so on.

Tableau III. — The Hallie League Restaurant. Congress of rootarians, seedarians, messarians, cabbagarians and other reformers at a thistle soup orgy.

Tableau IV.—The invention of the Donkey-Engine. This intensely interesting episode will be graphically impersonated by the entire staff of the *Asinaeum*.

Tableau V.—The apotheosis. Bottom the weaver in his ass's head sings "*The Vicar of Bray*," surrounded by all the famous asses of history, from the Golden Ass of Apuleius to Sir ———.

TWO FABLES

I.—THE STOPPED CLOCK.

ONCE upon a time there was a discredited politician whose nostrums no longer took anyone in. And being thrown out of office he wandered about, seeking, like many men before him, for comfort and consolation among his inferiors. These, however, failing him, he passed on to the lower animals, and from them to the inanimate, until he came one day to a clock which, the works having been removed, consisted only of a case, a face, and two hands.

"Ha," said the politician, as he stood before it, "at last I have found something beyond question and argument more useless than myself. For you, my friend, are done. I, at any rate, still have life and movement. I can speak and act; I have a function still to perform in the world; whereas you are a mockery and a sham."



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

IF, HAVING RENTED A DEER FOREST, YOU ARE CONTINUALLY STORM-STAYED, IT PASSES THE TIME AND IS A GOOD MENTAL EXERCISE TO CALCULATE EXACTLY HOW MUCH THE AMUSEMENT IS COSTING YOU PER MINUTE.

"Kindly," the clock replied, "refrain from associating me with yourself. I decline the comparison. Lifeless I may be, but not useless. For two separate moments every day I am absolutely right, and for some minutes approximately right; whereas you, Sir, are, have been, and will be, consistently wrong."

II.—THE SAGE.

A City was once besieged by a large and powerful army, and the inhabitants were reduced to severe straits and starvation. At length they were saved by an aged man who discovered a secret method of converting wood and stone into food by soaking it in a fluid of his own invention. So they ate up their houses and left only the walls of the city, and in course of time they were relieved by reinforcements. Then the chief men of the city seized the aged man and charged him with the destruction of their houses

and public buildings, and demanded of him that he should tell them what they should do to restore their prosperity. "Continue," said he, "the use of the magical fluid, and devour now also the walls of your city. Then you need have no fear of conquering armies, because there will be no city for them to attack."

The very Farthest North.

"Dr. Cook's telegram to M. Lecomte states definitely that he reached the North Pole on the date mentioned above, and that he discovered land to the northward."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We should like to hear what ERICKSHOOK thinks of the country north of the North Pole.

Advt. in *The Birmingham Post* :—

"The Committee earnestly appeal to the public for increased Subscriptions, so that the Subscription List may be greatly increased."

You see the idea?

AT THE PLAY.

"MID-CHANNEL."

I AM not sure that Sir ARTHUR WING PINERO is quite innocent of false pretences in the matter of the title of his new play. *Mid-Channel* might have meant so much. It might have meant collisions in a fog, collapsing swimmers, submerged Latham's, or at least a touch of *mal-demer*, but it meant none of these things; any more than the POET LAUREATE meant them when he composed his batch of sonnets on the same marine neighbourhood. What the author meant was



COMFORT IN MID-CHANNEL.

Theodore Blundell . . Mr. LYN HARDING.

that halfway between Folkestone and Boulogne there is a shoal where even in weather of the most halcyon the waters are ruffled. It is an allegory. It illustrates a certain type of marriage. Sir WING has noticed that after a couple have been married about fourteen years or so, and all has hitherto been smooth sailing, there comes a period when the waters of conjugal union are troubled and the two feel a bit sick of one another. Get over this period, by sitting tight or holding on patiently to the nearest fixed object, and you will soon be in quiet water again, with a clear run before you on a calm course of progressive jubilees. On the other hand, jump overboard and you will regret it, for at the best you may lose your hat and are sure to get your other clothes wet, and at the worst you will be drowned, for the shoal is not so shallow that you can stand on the floor of it with any comfort.

All this takes a lot of explanation in a play, and the only flaw in the smoothness of the author's construction was when he stopped *Peter Mottram* in the middle of an exit and dragged him back

by the hair for the express purpose of throwing off a solution of the titular allegory. Mr. LOWNE, who played the congenial part of *Peter* (a friend of both parties) with a very perfect felicity, had in his repertoire a large assortment of excellent advice, part earnest, part banter, including several hallowed platitudes, on whose antiquity the author was the first to remark; but when he had to work off this homily on the title for general future reference I nearly mistook him for a prig and a bore.

Before leaving the Mid-Channel theory, which doesn't quite hold water when you look at it closely, let me say that the lady ultimately throws herself overboard. I am glad that Sir WING had the courage to make her do this, for an early scene made it clear, and the lurid course of subsequent events made it clearer still, that even if she and her husband had weathered the shoal there would have been some dreadfully choppy water waiting for them between there and Boulogne.

The play must rank with the author's best. Its dialogue did not err on the side of terseness, but it was so brilliantly rendered, and nearly always so natural in its fluency, that our attention never faltered. Less interest was to be got out of the fate of the three leading characters (two, if not more of them, seemed tainted with a rather superfluous vulgarity), but the sneaking tenderness which husband and wife retained for one another in the course of their separation and mutual infidelities made us hope forlornly, against our better judgment, that they might patch up their quarrel. Still, I am afraid I was not as much "purified by pity" as I should like to have been, for the estranged pair were hardly worth it, and I could not get myself to worry properly about the girl whose lover was nearly sacrificed to the married woman. Somehow she failed to contribute her right share to the irony of things.

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH was almost better than herself, especially in the quick play of light and shade in the earlier scenes, when there was more chance for the contrast of emotions.

Mr. LYN HARDING, as the husband, was not supposed to be too refined for the Stock Exchange, but there was no need for him to look so much like a professional bruiser. Now and then he was perhaps a little lacking in finesse, and hovered on the verge of melodrama; but it was a good performance in a vein not quite his own.

Mr. MATURIN, as the lover, a part which was just a little beyond him, was too angular, but he also did some good things. Miss NINA SEVENING was the erring *Mrs. Annerly*, and had one very

nice speech:—"I'm sure I don't want to get into the Divorce Court again. I hate the hole." But she is not built for an adventuress.

As for *Lena*, the lady's-maid, I must suppose that she said and did what Sir ARTHUR meant her to, but most of it looked and sounded very improbable. I speak without peculiar knowledge, having never made more than one careful study of this type; but I suspect that my inexperience is shared by the author.

To whom, and to his interpreters, and to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who schooled them, my best compliments on a fine piece of work. O. S.

"ARSENÈ LUPIN."

Arsène Lupin was a very bad boy. In the Fourth Act we are told that he began his career of crime at quite an early age by stealing sugar and jam. It must have been quite an early age, for



SENTIMENT AMONG THIEVES.

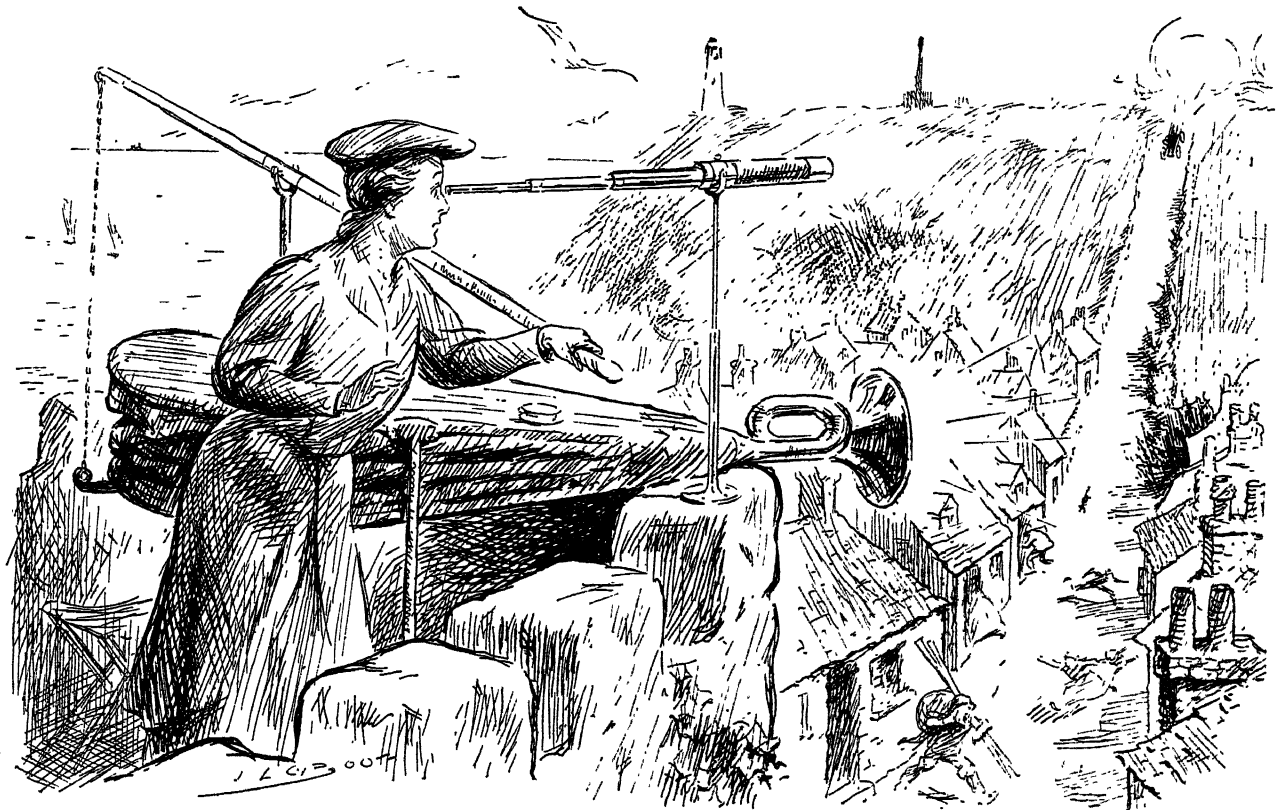
Arsène. "Sonia, you have stolen my heart."

Sonia. "Well, what else was there to take? You should have worn a tie-pin."

Sonia Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.
Duc de Charmerace Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER.

I have read e'sewhere that when only six he stole a diamond necklace, and (as the vulgar say) popped the stones. Yet do not judge him harshly. Remember that he had the artist's love for the beautiful, the politician's desire that wealth should be properly distributed.

Arsène, masquerading as the *Duc de Charmerace*, was betrothed to *Germaine Gourmay-Martin*, but fell in love with her hired companion, *Sonia*. *Sonia*, as it happened, was also a thief; but again I must ask you to reserve your judgment. *Sonia*, with the necessity for living staring her in the face, had had the choice of selling her honour or some-



THE MOTOR ALARM.

STUDY OF A SCHEME FOR EXTENDING THE USEFULNESS OF CHURCH-TOWERS, BLACKSMITHS' BELLOWES, AND THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CLERGY.

body else's jewels, and rightly chose the latter. That was a long time ago; but even as recently as the First Act she took *Germaine's* pearls. The reasons she gave the *Duc* in the next Act for her conduct were unconvincing; still more unconvincing her assurance that she had stolen nothing since she loved him; at best she would only have had time to pinch his watch. Yet there can be no doubt that both he and she were good at heart, and that thieving is a fine profession.

Having swept away the moral difficulty we may now settle down to enjoy the play. The first two Acts are merely to prepare you for the last two, when the great duel of wits, revolvers, handcuffs, and bombs takes place between *Arsène Lupin*, the world-famous gentleman thief, and *Guerchard*, the world-famous detective. In the First Act, for instance, some quite ordinary thieves come on with the object of deceiving you as to the identity of the real burglar. It had that effect on the small boy behind me, for I overheard him betting that it was *Anastase*. It didn't deceive me; I knew it was *GERALD DU MAURIER*. Mr. DU MAURIER was playing the part of the *Duc de Charmerace*?—then the *Duc* was *Arsène Lupin*.

But the Third and Fourth Acts are properly thrilling. Revolvers are pulled

out, handcuffs are burst open (I didn't know that this was done much. Neither, by the way, did *Guerchard*—I never saw a man so surprised), bombs are threatened, and secret passages disclosed. Through it all go Mr. DU MAURIER and Mr. DENNIS EADIE as cool as you please; and when in the end *Arsène* escapes in *Guerchard's* own motor with *Sonia* (Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE) at his side the cheering is terrific. "By Raffles, a proper pair of villains."

Only it is a mistake to try to white-wash your villains. M.

GREAT INTERNATIONAL POLITENESS TOURNAMENT.

We are glad to be able to announce that, as a result of the recent correspondence on the subject in *The Daily Error* and other leading journals, arrangements are now on foot for a grand International Politeness Congress and Tournament, which will be held in London some time during the next summer.

From a rough prospectus which has been kindly forwarded to us by the promoters, we gather that a series of searching tests will be instituted, amongst which we may specially notice the "Post Office Ordeal" and a contest in courtesy between booking-office-clerks.

Another very interesting and opportune competition will be restricted to Radical and Socialist Politicians. A real live Duke, of the most atrocious character, will be placed on a platform wearing the insignia of his order, and the competitors will be called upon to vie with each other in a contest of delicate eulogy. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL have kindly consented to act as adjudicators.

The Corn-stampers' Test will also impose a severe strain on the equanimity of the contestants, who will only be allowed to wear sand-shoes, while the stamping will be done by specially selected operators weighing not less than 17 stone and equipped with hobnailed boots of several horse-power.

Prizes will also be given to the most tactful Tax-collector, the perfect policeman, the most benevolent 'bus-conductor, and medals for gentleness to jostlers and courtesy to cats.

"Cries for a speech from some of the Australians were raised; but the Colonials preferred to remain modestly in the background; the crowd would not be satisfied, however, until Mr. Gregory and Mr. Bardsley had come forward and bowled their acknowledgements."—*Sussex Daily News*.

We understand that they bowled them with a strong swerve from the leg.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is some time since Mr. BASIL LUBBOCK published *Round the Horn before the Must*, a book which was welcomed immediately as the work of one of those rare authors, such as Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD and Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, who mix their colours with real sea-water, as distinct from those who merely drop a pinch of salt into the paint-pot. With *Deep Sea Warriors* (METHUEN) Mr. LUBBOCK justifies his earlier welcome. It is the log of an English officer who for a wager ships as a seaman and spends his furlough on a voyage from India to the Cape. He poses as a novice, with just that amount of nautical experience which belongs to the enthusiastic amateur yachtsman, but every page proclaims the man to whom the call of the sea is irresistible. Mr. LUBBOCK, of course, writes from personal experience of the life which he has himself gone out of his way to adopt. Much of the interest of the narrative lies in the author's portrayal of sea life in its effects on a number of widely different types of character. He describes a ship which has a reputation for bad luck and worse food. Such a ship attracts for the most part seamen who cannot pick and choose, and the crew is consequently a very mixed company. The captain is an opium-smoker, the first mate a Yankee, hard as nails, yet with tender spots in places; and the rest are, in the mate's words, "half babes, half savages," among whom the hardest hitter gets fewest knocks. The book is a record of their doings, and a record so vivid that to read it is almost as good as to live through it. Indeed, for a landsman, I'm not sure that it isn't better.

In *Fancy O'Brien* (from CHAPMAN AND HALL)

Miss ELLA MACMAHON has written

A tale which is like to be wormwood and gall
(More or less) to the average Briton.

A youth of Old Ireland exhibits a bent
As a bounder unblushing and thorough—
Result, in the main, of a holiday spent
In Blackpool's salubrious borough.

His thoughts and his doings are sordid, and end
In a climax that's fitting, though gory—
A sombre recital in spite of the blend
Of Hibernian wit with the story.

Take a liberal amount of love and a small quantity of licence, serve with Court sauce, add a flavouring of Royalty and season to taste,—this seems to be the usual recipe for the making of historical novels. But if there is little scope for originality in this kind of fiction, the maker of the historical dish can still find his opportunity in the mixing of his ingredients, and with

Mr. HAMILTON DRUMMOND's treatment of *Shoes of Gold* (PAUL) it is impossible to be captious. *Monsieur de Saintonge*, the penniless nephew of a rich, parsimonious uncle, fared ill at the Court of LOUIS XV. Too poor to dress himself becomingly, he was the butt of Versailles, where "the one unforgivable sin was to be ridiculous." Despatched, however, to Russia on what I will—by stretching the truth to its limits—dignify with the name of a diplomatic mission, and dressed no longer in tatters, he filled a position which, although extremely precarious, was infinitely preferable to his former post. Ordinary stuff, no doubt, but it is very well served. The minds of men are exercised as well as their muscles, and the movement of the story is not accompanied everlastingly by the music of clashing weapons. Indeed, Mr. DRUMMOND has so nice a sense of style and his reflections upon life are so sane, that I think he is wasting his time in dealing with Court intrigues.

Excuse me, Mr. RICHARD MARSH, but may I just have a word with you about *The Girl in the Blue Dress* (LONG)? I don't know whether you have read her; anyhow, you have

written her, and that is good enough for me. In the first place, is not the short story used too much nowadays as a makeshift for overworked novelists, rather than as a medium of a peculiar art? In the second place, if you don't mind my saying so (and even if you do), are you not growing a little too free with your stolen necklaces and your apt coincidences? In the third place, however, is there not a sufficient combination of excitement and quiet humour in these stories to justify me in recommend-

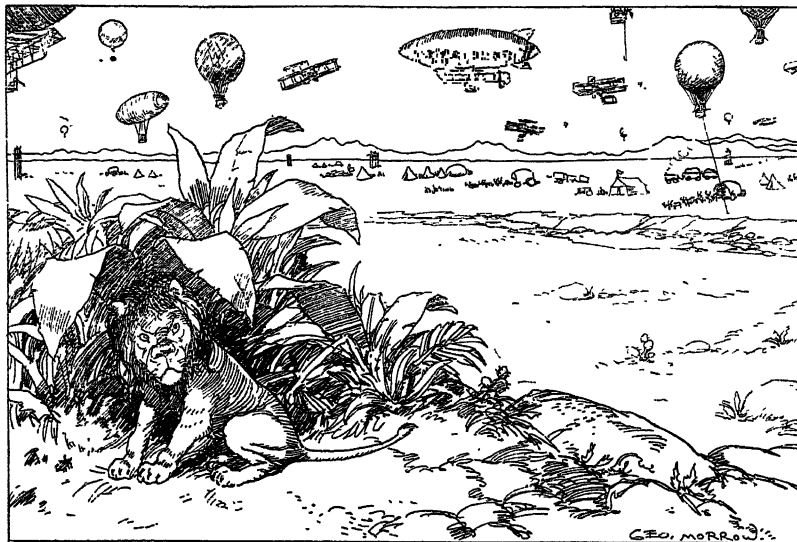
ing them to ardent magazine readers as being of at least as good a quality as anything they will find in the current illustrated monthlies? There is, indeed, and I make the recommendation. But farther than that I cannot go. No, not an inch. Good morning, Mr. MARSH.

The Daily Chronicle has conceived the idea, brilliant in its novelty, of publishing a parody on FITZGERALD's version of OMAR. It is entitled "The Budgai'at of I'm a-Khrying." This remarkable word-play (for the striking similarity between the sounds of Omar Khayyam and I'm a-Khrying can escape no sensitive ear) still leaves us unchanged in our opinion that *The Daily Chronicle's* humour is at its best when unintentional.

From Aberdour Notes in the *Fife Free Press*:—

"Excellent weather conditions favoured the 52nd annual regatta held at Aberdour on Saturday, and there was a large exodus of visitors." The regatta doesn't seem to have been very popular; unless, perhaps, "exodus" is a mistake for "Numbers."

"I do not claim to possess the key to the problem of life and thought, or the secret of evolution."—M. BRIDGES in *The Daily Mail*. The modesty of our great men is proverbial.



THE CIVILISATION OF AFRICA—THE LAST LION.

CHARIVARIA.

"POLE reached. Roosevelt safe," cabled Commander PEARY. Big Game in Africa seems to have got wind of this new triumph of the American flag, and to be treating the ex-President with increased respect.

* *

Last week a party of Suffragettes scaled the walls at Lympe Castle, Hythe, where Mr. ASQUITH was residing, broke the windows, and did other damage. Yet Mr. ASQUITH still refuses to give them the vote. This surely is sheer obstinacy.

* *

Mr. BIRRELL describes the Budget as "a tooth-extracting machine." We cannot help thinking that some members of the Government are using an excessive amount of gas.

* *

Mr. ALFRED MOND, M.P., says that he feels it almost a disgrace to belong to a class—the rich—who take such short-sighted, selfish views of our national, communal needs. Cheer up, Mr. MOND. It won't be for long. The next Socialist Government will do its best to relieve you of the source of your bitter shame.

* *

Proof is at last forthcoming of the statement that the rate at which Germany could have her *Dreadnoughts* ready for action has been grossly exaggerated. The *Westfalen* has found it impossible to make the passage down the Weser from the construction yard to the open sea, and will be obliged to remain in dock for fully four weeks until the next spring tides.

* *

As the result of diplomatic representations MULAI HAFID is to treat the Pretender with greater leniency, and it is rumoured that, instead of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, the distinguished prisoner will only be drawn and quartered.

* *

Tobacco, it is said, is gradually being ousted by sweets. We fancy, however, that it will be some little time before it will be a common sight to see men about town walking down Pall Mall with a sugar-stick in the mouth instead of a cigarette.

* *

"The male sex, as a whole, shows far less independence about clothing itself than the female," says *The Lady*. "Even in the matter of colour men bow slavishly to the fashion." Black men, for instance, are rather out of fashion just now.

* *

The People's Friend advocates that motorists should now and then give pedestrians a lift, as a means of abating prejudice against motor-cars. And yet



Servant (who has been sent to chastise a stray cat for stalking chickens). "I—COULDN'T—CATCH 'IM—MUM—FOR THE NEARER I—GOT TO 'IM—THE FURTHER 'E GOT AWAY."

our experience is that it is just those persons who have been picked off their feet by a car who become the most rabid opponents of this method of locomotion.

* *

"Brain work," says *The Family Doctor*, "should be forbidden after dinner." A well-known author, who never writes except in the evening, has long anticipated this advice.

* *

The house-surgeon was surveying the newly arrived out-patient. One eye was bandaged and the other blackened, there were ugly scars on his forehead, and a piece was missing from his left ear. "Had a fair knocking about?"

remarked the house surgeon. The sufferer's face lighted up. "T'other bloke's a *hin*-patient," he said.

Extract from a pathetic letter in a country paper:—

"Ever since I have known starlings, I have noticed that their habits seem to have deteriorated."

The society of the writer seems to have been too much for them.

From an Edinburgh paper's report of a shooting-match:

"At luncheon time the Royal Scots led by 19 pints."

We can only faintly imagine what they led by at the end of luncheon.

THE BATTLE OF THE POLE.

To DR. COOK ONCE MORE.

LAST week the world was at your beck ;
We saw you fêted, mobbed and fed ;
'Twas roses, roses round your neck,
And Copenhagen off its head,
And Princes putting bumpers down
To mark their sense of your renown.

To-day the bakéd meats are off,
The streams of medals cease to flow,
And maffickers remain to scoff,
Saying, "We always told you so ;"
And just because Commander PEARY
Adds to your claims an awkward query.

He too, it seems, surveyed the place,
And, though he made a careful search
For tubes and footprints, found no trace
Of you about the Pole (or perch) ;
Indeed he hints our Arctic flier
Is little better than a liar.

'Twas *he* who fared through glacial fogs
And nailed "Old Glory" to the Pole ;
You merely went and pinched his dogs
And took a trifling northward stroll ;
(I fear ETUKISHOOK and Co.
Have been and given away the show).

So far from having reached the spot
Where he put in a recent call,
He says you never even got
Anywhere near the scene at all ;
That's his account ; it only shows
How leaky are the Eskimos.

He wires to Mrs. P. to say,
"I have him nailed" (another *clou* !)
Omitting in his kindly way
To mention what he'd nailed you to ;
It cost his generous heart a pang
To use this piece of Polar slang.

For me, I leave, with great content,
The task of telling black from white
To partisan arbitrament—
The Cookster and the Pearyite :
Let them decide—it's their dispute—
Which gets the bulge and which the boot.

At worst it means a civil feud—
This lot alleging you have lied,
While that, becoming almost rude,
Heaves carrion at the other side,
And calls your rival record-breaker
A fetid tough, a champion faker.

Meanwhile at home we well may thank
Our stars that it did not occur
To one of you to be a Yank,
And one by birth a Britisher ;
U. S. would now be arming for
A long and bloody Polar War.

O. S.

"Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Suffragist, was struck off Division 3, at Chelsea, which contains the Local Government list, on the ground that she had removed from Cheyne-walk."—*Daily Paper*.

"Sylvia, this day I will disfranchise thee," as SHAKESPEARE very nearly said in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III., Scene I.

THE IDEAL DENTIST.

["THE idea behind the construction of the ideal dentist's surgery shown at the International Exhibition of the Society of Extractors and Adapters of Teeth, now being held at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, is to charm the senses of a patient, and to keep out of sight anything that would suggest a dentist's operating-room. Tasteful pictures hang upon the art-papered walls ; footsteps are deadened by a thick pile carpet ; finely inlaid furniture fills the room, with a luxurious easy-chair in the centre. Every instrument is hidden. The paraphernalia of the profession repose in a mirrored cabinet, which opens noiselessly. . . . The usual drilling machine is absent. In its place is a suspended silvered globe, from which hangs a flexible tube, which is worked by an electric motor secreted in the wall, with even the switch hidden. No customary dentist's basin is there, but a bowl like a pedestal rose-bowl. Even the anæsthetic bag appears disguised as a large silk handkerchief."—*Daily Mail*.]

Which is all quite charming, so far as the ideal operating-room is concerned. But if the Ideal Dentist is to live up to his surroundings he will surely require some appropriate small talk for professional purposes.

Mr. Punch begs to submit some specimen sentences which he trusts will be found suitable to any ordinary requirements. He makes no charge for them.

"How do you do, my dear Sir? Most friendly of you to look in on me like this. . . . You find me quite alone, as you see. . . . No, I am not particularly busy—at *present*. . .

"This is what I call my 'Snuggery.' . . . You are very kind ; I have done my best to make it a really pleasant apartment. . . .

"A 'New Art' wall-paper, you observe. The pattern is perhaps just a trifle wriggly, but it grows on you. I see you are struck by that view of the '*Dent du Midi*.' Magnificently drawn, is it not? . . . Yes, I have attempted it myself many a time with a pick, though I must confess that hitherto it has resisted all my assaults. . . . On the whole I consider the Lösfang more accessible, while the Milchzahn is, of course, the merest child's play. But evidently you are not an enthusiast. . . .

"That cabinet? Yes, it is an antique. Beautifully inlaid with ivory and steel. . . . Inside it? Oh, well, nothing particular, *bric-à-brac* of sorts. . . . I shall hope to have the pleasure of showing you one or two of them before you go. . . . No, I shouldn't call myself a *connoisseur*, precisely. If I have a hobby, it's collecting objects in ancient ivory—if you know what I mean. . . . No, it is not difficult to get hold of them—if you are anything of an expert.

"Pardon me, that is *not* a basin. I should rather describe it as a 'Rose-bowl,' supported, as you perceive, on an ornamental pedestal of—let me *see*, now, is it *Jasper*? No, I'm wrong—*Bloodstone*, of course. . . . Perforated, is it? Why, bless me, now I come to look at it, so it *is*! I wonder *why*.

"Do sit down. I am sure you must need a rest. This is not a chair which I am in the habit of occupying myself, but still I trust you will find it fairly comfortable.

"Believe me, I fully understand that you have come here on serious business, not merely to gossip. You have only to open your mouth, my dear Sir, and you will find me all attention. . . .

"Why have I attached an electric searchlight to my forehead? Well, really, I hardly know. *Habit*, I suppose. From no idle curiosity, I assure you. Nor yet conceit, though you must admit that it is a decorative form of head-dress. And you would hardly believe how it amuses the children!

"H'm—dear me—tut-tut-tut! Excuse me a moment. . . . No, I am merely going through my cabinet of curios. . . . Isn't this one charming? Such a delicate feeling in it!

"Eh? That little silvered globe suspended there? Ah, I thought that would appeal to you. 'Cinque-cento' work,



THE TACTICIAN.

THE BUDGET BOY. "BUT SUPPOSING HE WANTS TO EAT ME UP?"
UNCLE ASQUITH. "IT'LL BE THE GREATEST MISTAKE HE EVER MADE IN HIS LIFE. I'VE ONLY BEEN WAITING FOR A REALLY
GOOD EXCUSE TO DESTROY HIM."



— A.T. SMITH —

Absent-minded Detective. "SPEAK UP, PLEASE!"

that is—engraved with a classical subject in low relief, 'Cadmus sowing the dragon's teeth.' Singular fancy, is it not? Wonder what on earth put it into the artist fellow's head. . . . Allow me to bring it a little closer. . . . Really, I think you *must* be mistaken. It *can't* be causing you any really acute discomfort, because it's quite impossible to see the switch that turns on the motor. . . . Drilling a hole in your front tooth, is it? You don't *say* so! How *very* odd! But these things *will* happen occasionally—and after all, my dear Sir, what you lose in ivory you will gain in gold. We Adapters of Teeth are the modern alchemists, if you'll excuse the flight of fancy. . . . Pray consider yourself at perfect liberty to sing out if you feel so inclined. . . . You cannot out-sing my canary.

"And now let me recommend you to take one more look at the Rose-bowl. . . .

"Ha! here we come to the—ah—*fons et origo mali*. Do you know, my dear Sir, I'm *afraid* I must ask you to leave this entirely in *my* hands. . . . Let me introduce you to my medical assistant. You will find him excellent company. . . . What is he showing you? Oh, merely a silk handkerchief. The design is quite artistic, is it not? What people used to call 'aesthetic,' do you think? You may be perfectly right—still I should have said myself that it was quite the reverse. But deliciously perfumed. Try it—just one sniff. . . .

"I will detain you no longer, my dear Sir. I have enjoyed our little *tête-à-tête* immensely. . . . Pray don't *think* of it! I am more than repaid already by the pleasure of your society. . . . However, of course, if you—Forgive me, *not* three guineas—*four*. You are doubtless unaware of it, but in the first stage of recovery from the anæsthetic you blacked my medical assistant's eye and knocked me flat under the Elizabethan buffet. . . . Oh, not at all. Don't mention it. We were only too delighted to observe *any* symptoms of returning animation. . . . Good-bye. You mustn't let so long a time pass before you pay me your *next* visit. And *do* notice the umbrella-stand on your way out—pure fourteenth-century Gothic!"

F. A.

ARCTIC ITEMS.

(From "The North Pole Daily Frost.")

TOURIST.—The tourist season opened early this year, our first visitor arriving on April 6. It will be remembered that last year the rush for the Pole commenced on April 21.

TO LET.—The North Pole (just off) old-fashioned snow-bungalow standing on its own floe. One kitchen-bed-sitting-room. Suit family of nine. Southern exposure on four sides.

WANTED.—Great Northern Hotel, Peary Avenue, night-porter; hours September to March. Six months' holiday annually. Protestant, sober, sleep out; salary to suitable man two walrus tusks and eight dried penguin per month.

CAN any Lady recommend single-handed housemaid for small family in ice-cave, must help with fur-repairing, but all thawing sent out.

BLUBBER.—For indigestion try our Pasteurised Jersey Whale Blubber. No cooking required. Sold only in two-pound blocks.

WHY eat cold food when one bear-tooth will buy you a pound of our patent THERMOXO?

CANDLES.—The most suitable Christmas present for a Lady is a package of our carefully matured tallow candles. If used as an illuminant one of our candles will maintain a one-candle-power light until consumed; if used as a condiment it will supply more than three times as much nourishment as an equal bulk of whale-bone.

FOR SALE.—One-third share in the smell of a musk-ox, healthy young animal, whose scent can be perceived at a distance of five furlongs in the face of a six-mile breeze.

LECTURE.—On December 12 Professor Kosplatnik, the famous equatorial explorer, will deliver an open-air address upon "How I nailed the North Pole flag to the Equator."

LOST.—A metal cylinder containing a record of the discovery of the North Pole. Suitable reward offered by the owner.

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT.

PEOPLE pass me in the street without a second glance; sometimes even—I can't say why—with a slightly amused smile. And yet, did they but know it, I am no common man. I have done what no one ever did before—what, in all human probability, no one will ever do again.

It happened this summer, when I was staying in the country with the Plimleys. (Quite a respectable family. At least, they have gryphons on their gate-posts.) When I had been there three days, and had beaten them all at golf-croquet, I asked if there was such a thing as a *Bradshaw* in the House. "Oh, but," they said, "you must stop for our Church Bazaar to-morrow. *Such* fun." It seemed that the parishioners of Market Shortwayte had recklessly built a Gothic cottage for their sexton, and now owed £429 13s. 1d. for it. So I stayed.

When we got into the marquee the Plimleys, to a woman, deserted me, and I stood stranded in a circling throng till a girl came up to me with something large and smooth and round, worked all over with white cauliflowers.

"You *will* buy it, won't you?" she said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Only ten shillings."

"Yes, but *what* is it?" I persisted.

"Why, a cushion, of course," said she.

"Sorry," said I, "but my size is nines." So I lost her, and went and stood by a lucky-tub, where a female bevy was fishing, with loud shrieks, for parcels, at a shilling a bite: sheer gambling—horrid! I turned to a grim, military-looking person who was watching with apparent disapproval, and said, "Tut, tut, this sort of thing"—I had met him the day before at the Squire's but hadn't a notion who he was—"this sort of thing makes one almost sigh for Dis-establishment—what?"

It was a bad effort, because he happened to be the patron of the living, and vicar's warden, and all that. So I lost *him*; and then a girl came up to me with a sort of camp-bed—same girl and same cushion, in fact.

"Won't you change your mind?" she said.

"I have changed it," said I; "I thought they were cauliflowers, and now I believe they are pine-apples."

"Oh! you're horrid," she said. So we parted again, and I drifted up to the end where the band (brass) was playing a selection of ecclesiastical music. At least, "The Gadabout Girl." But, the breeze from a bombardon setting in too stiffly for me, even with my collar up, I won through to the Art Gallery. You

know the sort of thing—a framed receipt for overweight luggage labelled "The Last Charge at Waterloo," and so on.

"Tut, tut," I said to the curate-showman, "if the Church encourages you to do this, my boy, I shall have to think about voting for Dis-estab—" And then I found the patron of the living beside me, eyeing me suspiciously askance. *Real* Pan-Anglicans rather terrify me—I always suspect them of a hankering after thumbscrews; so I went out again; and *she* came round for the third time.

"It's getting shop-soiled," I said. "Better have your Summer Sale, and let it go at half-price."

"Oh! you *are* horrid," she said; but she smiled (such a kind face), and I wandered away upon a disconsolate search for Plimleys.

Next time she came round it was green; it had been red before.

"This is the other side of it," she explained.

"Heavens! . . . Well, at any rate I know the worst now," said I. And then the arrival of a plethoric gentleman in gaiters and a black apron threw the tent into a state of seething excitement, and we had to look to ourselves. By the time I had straightened my collar and tie and recovered my hat she stood before me once more.

"Look here," I said, "you're the ninth girl with a cushion—Oh! it's you! No, not to-day, thank you." But the next time we met, as I couldn't think of anything more to say, I bought it for ten shillings. "And will you kindly put it in paper for me?" I said.

"Hold it while I go and look for a *Telegraph*," she commanded, and straightway deserted me.

Shortly afterwards, catching sight of a Plimley at last, I made towards her eagerly, to ask if I might go home and have a quiet cry. Without a sign of recognition she turned from me and deliberately got lost again! I tried to approach others; I thirsted for human companionship; but I had become an outcast. People thought I wanted to sell it. Cowards! Oh! the cowards!

When I was at my very lowest a voice sounded mockingly in my ear: "Aren't you glad you came?"

I scowled fiercely, and she passed on with a pink-and-purple tea-cosy.

The slow minutes wore on, and there seemed nothing in all the world to do but cast my cushion down on some unoccupied spot and sit on it. I was debating whether to do this, or to jam it suddenly into the trumpet of the gramophone that had opened fire on my left, raise the wild war-cry of my clan, and make a dash for freedom, when a lady in front of me put up her lorgnette and studied my cushion with a cold and passionless gaze.

"Mildred," she said to her daughter,—who was old enough, as even Miss SUTTON would admit; but no matter—"Mildred, ask that young man the price of his cushion."

At that—perhaps it was something in the tone of her voice—an inexplicable longing to show my independence assailed me; to look her straight in the eyeglasses and say: "No, madam, no. Take your paltry money elsewhere. *Civis Romanus sum*,—and it's my cushion. A large thing, but mine own." But as I stood there, bowed down like a man grown prematurely old, holding up my incubus desperately with both hands by a fold of its skin, my spirit weakened.

"What is the price of that cushion, please?" said Mildred frostily.

"Fifteen shillings spot cash," I replied. "Thank you."

They took it from me. Somehow they took it from me, and I stood erect again, a free man. Oh! the blessedness of that moment! Free, free, and with the best years of my life, perhaps, still before me. I plunged gaily into the thick of the crowd, I laughed aloud, I no longer minded the band. . . .

Then came a fleeting vision of purple-and-pink, and an anxious voice in my ear: "Good gracious! whatever have you done with *It*?"

"Sold it again," I said triumphantly, "for fifteen shillings."

"No! The Vicar *will* be pleased," she exclaimed.

"I don't see why he should be," I answered coldly, and so pushed on, heedless of the troubled wonder in her eyes.

Well, others may fly the Channel or wander hungrily in absurd realms of ice. I will not belittle their achievements. But I am the only man who ever walked out of a Church Bazaar richer than he entered it.

That is my title to Fame. I am content to let it rest at that.

From a circular distributed by the School Board of Glasgow:

"Arrangements have been made to form Classes in which special attention will be given to English, Grammar, and Composition."

For the moment let us confine ourselves to spelling.

Modern English.

"Aviation" is vexation,

"Dirigible" is as bad,

The "monoplane" is quite insane,

And "aero" drives me mad.

The Journalistic Touch.

"At this time of year wasps are a subject of perennial interest."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

HUBERT WRENCH.

AN ESSAY IN UNCTION.

[With acknowledgments to Mr. RAYMOND BLATHWAYT's appreciation of Mr. HUBERT WRENCH in a contemporary.]

Of all the figures who have recently swum into the histrionic ken, none is more arresting than Mr. HUBERT WRENCH, the new tenant of the Pall Mall Theatre. His is truly a luminous personality, with his Titanic Michelangelesque torso, and those piercing velvety black eyes which remind one by turns of the aquiline optics of the Ancient Mariner and the most powerful BLÉRIOT acetylene lamp. As a youth he was a famous athlete, renowned for tossing the caber and heaving the hundredweight—he represented the University of Oxford in both of these events, and established a record in his last year by hurling the caber amongst the spectators and seriously injuring the Prime Warden of New College. Viewed from an anthropometric standpoint, again, he is a man of singular and massive proportions, measuring no less than two inches more round the head, six inches round the chest and four round the calf, than Mr. HALL CAINE.

But enough of externals. It is the exuberant mentality of the new director that lends him his chief charm. Bred up on the classics he had translated PERSIUS into Maeso-Gothic before he entered his teens, and had set the paradigms of *τίμνω* to music before he left them. On leaving Oxford, where he was one of the most notorious "bloods" of the Bullingdom Club, and took a double First, HUBERT WRENCH studied bombination at Barcelona, Esperanto at the Cape of Good Hope, double bass at Burton, and jujitsu at Tokio. For many years a highly-placed official on the Board of Education, he had a third of England under his control, and ruled it with a rod of iron. Indeed he is said to be the only man in the world of whom the redoubtable Sir ROBERT MORANT was thoroughly afraid. So it has come to pass that he combines the spiritual intensity of a Bollandist with the athleticism of a C. B. Fry; the elasticity of an Archimandrite with the austere iconoclasm of a Doukhobor. . . . He is, in short, a histrionic aviator who soars on the bi-plane of a centrifugal enthusiasm far into the empyrean of choriambic hallucination. A hero-worshipper of the most catholic temper, it is hard to say whether he cherishes a deeper devotion for SIDNEY WEBB or SIDNEY LEE, for ALCIBIADES or Dr. CLIFFORD, for SEMIRAMIS or Mrs. PANKHURST. An academic Socialist of the most advanced type he nevertheless condescends to associate with members of the hereditary aristocracy, and with characteristic heroism has gone so far



Ethel (finding the sermon tedious, and thinking it high time for the collection). "Oh, MOTHER, DO PAY THE MAN, AND LET'S GO HOME."

as to offer a small non-speaking part to a ducal enthusiast in one of his forthcoming productions.

But this spiritual anarchy, this cosmic antinomianism runs right through his sumptuous and sonorous nature. He will present SHAKESPEARE with the same relentless impartiality that he will deal out to PAUL RUBENS, TOLSTOI, LORD ROSSLYN, STRINDBERG, CECIL RALEIGH, MOLIÈRE and Lord SAFFRON DE WALDEN.

Much more might be said of this brave, this beatific hierophant of the higher histrionics, but the utmost exploits of unbridled eulogy must always fall far short of the transcendental reality. Indeed, it is difficult to speak of him without

screeching. For HUBERT (as he graciously permits me to call him) is already enrolled amongst that hierarchy of elect souls whose pellucid purpose and high-souled enthusiasm for the reformation of social conditions make them "lovely and endurable [*sic*] in the sight of man and ultimately secure them the conquest of the world."

[Ought I to put "Advt."?—Ed. *Punch*.]

"The Rev. T. T. Blockley, a tourist, was suddenly approached by some young men and asked to marry a couple inside the church. Mr. Blockley did as he was requested, and made the bride happy."—*Daily Mail*.

What about the bridegroom's feelings?

AN UNCONVINCING NARRATIVE.

[Yet a third claimant to the Pole has arisen. We print his statement with reserve, and must request our readers to await the necessary scientific proof before giving credence to his story.]

COME, gather around, my 'earties, and listen awhile to me,
For I 'ave a yarn to spin you, a yarn of the Polar Sea;
It's as true as I'm standing here, lads, as true as it blows
a gale,

That I was the first as nearly burst a-finding the Great Big
Nail—

As sworn to by ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir
FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

It was all of a parky morning that wunnerful 4th of March,
When I put on a hextry weskit and made for the Marble
Arch;

So I sez good-bye to my country, "Lunnon," I sez, "adoo!"
And I up and strode down the Edgware Road athirsting
to see it through,

Followed by ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir
FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

I 'adn't no blooming gum-drops, I 'adn't no polar bears,
I 'adn't no sextant neither, but I thinks to myself, "'Oo
cares?"

And I waggled my watch-chain jaunty, which was jewelled
in every hole,

"I can always steer by my cumpas 'ere, it's pointing
straight to the Pole."

"So it is!" said ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir
FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

I walked for the 'ole of that morning, then I sez to myself,
"Old son,

This here is a dash-for-the-Pole like, and it's darn little
dash you 've done."

So I enters an 'andy station, and I sez to the man in the
'utch,

"'Ere, gimme a ticket as goes to Wick—no, a first-return
—ow much?

Ah, and five third singles for ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C.
CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal
MERRY DEL VAL."

We sailed from Wick to the northward for 'undreds of days
and nights,

Till we came at last to the ice-floes and followed the
Northern lights,

The Horroreo-boreo-balis, which it turned us all 'orrible pale,
And I sez to my men, "To-morrow and then we shall land
at the Great Big Nail."

"'Ooray!" said ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir
FORTESCUE FLANNERY and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL.

'Twas the cumpas as went and found it—it seemed to have
turned its head,

It would spin like mad for a minute and then it would lay
like dead;

It took on just like a wild thing, you'd almost 'a sworn it
cried,

Till at last it shot through the glass and got right up on
its end and died.

"That *proves* it," cried ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG,
Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal MERRY DEL
VAL.

We gave three cheers for ole England and we up with the
Union Jack,

And we plugged our pipes and we smoked 'em and we
thought about getting back;

But a wunnerful pride so filled us as we sat on top of the
Ball,

That innocent tears (the first for years) rolled out of the
eyes of all,
Partiklerlarly out of those of ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C.
CLEGG, Sir FORTESCUE FLANNERY, and the Cardinal
MERRY DEL VAL.

Then I called for a pen and paper, and I wrote to the KING,
"Dear King,

I've found the Pole, and I'm tying a piece of it up with
string;

I'll send it round in the morning for your Majesty's grace
to see;

Just drop me a wire, if you like it, Sire, and I'll collar the
lot! Signed: ME.

Witnesses: ETUKISHOOK, GAUKRODGER, J. C. CLEGG, Sir FOR-
TESCUE FLANNERY and the Cardinal MERRY DEL VAL."

So that's how it 'appened, my 'earties, no matter what
others may say.

(Did they *see* the Pole? They didn't! That *proves* I 'ad
took it away.)

It's as true as I'm standing here, lads, as true as *The
Daily Mail*,

That I was the first as nearly burst a-finding the Great
Big Nail. A. A. M.

ON MAKING A BEGINNING.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Daily Telegraph* complains of the
"leave-me-aloneness" prevailing among business men in
City restaurants. He would like "to alter the existing state
of things so that one might exchange a few friendly remarks
to lighten the burden of the day." "I wonder what would
bring about such an agreeable change in the deeply insular
and absorbed ways of the Londoner?" he asks.

Well, there is of course the weather with which to start
friendly conversation. A common mistake with those who
use this topic is to make some obvious remark that can be
dismissed with a monosyllabic reply of polite agreement. But,
properly used, the subject can be made to lead to discussion.
On a bright autumn day, for instance, remark to your
neighbour, "Very snowy, isn't it?" He will give you a
discourteous look, and say, "I beg your pardon." Your
reply should be, "Very snowy, I said—not here, of course,
but at the North Pole"; and there you are with the subject
of the day before you.

Another way of getting into conversation is to call the
manager and accuse your neighbour of picking your pocket.
After the disturbance is over the exchange of profuse
apologies and genial assurances that it is nothing may be
the beginning of a life-long friendship.

A method that has rarely failed is that of asking for the
honour of paying for your neighbour's lunch. This generally
brings a reply of some kind, and as often as not the bright
chat which follows can by tactful management be made so
interesting that the offer that began it is quite forgotten by
both parties.

A further graceful introduction to conversation we
witnessed in a City restaurant only last Friday. Two
strangers were lunching at a table, one an Englishman and
the other apparently a Frenchman. Suddenly the latter,
with all the charm and *abandon* for which his race is noted,
filled his glass from the Englishman's bottle, and heartily
drank his health, afterwards addressing a few felicitous and
well-chosen words of admiration and esteem. It was an
exceedingly pretty incident.

"It was also rumoured that the Pole was surrounded by ice."

This startling report is being circulated by a Shetland paper,
and still awaits denial.



Match-seller (indicating Motorist who has brusquely refused offer of his wares.) "‘ERE Y’ARE! NORF POLE STIKES! ‘OO’LL BACK ‘IM FER A PLICE?"

"THOSE DUKES, HOW THEY HARASS US!"

Mr. Lloyd-George.

A VIVID commentary on the above historic phrase is furnished by two events recorded in the same issue of *The Daily Chronicle*.

First of all we read with ever-growing indignation how "Silverlands," the bijou and appropriately named Surrey residence of Sir JOHN BRUNNER, M.P., standing in its well-wooded grounds in a lonely spot a mile and a half from Chertsey, was entered by burglars, who succeeded in getting away with—

- Two enamel boxes.
- Four small silver ships.
- Bottom of a large ship in silver.
- Several silver vases.
- Small silver table.
- Two small silver jars.
- Small silver cradle.
- Silver knives and forks.
- Foreign neck collar studded with jewels.
- Old-fashioned ring.
- Small silver piano.
- Silver photo frame.
- Four Indian ornaments.
- Two fluted silver vases.
- Silver card-case.
- Antique French clock.

And finally twelve silver trowels and silver keys presented to Sir JOHN BRUNNER

when opening institutions or laying foundation stones in different parts of the country.

The calamity which has befallen Sir JOHN BRUNNER is grievous enough in itself, but its severity is enhanced a thousand-fold by its coincidence and contrast with a similar visit paid to a notorious representative of that class now generally admitted to consist of the enemies of the human race.

While the Duke and Duchess of NORTHUMBERLAND were in residence at Syon House, some burglars carried a ladder a quarter of a mile across Syon Park and effected an entry into the library. The Duke's private desk was forced open and his papers tumbled about. But with a cowardly consideration that cannot be too severely reprobated the burglars did not touch the valuable silver articles, inkstands and other ornaments, which were lying about, while the priceless collection of portraits of the Seymour and Somerset families, in a corridor, which might easily have been cut from their frames, were not interfered with.

Of the silver opportunity thus neglected we say nothing, but that burglars, presumably equipped with

suitable weapons, should have thrown away the golden chance of purloining the pictorial family records of a ferocious despot gives rise in Radical bosoms to thoughts that lie too deep for tears.

We have good reason to believe that when the news was broken to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, their anguish was something painful to witness.

The theory that the burglary at Syon House was committed by Sir EDWARD GREY in his desire to possess himself of the originals of his correspondence with the Duke has met with credence in certain quarters, and Mr. BELLOC, M.P., will probably ask a question of the Foreign Secretary at an early opportunity.

"Congratulations are to-day due to the Rev. A. A. Dauncey and Mrs. Dauncey, who are celebrating their 'silver wedding.' Mr. and Mrs. Dauncey were married on September 3rd, 1184.

"On Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. Elias Neel, of 21, Maze-hill, East Greenwich, celebrated their 'golden wedding,' they having been married on August 29th, 1895."

The Kentish Mercury.

After all, the day of the month is the great thing.



FOOTBALL RESULTS.

AMID THE RUSH AND ROAR OF OUR MODERN BABYLON, IT IS ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL TO GO APART AND COMMUNE WITH SOME TWIN SOUL UPON THE THEMES WHICH GIVE A MEANING TO LIFE.

THE NEW HEAVY PATERNITY.

[With acknowledgments to the Editor of "The Wonder Box."]

MY DEAREST TOTLETS,—We can never say quite what we want to say in this imperfect world of ours. And as I sit in my old armchair in my dear old den and think of all the

BILLIONS OF BRIGHT-EYED BABES

who will take this letter out of our first BILGE TUB, heart and voice fail me and the foolish tears will flow. In the really great moments of life words are of little

use. We can only ladle out the slush of sentiment from the slop-pail of a full heart.

Thus it is that at this supreme moment I wish I could divide myself into a billion pieces so that we could gaze into each other's billion eyes and wallow in the undiluted

SLOB OF MUTUAL ADMIRATION.

I long to come into your lives, to share your infantile joys and ailments, to whoop with you in the whooping cough, to mumble with you in the mumps—in a word to help you and to have your help, financial as well as moral, as we meander,

hand in hand, through the good old maudlin world.

For although I am overflowing with the oleo-margarine of pure benevolence I want you, my dearest Totlets, distinctly to understand that I cannot afford to provide you with all these chunks of cheerfulness, all these rivers of joy, all these bright and brainy puzzles, without a modest recompense. I want your love, but I want your pennies as well. I cannot catch sunshine for nothing. It is too arduous and heating a pursuit.

I count on you therefore, even while I am bathed in the dew of Christian superiority and universal benevolence, not only to buy the BILGE TUB yourselves but also to recommend it to everyone you know. My best wishes for you always.

Your affectionate Friend, THE EDITOR.

FROM A STOCKBROKER'S HOLIDAY DIARY.

Stubbleton-super-Mare. Monday.

To-day's business opened somewhat unfavourably on a rumour that bad weather would prevail, occasioning postponement of yachting option. Wife's temper flat, but reviving on change in weather conditions allowing the cruise to be made. Self suffered severe depression on the water, and after many fluctuations finished up slightly above the worst of the day.

Tuesday.

Wife and self maintained healthy tone throughout day. Fish in strong demand, but no rise recorded. Pierrots dull.

Wednesday.

Shopping brisk. Strong buying by wife. Anticipate heavy withdrawals of gold from bank. Saturday is Settling-day, when reaction is certain.

Thursday.

To-day promised to be generally uneventful—with nothing doing, and wife's mood very uncertain on my inability to offer anything brilliant in the way of a suggestion. Rally brought about by loan of a car. Wife buoyant. Rate well maintained on the road, but reduced in places on signals from scouts. In spite of "bear" opposition (her description of my warnings) wife insists on taking the wheel, and chauffeur's spirits drop 17 points. Anticipated crash takes place, followed by something like panic. Wife flung across ditch and hedge into field, where bulls are active. Runs to cover. Carry-over successfully accomplished.

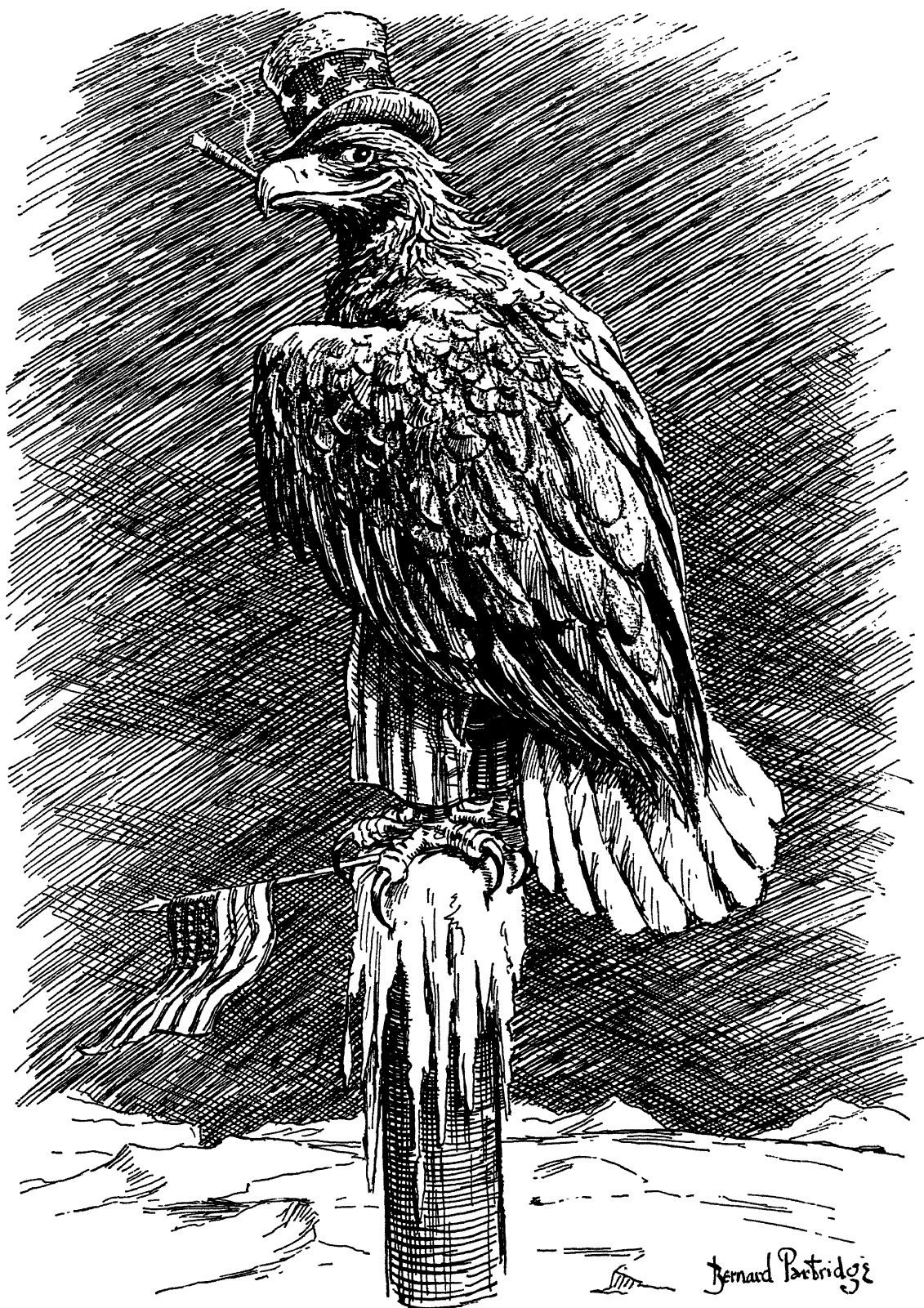
Friday.

Heavy slump at bridge.

Saturday—Settling-day.

In view of last night's disastrous break, have been compelled to sell back portion of wife's Wednesday purchases at considerable loss on balance.

Hammered by wife.



AN UNDISPUTED CLAIM.

AMERICAN EAGLE. "MY POLE, ANYWAY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 6.—Remarkable how closer and closer the manner of REES OF HINDUSTAN when interpolating a question resembles action of torpedo. The MEMBER FOR SARK's most vivid recollection of the sea pageant at Portsmouth was the torpedo attack on the *Dreadnought*. The battleship lay at anchor, a line of swiftly-steaming black-painted ships passing at a distance of something under a mile. As one after another steamed by, lookers-on observed something leap from a porthole into the sea. It sank beneath the water, its deadly course marked by pathway of bubbles tumultuously floating on the surface. Swiftly it advanced, and as it finally struck the guard of the battleship's hull there rose to the surface what looked like head of a dull-eyed fish with indication of a body shaped like a dolphin.

The passing ships were destroyers; these, torpedoes launched with unerring aim at the mighty target. Against the steel network that protected the hull they dashed impotently. There was an almost human look of despair about the fish heads as again and again they beat against what bluejackets call the ship's crinoline in frantic attempt to get at the hull.

Thus, or uncannily like it, is action of REES OF HINDUSTAN at Question hour. Someone having put Question on paper, he rises with craftily devised counterblast designed to bring the inquirer to ignominy. As soon as Irish Members catch sight of him they raise a shout of contumely. In low clear voice, making the most of pauses in uproar—the torpedo trying to make its way through the steel netting—REES persists. Again and again he is beaten back, till sometimes, as happened this afternoon, the SPEAKER interposes with suggestion that notice should be given of the question.

It was Chinese pork that brought the torpedoes into action to-day. Dr. FELL, momentarily turning his attention aside from naval matters, dragged the alien on to the stage. O'SHAUGHNESSY, burning with patriotic jealousy, put supplementary question indicating that pork recently imported, tastily coloured in ochre or vermilion according to the predisposition of the purchaser, pertains to an animal which, prior to decease, fulfilled in its native town or village the function of street scavenger. JULIUS CÆSAR BURNS met this allegation by recitation of an idyll for which he quoted authority of Consul-General at Hankow. The rainbow-hued pork which of late illuminated Smithfield Market has (so he sang) its parentage in a

special tribe of pig which, fed on rice scrupulously selected, roams flower-decked through the fair valley of the Yangtse.

It was at this juncture that the torpedo discharged from the corner seat above Gangway on Ministerial side was observed on its relentless course. The attack was marked by a peculiarity that added interest to the episode. The first torpedo was launched with unerring aim from the hon. Member's usual seat below Gangway. Probably with object of getting better aim, possibly on principle of alderman at City feast who, feeling the pangs of repletion, took a cool chair, REES for his second shot stepped across the Gangway, firing away from adjoining corner seat. Effect the same. Torpedo foiled, the baffled destroyer steamed out into the silent sea.

Business done.—Development and Road Improvement Funds Bill read second time by overwhelming majority.

Wednesday, 1 A.M.—Mr. VERNEY, waking up just now, having suffered nine hours' talk round Clause 30 of Budget Bill, found himself famous. The Opposition were at his feet. It seemed as if he needed but to lift a finger and they would crown him Leader of a finally united Party. SHENSTONE, comfortable under care of mine host at Henley, recorded how he "found the warmest welcome at an inn." The burst of enthusiasm

that this morning broke on VERNEY's astonished head greeted him on leaving an inn.

Debate turned on new version of ancient jape. "When is an inn not an inn?" was the question put. Answer: "When it's a restaurant." After long wrangling, VERNEY in voice trembling with emotion told a story about "a small well-conducted country inn" threatened with ruin by the Budget.

"I know that inn," he said. "I have often been there."

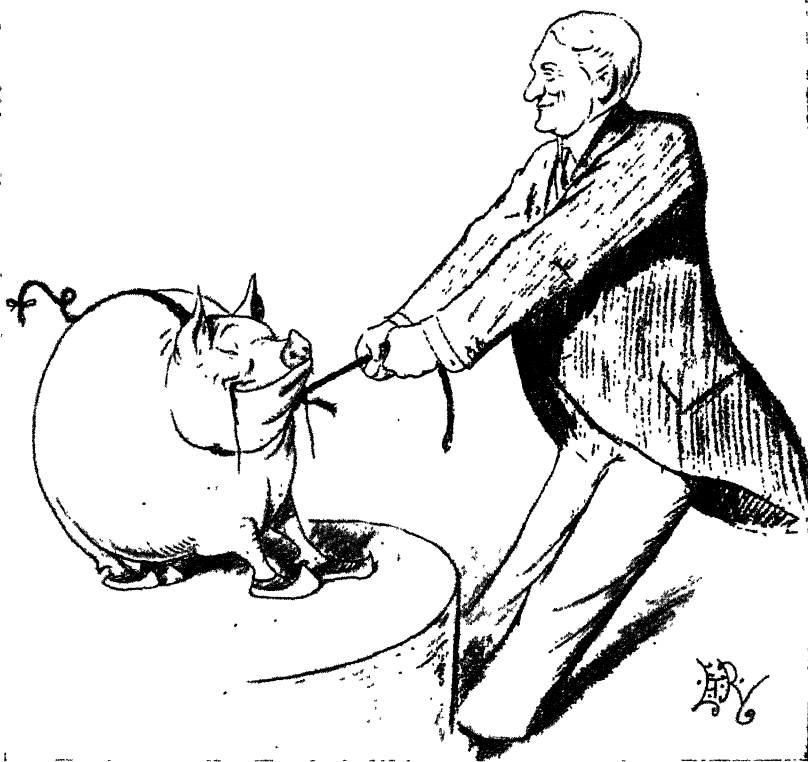
The note of pathetic memory that made musical this last remark touched a sensitive Opposition.

"Vote with us," they cried, metaphorically mopping the moist eyes of the Member for North Bucks.

Idea caught on. Here was a good Liberal, moved by personal experience, in revolt against the Budget. If they could only get him into the Division Lobby with them it would not turn out the Government, but it would be a useful object-lesson. The Boy SAMUEL, scenting danger, moved the Closure. Hereupon what had been a ripple of genuine sympathy meandering through Opposition camp bounded over Treasury Bench a cascade of indignation.

"Why don't you answer your own side?" WINTERTON, always eager for information, shouted.

Turning upon VERNEY, who began to



DR. FELL DRAGS IN THE CHINESE PIG.



"THE BOY SAMUEL, SCENTING DANGER, MOVED THE CLOSURE."
(Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel.)

grow alarmed at the turmoil, Opposition with one voice (and that loud) besought him to come over, help, and be helped. Scene was in its way reminiscent of the crisis in the war between North and South America, when Maryland hung trembling in the balance. Someone—was it Lord ROBERT CECIL?—hummed the old war-song:

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Revenge the patriotic gore
That stained the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!"



"MARY'BONE, MY MARY'BONE!"
"Someone—was it Lord Robert Cecil?—
hummed the old war-song."
(Gen'l Robert K. Cecil, U.S.A.)

Like Maryland, VERNEY was wavering. LEIF JONES seated himself by his side with evident intent of bucking him up. Hereupon a perfect howl of execration rose from Opposition. A little mixed in moment of excitement, one shouted across the floor:

"Lief him alone, LEAVE JONES."

But everybody knew what was meant. Amid the din the CHAIRMAN mutely put the Question. Tellers named and the order given to clear the Lobby, the Opposition remained seated, watching the champion of the country inn.

"Vote with us, VERNEY!" they shouted.

"Come along, now's your chance!"

Slowly VERNEY uplifted his columnar form. There was a look of anguish on his face as he glanced first at door of Opposition Lobby, then at that through



"VERNEY WAS WAVERING."
(Mr. F. W. Verney.)

which Ministerial host streamed. As he finally turned in latter direction, an agonised cry of "Oh!" went up from the Opposition, rising and falling like the moaning of the wind in bleak pine forest on a winter night.

But VERNEY voted with his party only on the Closure. On the consequential division, dealing with the hostile amendment, Maryland went with the South.

Business done.—At 3.25 A.M. House adjourned, having passed Clauses 30 and 31 of Budget Bill.

Thursday.—LLOYD-GEORGE laments the turn of fate that placed the North Pole under a foreign flag. Had it been added to British Territory it would have brought with it illimitable opportunity of fresh taxation. What countless miles of undeveloped land surround it at respectful distance! What unparalleled richness of ungotten minerals the dark

unfathomed caves of ocean beneath it bear! But there is no hope.

GILBERT PARKER, with untameable instinct for added Empire, asks the PREMIER, Who owns the Pole? Assuming it be true that Commander PEARY has, as he affirms, nailed the American Flag to the concrete projecting spar, will the action give the United States right of possession over the region?

PREMIER not easily drawn. You can't touch him up with a Pole, however long, howsoever far north.

"The question," he said, "involves too much hypothetical matter to justify a definite answer."

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's eyes now turn hopefully to Antarctic regions. If the American eagle has swarmed up the North Pole, the British Lion must fold his tail round the South Pole. In that region also there is unlimited land undeveloped, ungotten minerals galore.

Business done.—Licensing Clauses of Budget Bill through Committee.

FOR ALL TIMES AND SEASONS.

MESSRS. Press, Button & Co., the enterprising American firm, whose object in life is to save time and labour, have just issued a most admirable skeleton article for the use of magazine editors, which it is claimed will reduce the expenses very considerably, while doing everything that the public requires. As is well known, the reader to-day of magazines or weekly papers has but one desire, and that is to learn all he can about his heroes on the stage, in politics, or in literature, and he is especially pleased when they describe what they consider their best achievement. There must be the personal touch. He does not mind how familiar, how hackneyed the setting, provided there are enough new gems in it. In any capable interview the gems are of course supplied by the celebrity; the setting is the work of the interviewer. It is slight enough work, but it costs something, and the thanks of all editors should be given to Messrs. Press, Button & Co. for saving them even that something. The invention takes the form of a skeleton interview with a number of spaces to be filled up by the celebrity, to whom it is posted—with a stamped envelope enclosed. That is not particularly novel; the striking thing about this patent is the fulness of the directions, very American in their minuteness and clarity, which accompany it. It begins thus:

WHAT WAS MY BEST WORK?

It was a beautiful morning on which our representative wended his way to [here insert address, or name of town],

with the pleasing purpose in view of calling upon [here insert name] the well-known and popular [here insert line of country: actor, politician, artist, author, motorist], the record of a chat with whom, he knew, would prove so acceptable to the readers of [here insert name of periodical.] Mr. [name], who had just returned from [here insert his occupation: riding, spin in his motor, rehearsal, visit to Premier, or whatever it is], grasped his hand with cordial warmth and a bright smile of welcome and courteously led the way to his sumptuously upholstered [here insert studio, den, library, study, garage, or whatever it is], where, waving him to a seat and producing the cigarettes, he asked what he could do for him. [Note: there is also a form of this article in which spaces are left for the name of the maker of the car, upholsterer, brand of cigarette, and so forth.] "I make a point," Mr. [name] began, "of never being interviewed, but I have received so much kindness at the hands of the [name of periodical] and I have so much sympathy with its outlook that I cannot refuse a few words for the readers of such an admirable [paper or magazine]. You want to know what I consider the best thing I have ever done? It is not an easy question to answer, but I will try. I think that [here insert the particulars: name of picture, title of book, rôle in a play, or whatever it is] is the best thing I ever [painted, wrote, played.] I think so because it fulfils the greatest number of the conditions required of the highest canons of art. There is a story connected with this [picture, book, performance] which, though to recount it may lay me under the charge of vanity, I must do myself the pleasure to repeat. The late [duke or earl] of [title] told me not long before he died that he had derived extraordinary comfort from it. 'That [picture, book or performance,]' he said to me, 'is unique. I maintain that you are the only man in Europe who could have [painted, written, or performed] it.' Very gratifying, was it not? The conversation took place at the [name of club], and I remember that there were also present [name] and [name] and [name] the wit, and poor old [name], one of the kindest of Bohemians."

Mr. [name] was interrupted at this point by the entry of his beautiful wife, who, linking her arm affectionately into his, joined in the conversation with vivacity and charm.

There is a lot more, but enough has been given to illustrate the extreme value of the article. The price is so low that no editor can afford to be without a parcel of them, and no journalist can afford to compete with it. And surely that is one of the ends of American enterprise!



Fisherman (chaffing Pensioner). "THEY TELL ME, KENNY, THAT ALL YOUR OLD-AGE PENSION GOES IN DRINK."

Kenny. "NO, MAN, NO! A PENNY O' MY PENSION AM I SPENDIN' ON THE DRINK."

Fisherman. "WHERE DO YOU GET THE MONEY FOR WHISKEY, THEN?"

Kenny. "JUST FROM REAL GENTLEMEN LIKE YERSEL'."

BAYARD AND PUSS IN BOOTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Who says that the age of chivalry is dead?

Listen to the following unvarnished tale of rescue by a modern knight-errant:

"I was on the pier at a large seaside resort the other evening, and, happening to go down on to the landing stage, I, in a remote part of it, came upon a young lady in great distress, in fact she was on the verge of hysteria. She told me that one of her heels had become fixed in the grating, and in trying to release it the other had also jammed, and she had been a prisoner for over an hour. I unbuttoned her boots and assisted her to get out of them, and then with

some difficulty succeeded in rescuing them from the grating in a more or less damaged condition. I found them to be a pair of very smart patent leather boots, with heels very little short of four inches in height. It would of course have been quite simple for her to have got out of her boots before, but apparently her waist was so pinched and her dress so tight that she was unable to stoop down to unbutton them."

Surely the hero of this poignant incident, who recently vouched for its veracity over his own name in *The Chronicle*, would be a fitting recipient of the Order of Merit.

Cordially yours,

MORDECAI STUTTERS.

Paradise Lodge, Southend.

ONE BETTER.

DEAR, when I gaze into your eyes,
Whose light—I give my word—outvies
The very sun,
Show me, I say, a pair as blue,
As deep, as clear, and so forth—pooh!
There isn't one.

And when beneath the friendly trees
I give your hand an ardent squeeze
Down in the wood
I feel, whate'er of ill may be,
It is the solid fact to me
That this is good.

When coyly on my heaving breast
You, in expansive moments, rest
Your head and hat,
Why, then to all the world I cry,
Take it or leave it, what care I?
You won't beat that!

But when the failing day is low,
And love (inversely) seems to grow
Ever more fond;
When, somewhat nervously, I press
Upon your lips a chaste caress,
And you respond;—

I am as one that's blind—I reel—
I don't know what to say—I feel
A swift shock strike
My whole soul through; and in my bliss,
"This," I remark with fervour, "this
Is something like."

DUM-DUM.

A SLUMP IN NICOTINE.

MANY are the insidious and far-reaching effects of the present Budget, and now we have to note an especially poignant and olfactory outcome, of which we trust that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will take due notice—and mend his ways. The Goddess Nicotine is in a fair way to be dethroned by My Lady Lollipop. It appears that an increasing class of smokers, unable to meet the enhanced price of tobacco, are finding a substitute in sweets. A large proportion of football enthusiasts, it is said, are being obliged to steady their nerves and control their hysteria with the soothing acid drop, *vice* the more full-flavoured, but ruinous, fag. The next step will be to provide Peppermint Compartments in railway trains.

We shudder for Mr. BARRIE, forced to bring out his next successor to *Peter Pan* under the influence of brandy-balls. Ourselves, at the present moment, are trying to light a chocolate cigarette with a tandstickor and have laid in a stock of Edinburgh rock to the confusion of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE.

"DR. COOK ON THE RACK," says a *Daily News* poster. This must be our old Danish friend, the Skager Rack.

AT THE PLAY.

KING LEAR.

If among those who saw Mr. HERBERT TRENCH's presentation of *King Lear* last Wednesday there were any who had never read the play, there must have been times when they were rather puzzled. The First Act seems on the stage so childish: *Lear's* division of his kingdom among his daughters perfect farce; *Edmund's* villainy perfect melodrama, even down to the forged letter. Is this, he



Scene—A Heath (more or less blasted).

Time—Circ. 900 B.C.

Weather—Present Day.

King Lear . . . Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL.

would have asked himself, really the greatest tragedy in the world? Afterwards he would have admitted that it was; but minor difficulties of construction would then have arisen to puzzle him. What, for instance, were the relations of *Goneril* and *Regan* with *Edmund*?

Now, although *King Lear* will always read better than it plays, Mr. TRENCH and his company must not be held blameless for the mystification of the unread spectator. We might well have been given more of the scenes between the wicked sisters and the villain, and the fact that these were cut down brought about, in the midst of tragedy, a most laughable situation. Thus:—

ACT V., SCENE 2 (*on the stage*).

Gentleman. Help! Help! O help. . .
O, she's dead!

Albany. Who dead? Speak, man.

Gentleman. Your lady, sir, your lady. And her sister by her is poisoned.

Edmund (*dying, in a very melancholy voice*).
I was contracted to them both.

This of course is the actual text; but owing to the omission of previous scenes

the situation came upon the audience so suddenly that there were titters all over the theatre.

I don't think Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL helped us to get through the first scene as well as he might have done. *Lear* was, I imagine, an obstinate and rather silly old man, who had already decided how to divide his kingdom and had thought of a little birthday joke with which to pass it off. It had seemed to him quite a funny idea, and when *Cordelia* was sweetly serious over it he lost his temper; each of them being obstinate the tragedy followed. Mr. MCKINNEL was too big and strong and dignified for this. I am sure that he didn't realise that old men will have their little jokes; I am sure that in that first scene he didn't realise how old he was. He was splendid afterwards, when the character suited him better.

I have no quarrel with Mr. DAWSON MILWARD because the childish villainies of *Edmund* were not made to seem more natural. *Edmund* belongs to an age, when the most simple plot seemed supernaturally cunning and the jokes of the *Fool* were bearable. Yet it was a pity that of all the players he and *Edgar* had the most modern manner. The surprise of the cast to me was Mr. CHARLES V. FRANCE's performance as the *Earl of Kent*. I have seen him play well in many modern comedies, and I thought that he least of all would give the illusion of 900 B.C. Yet he did; he was *Kent* every inch; and I found his performance the most enjoyable of the evening. Mr. FISHER WHITE was excellent as the cruel *Cornwall*, but nobody would have expected anything else from such a talented actor. All the three sisters were good; one would have liked to see more of so sweet a *Cordelia* as Miss ELLEN O'MALLEY.

It was a fine performance, interesting for every moment, at times almost overpowering. Mr. TRENCH is to be congratulated on his first venture; Mr. CHARLES RICKETTS on his beautiful scenery and costumes; Mr. MCKINNEL on the acting, both particularly and generally. On one point I must sympathise with him. When in the Fourth Act he came to the words:

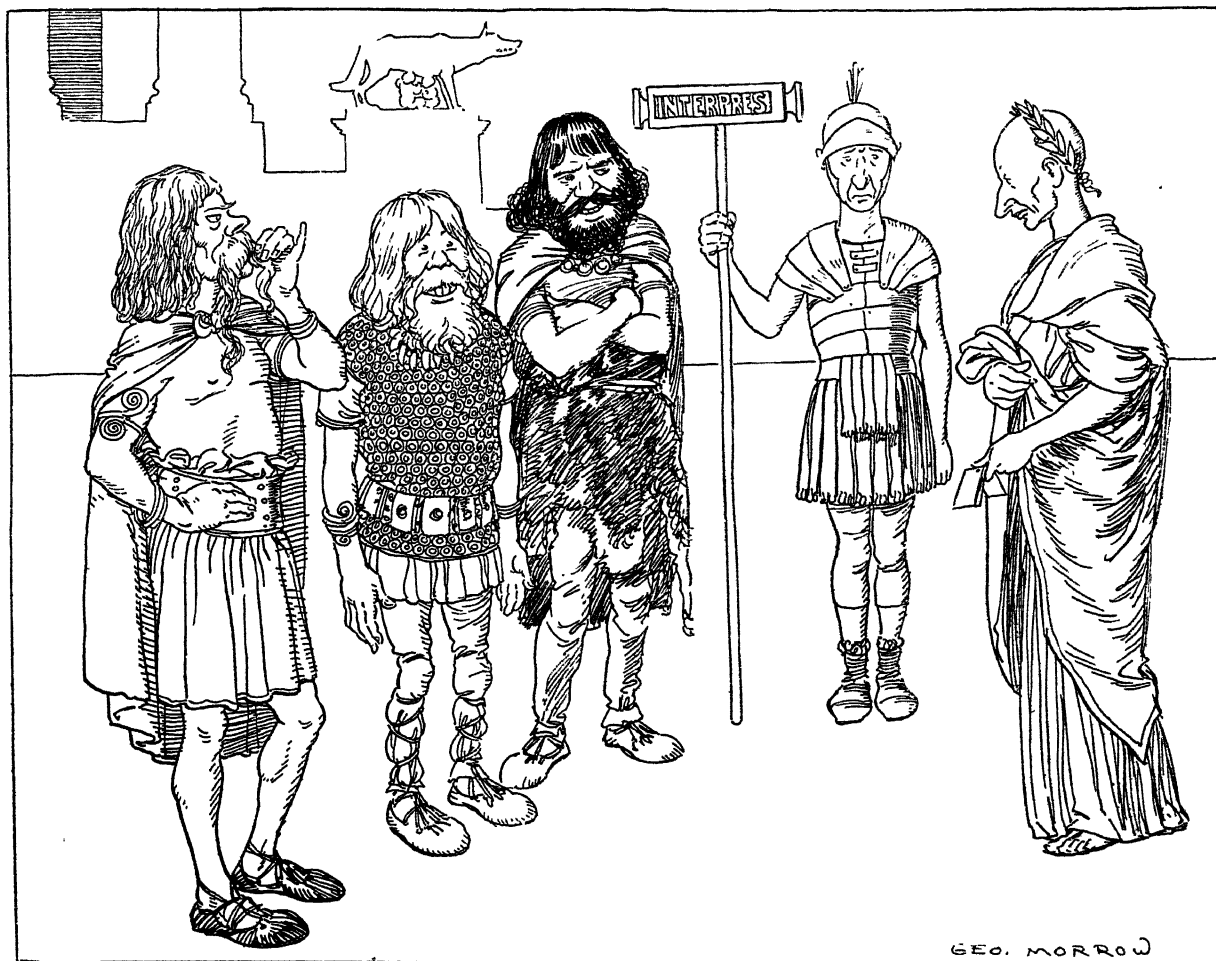
"Get thee glass eyes
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not—"

a prosperous gentleman behind me, who thought it was an impromptu gag, cheered lustily. I am afraid that this will happen on every night. M.

"Showers of rain notwithstanding, a large crowd of inhabitants of the district attended. Included was a sprinkling of Radicals."

Devon and Exeter Gazette.

This is even worse, writes a stalwart Tory, than raining cats and dogs.



GEO. MORROW

EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—II.

JULIUS CAESAR INTERVIEWING BARBARIAN CAPTIVES ON THE SUBJECT OF THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF BALDNESS.

ROOSEVELT.

WHAT ails our ROOSEVELT? Where on earth is he—
On earth, or haply on the crested sea?
Where does he make his home? The months have passed
In slow procession since we glimpsed him last.
ROOSEVELT, with one of his Homeric laughs,
Had shot, I think, some four or five giraffes:
And KERMIT, whom I also keep my eye on,
Had greatly foiled a partly damaged lion.
These were their deeds; since then the wires are dumb;
From Afric's wastes no joyous word has come,
And, though with budgeting we may be busy,
We still find time to ask ourselves, "Where is he?"

* * * * *

For now the Filipinos hear no more
The massive sound of Mr. ROOSEVELT's roar.
The Standard Oil is fitly wrapped in gloom
Since TAFT is throned in Mr. ROOSEVELT's room;
And Congress stirs no more with any presage
Of Mr. ROOSEVELT's million-worded message.
They miss him there. In London *The Spectator*,
That patient animal-investigator,
Must miss him too, for, oh, it loved him well,
And oft to all the wondering world would tell
How Mr. ROOSEVELT was in truth a man
Formed on the patent Spectatorial plan,

A man as great as SOLOMON or HOMER,
And very nearly equal to Lord CROMER—
And now how changed and joyless are the days
It cannot fill with Mr. ROOSEVELT's praise.

* * * * *

Ah, but I know the song will sound again
Some day, and joy will be exchanged for pain.
No, not in Africa—not there, not there
Lingers our ROOSEVELT, swift to do and dare.
No lions tempt his rifle, but the bear,
The white, the Arctic, to his icy home
Lures ROOSEVELT on across the frozen foam.
And many a dog and many an Eskimo
Goes with him on his perilous journey slow;
And soon a message will rejoice our soul:—
"PEARY and Cook beheaded! I, ROOSEVELT, have the Pole!"

What to Do with Our Parents.

"Clergyman (Edinburgh) recommends exceptional home for one boy or young child; parents abroad, or attending school."—*The Scoteman*.

From the narrative of an old sailor called BARCLAY:

"Three years and four months ago I was sitting in a public-house in the herring station of Reykjavik, Iceland, when Dr. Cook came in. I had been there then two years."—*Liverpool Echo*.

In these alcoholic circumstances we should prefer the evidence even of E—k. (We cannot give his name again.)

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SINCE the days when he began to write for the old *St. James's* I have consumed a good deal of Mr. PETT RIDGE's patent food for grown-up infants (that's you and me and all novel-readers of discernment), and I can cordially recommend the latest brand. The label, *Splendid Brother* (METHUEN), is of course ironical, for irony is to Mr. PETT RIDGE's books in the same proportion as water to the human body, and that, though I will never believe it, is said to be about 97 per cent. But the forcefulness of his irony is always tempered by a kindly sympathy with human nature, and his stupid, vulgar, low-down characters are positively almost as intelligent and chivalrous and high-minded as the people we see in the mornings when we are brushing or "doing" our hair. *Leonard Dreir*, contractor, the "splendid" elder brother of *Henry Dreir*, who tells the story, was a paragon of selfishness. But, like *The Egoist*, he had a leg, a happy knack of doing everything well and taking everybody in, especially his biographer. *Splendide mendax*, he lied and borrowed and stole his way up from the little New Cross shop where his mother sold American Cheddar and yellow soap, till, *viâ* the County Council, he almost became a Member of Parliament. And all the while *Henry*, who was virtuously but unpriggishly plodding his way towards a dear little wife and a tidy little fortune, believed in him, and financed him, and got him out of scrapes, and finally shipped him off to Australia, just as *David Copperfield* did with Mr. Micawber, to try a fresh start. In endeavouring to make him a little blind to his splendid brother's faults I think Mr. PETT RIDGE has rather overdone it. But he has overdone it very well.



THE IRONY OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

But he does not confine himself to these distant times. After the Portuguese came the Dutch and the English, the two joining sometimes "to doe the Portingalls all the spoyle that may bee, and to destroy their carracks and galleons." Then other nations. And so he traces the story, never dully, down to the British conquest and to still more recent times which even to me are not quite unfamiliar. A fine book for boys—of all ages.

When Mr. E. F. BENSON wrote *The Image on the Sands*, he wanted to make us believe that people might be possessed by two sorts of spirits, black and white (no, this is not an advertisement); but his brother, R. H., seems to have the authority of his Church for holding that it is only possible to evoke the powers of darkness. In *The Neeromancers* (HUTCHINSON) he tells the story of a young man who dabbles in magic with disastrous results, and is only saved after a terrible crisis by the will-power of the girl who loves him. A sympathetic study of a thoroughly sincere and able medium is introduced; and the hero's aunt, a lady whose religious thought moves on a very ordinary plane, makes a good contrast to the "intenseness" of most of the characters. The author's imaginative skill and descriptive power throughout are quite at their best, but as to his argument I confess I am not quite clear. The spirits of the blest, he seems to say, cannot return to earth, because they are otherwise and more happily engaged; so the daemons of evil seize the opportunity of mediumistic trances and occupy mortal bodies. But, seeing that spirits are admittedly beyond all temporal and spatial limitations, it is surely impossible to prove that they cannot be in two places or doing two different things at once. Perhaps Mr. A. C. BENSON will step into the breach and smooth away my mystifications. At any rate I think a book of his might be guaranteed to lull the most malevolent and vindictive spooks to rest.

So many thoughts crowded my mind when I had read a few pages of Mr. L. D. COLVIN's book, *South Africa*, in the "Romance of Empire" Series (JACK) that I found it quite difficult to get on. I wondered, for instance, whether everybody else who talks familiarly of the Cape is as ignorant as I was, before Mr. COLVIN taught me the facts, that the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope was really a move in the fifteenth-century conflict between the Cross and the Crescent—an incident in a great Portuguese expedition to solve the mystery of the Moorish sources of wealth which were found to lie in their trade with the East in the Indian Ocean. There are hundreds of other things in Mr. COLVIN's fascinating book which I didn't know, but I cite this one because, if the mention of it should chance to hit anybody else rather badly, he can argue that it happened about five centuries ago, and there is some excuse for having forgotten it. Besides, as Mr. COLVIN himself says, "it is a little hard to realise that the Portuguese were exploring East Africa when the English were still fighting the Wars of the Roses, and that an army was being led three or four hundred miles up the Zambesi when Shakespeare was little more than a boy."

In compensation for an unfaithful father, an invertebrate mother, a prudish sister and a garrulous aunt, Miss PRISCILLA CRAVEN has given *Ghita Streatfield*, the heroine of *A Lighted Candle* (ALSTON RIVERS), the quality of grit. But considering the handicap it was not enough, and I wish that, along with this grit, she might have been given a little more womanliness. Her lack of this virtue may be chiefly ascribed to her aunt, Mrs. Meyer, who possessed a *mari aveugle* and a tiresome habit of talking about her infidelities. Mrs. Meyer, one is led to suppose, was a very smart lady, but however smart she may have been, and however prone to superfluity of speech, I do not believe that she could have said, "Give me over the matches." In the end *Ghita's* grit was defeated by Mr. Gottschalk's iron will, and had I been told more about him and less of her relations I should have returned thanks; for Miss CRAVEN can draw a self-made man without making him ridiculous, and is far more successful with her serious characters than with those who endeavour to be amusing but only succeed in being flippant.

THE OLD SPORTSMEN.

"SEPTEMBER! Come out, 'tis September,
The moon of the hunter is young,"
This style, as perhaps you remember,
Stamped songs that our grandpapas
sung:

I can see the old boys, in their day-time's
December,
But ruddy as pippins and mighty of
lung!

I can see the green coats and white
beavers,
The guns (the old flint-lock affair),
The cockers they used as retrievers
To pick up their partridge or hare;
No beaters to bungle, no bag-making
fevers
Destroy the old-fashioned repose of
their air!

I see them come down by the spinney,
They measure and ram in their lead,
Then start through the turnips, with
"Prinny,"
And "Dash," working gaily ahead;
If a covey is flushed I would wager a
guinea
They'll aim for a minute—but kill
their birds dead!

They go with their old-world precision,
Their quaintness of garb and of gun,
Till out of my day-dreaming vision
They fade in the slant of the sun;
Let's hope they are tramping o'er manors
Elysian,
With asphodel-cover to give 'em good
fun!

CHARIVARIA.

"MANY thanks," writes S. W. to *The Daily Chronicle*, "for your splendid defence of the Budget. . . If it comes to a question of the Lords and Tariff Reform *versus* the present Government and the Budget, the latter will have my whole-hearted support." And now, if the Lords decide, after all, not to throw out the Budget, S. W. will know the reason.

**

"Who's Mr. TAFT?" asked a small boy of his father. "Oh, he's the man who is always having North Poles given him," answered the source of all knowledge.

**

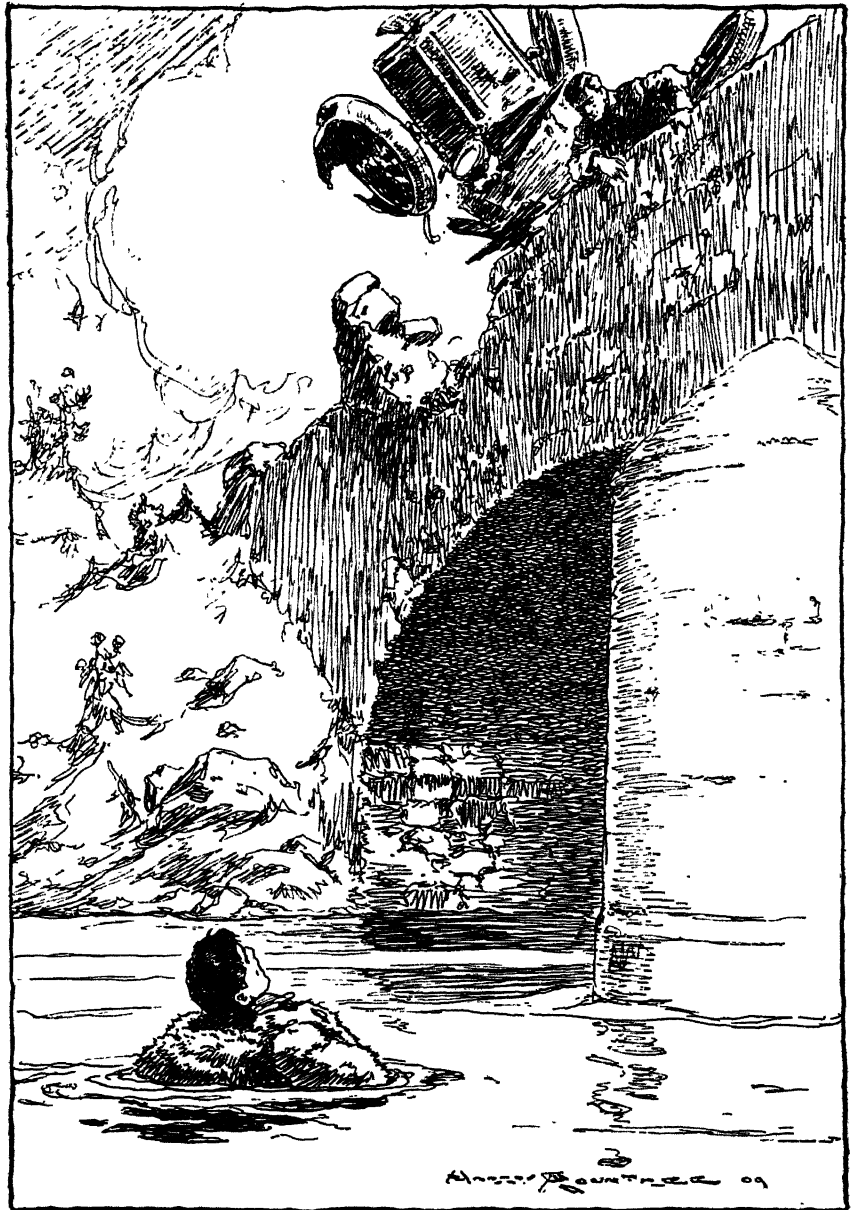
The "Young Egyptians" have been giving a demonstration of their extreme youth at Geneva.

**

"TRAMCARS OVER BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE" was the alarmist announcement in a contemporary last week, but happily no lives were lost.

**

The Bow Street magistrate has held that omnibus companies have no power



Voice from the Bridge. "I SAY, CHARLES, AS YOU'RE DOWN THERE, YOU MIGHT HAVE A LOOK ROUND FOR MY GOGGLES!"

to charge fares for carrying dogs. In canine circles it is considered that this decision does not go far enough. Seeing how the interior of the vehicle gains in beauty and interest from the presence of these pretty creatures it is thought that they should be supplied with free bones during the journey.

**

A lady has just received from the Chief Commissioner a reward of a sovereign for assisting the police. This is a great coup for the old adage, "Look after the Coppers and the Pounds will take care of themselves."

**

A report just issued by the Local

Government Board mentions that, when other accommodation is lacking, navvies sometimes sleep in drain-pipes. Is it not, however, just possible that the men do this voluntarily in order to preserve their figures?

**

Farm and Home states that a new kind of pig is wanted. This announcement will no doubt hasten the arrival of the air-pig. "If pigs had wings—" has long been an aspiration.

**

Reading that two hairless dogs have arrived at the Zoo, a dear old lady, who suffers from baldness herself, has sent them, according to our information, a couple of wigs.

TO HALLEY'S COMET.

(SHORTLY EXPECTED IN OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.)

HALLEY (for short), what moving sights
Beyond the range of vulgar seers
Must have delayed your non-stop flights
During the past two thousand years!
Amid how many strange events
From time to time you've been to see us,
Since you appeared above the tents
Of good old JUDAS MACCABEUS!

On one of your too transient trips
You marked the Huns hot-foot for Rome;
Later, you watched the Norman ships
(W. Conqueror's) cross the foam;
Saw Dutchmen, at Gibraltar, break
The Spanish frigates, mast to kelson;
Assisted at the Lisbon quake,
And beamed upon the birth of NELSON.

Not bad. But yet your visual scope
Should soon be more severely tried,
If, as I hear, you rather hope
To join us in the winter-tide;
For we've a Budget hard to match
In your experience as a comet,
And you might like to try and catch
Some coruscating humour from it.

And, should your other plans permit,
We shall be pleased for you to stay
And notice how our native wit
Decides the issue of the day;
For then, if comets lack for mirth
And find a human farce consoling,
You'll see the brightest show on earth—
The People in the act of polling!

O. S.

THE BUDGET.

"I'm fair tired o' this Budget," said the slave-girl from the ground-floor flat, addressing the porter. "There's bin nothin' but worry ever since it come along. It's knocked our family sideways, and I don't know when we can get together agin. Mother's got a crack on the side of 'er 'ead, father's lost 'is best pair o' Sunday braces, my new 'at's torn to pieces, and Uncle Bill's gone orf in a 'uff with the 'and-somest black eye I ever see on a man's face, and all along o' the Budget."

"Which bit o' the Budget give 'im a black eye?" said the porter.

"Go 'long," said the girl; "I don't want any suckasm about it. It's bad enough without that."

"I thought the inkerrament tax might 'a done 'im," said the porter.

"Oh, I don't know nothin' about your taxes. I'm only tellin' you the story. It was last Sunday night. We'd bin to 'Ampstead in the arternoon, and we'd come 'ome tired, father and mother and me, and we was settin' in the front parlour, when Uncle Bill come in. Uncle Bill's mother's brother, and 'e's got on in the world and laid by a pot o' money. 'Ouse property's 'is game. When 'e saves a bit 'e goes and puts it into bricks and mortar. 'Ouses can't run away, 'e says. It's made 'im a bit uppish. When 'e makes a joke 'e wants you to laugh at it. Mother's always 'ad a 'ard job to keep father orf of 'im. Father says it fair chokes 'im to 'ear Uncle Bill talk o' the rights o' property when 'e remembers 'im sellin' newspapers in the streets not so many years ago. Well, Uncle Bill come in very 'earty, and 'e says

'e knows there's a steak pudden for supper; 'e could sniff it, 'e says, 'arf a mile away, and 'e's bound to 'ave 'is share of it. Father 'ad took orf 'is coat and unbuttoned 'is weskit and undone 'is braces—made 'isself comfortable like, and 'e told mother to pull up a chair for Uncle Bill and 'urry up with the pudden. Then they began to talk. Uncle Bill says if 'e could get 'old o' LLOYD-GEORGE 'e'd smash 'im. 'What's LLOYD-GEORGE done to you?' says father; and Uncle Bill let go for five minutes about the Budget and the 'Ouse o' Lords. 'You're very thick with the 'Ouse o' Lords,' says father; 'you'll be bringin' 'ome a Duke to dinner,' 'e says, 'and askin' 'im to 'ang 'is coronit be'ind the door and put 'is feet on the table if 'e likes. That's your sort all over,' says father. This made Uncle Bill mad, and 'e says 'e won't 'ear a word agin Dukes, and as for LLOYD-GEORGE 'e's a Socialist, and 'e's drivin' capital out o' the country with 'is death duties and 'is supper taxes. 'Well,' says father, 'if there is a supper tax you ain't payin' it. It's my steak-pudden, and the tax comes on me and I'm willin' to pay. I don't 'owl for *Dreadnoughts* and then squeal when the bill comes in. That ain't my sort.'

"Uncle Bill couldn't stand this. 'Is face went white with little red spots all over it, and 'e got out of 'is chair and said 'e wouldn't stay to be insulted. 'E was goin' 'ome to alter 'is will,' 'e said. 'Leave it all to the Duke o' Bermondsey,' says father, 'oo cares what you do with your dirty money?' Mother come in as father said this, and she was just in time to get a crack o' the side of the 'ead from Uncle Bill's clay pipe. 'E meant it for father, but it landed on mother, so we keep it in the family. Father's a very proud man, and when 'e saw mother rub 'er 'ead 'e fair lost 'is temper and 'e give Uncle Bill one in the eye. 'There's a bit of capital for you,' 'e says, and 'e knocked Uncle Bill backards agin the wall. That ended it; and Uncle Bill got out quick, and we ain't seen 'im since. My new 'at got trod on in the scuffle. You can't wear a 'at after father's put 'is feet through it."

"Ow did your father come to lose 'is braces?" asked the porter.

"'E says Uncle Bill must 'a took them when they was wrestlin' about together; but 'e won't demean 'isself to send round for 'em, 'e says. But you can understand I don't want to 'ear any more about this 'ere Budget."

"SANDWICHES (TO MAKE) ("Moorside")—The cook in this case would cut the sandwiches, the parlourmaid packing them, together with the other addenda.—*En.*" *The Queen.*

This is only possible however with a well-trained staff. In some houses the undergroom comes bustling in, and insists on inserting the potted meat.

"I must confess that when the home-grown poppy has gone to seed either ripe or unripe, there is a real pleasure in lying outdoors and absorbing spoonful after spoonful of it."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The writer is welcome to all the poppy seed so long as we may have the peaches.

"Familiar Quotations."

"Literally, in Mr. Chamberlain's memorable phrase, he 'toils not, neither does he spin.'"—*Daily Chronicle.*

The Daily News on the escaped tigress:

"As I telegraph, the spotted beast is still at large."
From our Special Correspondent on the spot.

"Several Scottish breeders make it their custom to offer the cream of their bulls in autumn."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

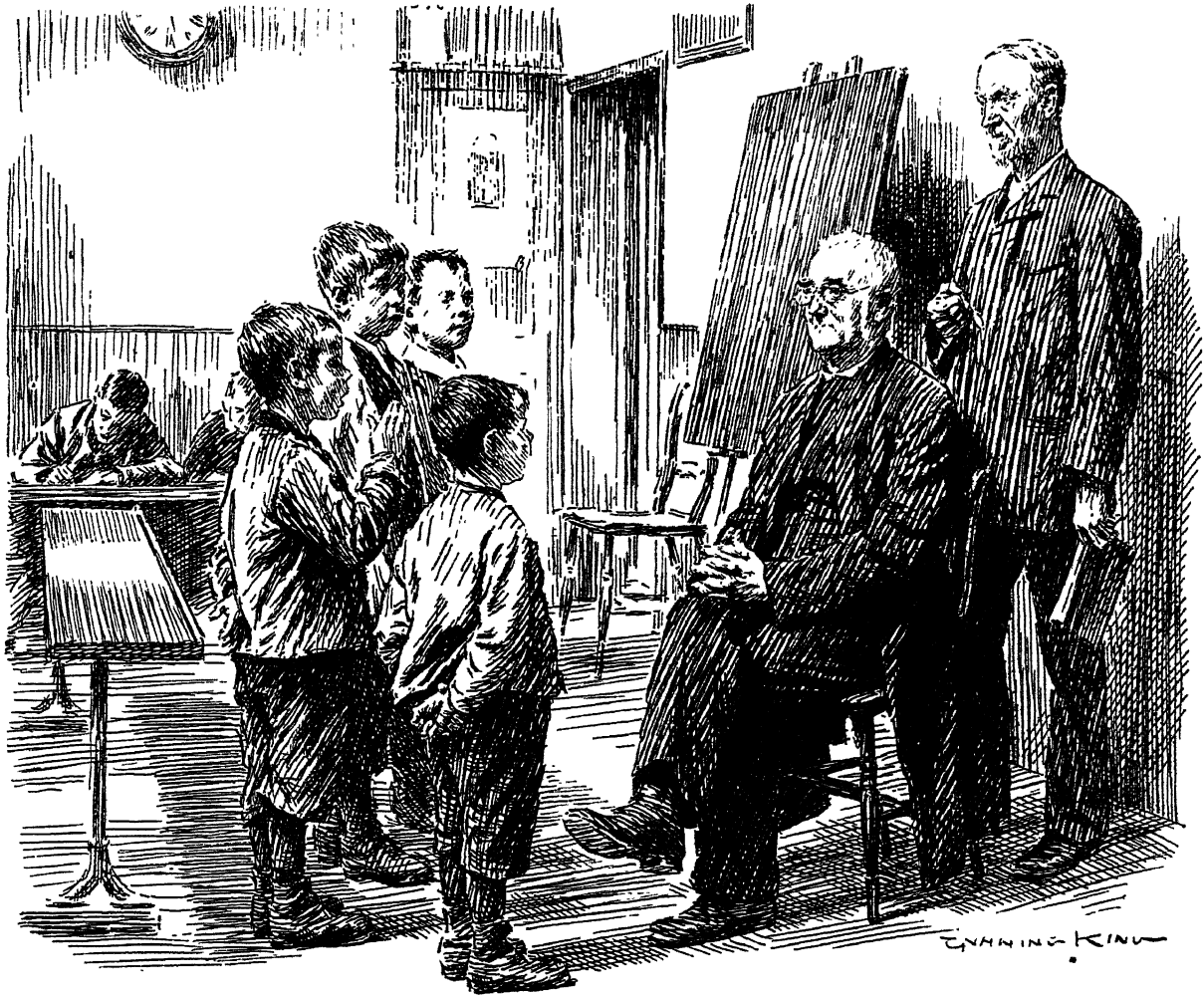
Rather a rash offer to make. And the Scotch are supposed to be such a cautious race!



THE DOWNS HISTOIRE

THE CELIBATES.

(Mr. Balfour, speaking on a clause in the Budget Bill which deals with property passing between man and wife, remarked, "I cannot be accused of personal interest in the matter. Like the right hon. gentleman opposite (Mr. Haldane), I approach it from an absolutely impartial standpoint."—See "*Essence of Parliament*,")



Examiner. "NOW, CHILDREN, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'PRO' AND 'CON'?"
Bright Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY'RE SPELT DIFFERENT."

TO SECUNDUS.

(Aged 20 months.)

You have capable fingers, Secundus, my son,
And a firm yet a delicate touch;
Though you turn out the visiting-cards one by one
And strew them around you—oh! isn't it fun!
They are, none of them, bent very much;
And you know it's untidy, this game that you play,
For you look up and smile—and then what can I say?

You've adventurous tastes and a will of your own,
And I count it the worst of your sins
That you instantly make for the dangerous zone
Of the fender and coal-box if suffered alone
To toddle about on your pins.
And your rink-like performance I cannot admire
When you fetch up and balance in front of the fire.

There's a music that lurks in each word that you say,
Be it *Tick-tick*, or *Gee-gee*, or *Done*!
And the sound of your laughter no speech can convey,
It is really the sparkle alive in the spray
Of a waterfall lit by the sun.
In your breath there is magic that "Sesame" cries,
For you blow on my watch—*pfif!*—and open it flies!

'Tis your quick sense of fun that I like in you best,
And the fact that you never disdain
To evince your delight at my sorriest jest,
Which, however familiar, is greeted with zest
And demanded again and again.
You've a joke of your own with the bell-push, but this
Is a joke that the housemaid has taken amiss.

You're so fond of a game that there's trouble unless
We admit you to every *partie*;
And you add to the fun, though it's little you guess
That your singular notions of how to play chess
Are a source of discomfort to me.
And your sister has also been known to refer
To your manner with dolls as distressing to her.

You're a mischievous chap, and I freely admit
That I like you for being a Turk;
But there's one thing about you disturbs me, to wit
Your absurd fascination, for here do I sit
When I ought to be up and at work.
You are surely a wizard, Secundus, my lad,
And have bound by a spell your susceptible Dad.

"RELIGIOUS TERRORISM IN LIVER."—*Undigested Headline in "The Daily Mail."*

You never know where it will get you.

TAKING A CALL.

"MAY I come in?" said Miss Middleton.

I looked up from my atlas (I am going in for the geographical competition) and stared at her in amazement.

"Hullo," I said.

"Hullo," said Miss Middleton doubtfully.

"Are you going to have tea with me?"

"That's what I was wondering all the way up."

"It's all ready; in fact, I've nearly finished. There's a cake to-day, too."

Miss Middleton hesitated at the door and looked wistfully at me.

"I suppose—I suppose," she said timidly, "you think I ought to have brought somebody with me?"

"In a way, I'm just as glad you didn't."

"I've heaps of chaperons outside on the stairs, you know."

"There's no place like outside for chaperons."

"And the liftman believes I'm your aunt. At least, perhaps he doesn't, but I mentioned it to him."

I looked at her, and then I smiled. And then I laughed.

"So that's all right," she said breathlessly. "And I want my tea." She came in, and began to arrange her hat in front of the glass.

"Tea," I said, going to the cupboard. "I suppose you'll want a cup to yourself. There you are—don't lose it. Milk. Sugar."

Miss Middleton took a large piece of cake. "What were you studying so earnestly when I came in?" she asked as she munched.

"An atlas."

"An atlas? Don't say you've been too! I'm going to the South Pole—it's much more splendid. I expect I shall dress like the Esquimaux women; I've seen pictures of them, and Father agrees it would suit me. Do they have Esquimaux at the South Pole? They must have *somebody*, because how would the polar bears live? But perhaps they don't have polar bears."

I took a deep breath.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," I said, "and you're looking jolly, but do you think your chaperons would mind if you sat down for a moment and stopped chattering? Because I want your help in rather an important matter."

Miss Middleton sat down and drank her tea. "I love helping," she said.

"Well, it's this. I've just been asked to be a godfather."

Miss Middleton stood up suddenly. "Do I salute?" she asked.

"You sit down and go on eating. The difficulty is—what to call it?"

"Oh, do godfathers provide the names?"

"I think so. It is what they are there for, I fancy. That is about all there is in it, I believe."

"And can't you find anything in the atlas?"

"No, there's nothing in the atlas. 'Sierra Leone' and 'Teddington' are the best."

"How about quite a simple name? Had you thought of 'John,' for instance?"

"No, I hadn't thought of 'John,' somehow."

"Or 'Gerald'?"

"'Gerald' I like very much."

"What about 'Dick'?" she went on eagerly.

"Yes, 'Dick' is quite jolly. By the way, did I tell you it was a girl?"

Miss Middleton rose with dignity.

"For your slice of plum cake and your small cup of tea I thank you," she said, "and I am now going straight home to Mother."

"Not yet," I pleaded.

"I'll just ask you one question before I go. Where do you keep the biscuits?"

She found the biscuits and sat down again.

"A girl's name," I said encouragingly.

"Yes. Well, is she fair or dark?"

"She's very small at present. What there is of her is dark, I believe."

"Well, there are millions of names for dark girls."

"We only want one or two."

"'Barbara' is a nice dark name. Is she going to be pretty?"

"Her mother swears she is. I didn't recognize the symptoms. Very pretty and very clever and very high-spirited, her mother says. Is there a name for that?"

"I always call them whoppers," said Miss Middleton under her breath.

"How do you like 'Alison Mary'?" That was my first idea.

"Oh, I thought it was always 'William and Mary.' Or else 'Victoria and Albert.'"

"I didn't say 'Alice and Mary,' stupid. I said 'Alison,' a Scotch name."

"But how perfectly sweet! Did you make it up yourself, or does it come from the atlas? Oh, why weren't you my godfather! Would you have given me a napkin ring?"

"Probably. I will now, if you like. Then you approve of 'Alison Mary'?"

"I love it. Thank you very much. And will you always call me 'Alison' in future?"

"I say," I began in alarm, "I'm not giving that name to you. It's for my godchild."

"Oh no! 'Alisons' are *always* fair."

"You've just made that up," I said suspiciously. "How do you know?"

"Sort of instinct."

"The worst of it is I believe you're right."

"Of course I am. That settles it. Now, what was your next idea?"

"'Angela.'"

"'Angelas,'" said Miss Middleton, "are *always* fair."

"Why do you want all the names to yourself? You say everything's fair."

"Why can you only think of names beginning with 'A'? Try another letter."

"Suppose you try now."

Miss Middleton wrinkled her brow and nibbled a lump of sugar.

"'Dorothy,'" she said at last, "because you can call them 'Dolly.'"

"There is only one."

"Or 'Dodo.'"

"And it isn't a bird."

"Then there's 'Violet.'"

"My good girl, you don't understand."

Any of these common names the parents could have thought of for themselves. The fact that they have got me in at great expense—to myself—shows that they want something out of the ordinary. How can I go to them and say, 'After giving a vast amount of time to the question I have decided to call your child "Violet"?' It can't be done."

Miss Middleton absently took another lump of sugar and, catching my eye, put it back again.

"I don't believe that you've ever been a godfather before," she said, "or that you know anything at all about what it is you're supposed to be going to do."

There was a knock at the door, and the liftman came in. Miss Middleton gave a little cough of recognition.

"A letter, Sir," he said.

"Thanks. . . . And as I was saying, Aunt Alison," I went on in a loud voice, "you are talking rubbish."

* * *

"Bah!" I said angrily, and I threw the letter down.

"Would you like to be left alone?" suggested Miss Middleton, kindly.

"It is from the child's so-called parents, and their wretched offspring is to be called 'Violet Daisy.'"

"'Violet Daisy,'" said Miss Middleton solemnly, trying not to smile.

"Why stop there?" I said bitterly. "Why not 'Geranium' and 'Artichoke,' and the whole blessed garden?"

"'Artichoke,'" said Miss Middleton gravely, "is a boy's name."

"Well, I wash my hands of the whole business now. No napkin ring from me. Here have I been wasting hours and hours in thought, and then just when the worst of it is over they calmly step in like this. I call it——"

"Yes?" said Miss Middleton eagerly.

"I call it simply——"

"Yes?" said Miss Middleton.

"'Violet Daisy,'" I finished, with a great effort.

A. A. M.



IF CABINET MINISTERS MUST HAVE SIX POLICEMEN IN ATTENDANCE WHEN THEY PLAY GOLF ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, THEN EACH POLICEMAN MIGHT SURELY CARRY A CLUB. THIS WOULD SERVE A DOUBLE PURPOSE :—(1) CADDIES COULD BE DISPENSED WITH ; (2) THE CLUBS WOULD SERVE AS WEAPONS OF OFFENCE AND DEFENCE IN CASE OF A SUFFRAGETTE RAID.

POLAR PROTESTS.

CAPTAIN SCOTT has received thousands of applications from persons ambitious to join his expedition in search of the South Pole. He has also received letters urging him not to accept certain candidates, and of these letters we are able to print a few.

A FOND MOTHER writes:—"I am greatly distressed by my son Harold's determination to join your expedition. He feels sure that his experience gained as a Boy Scout since last Easter would be most useful to you in discovering the South Pole. He certainly is a clever boy, but he suffers from a weak chest, and even in summer he runs great risk in the scanty uniform of the Scout. On the sea and amid the ice and snow I cannot think what might happen to him, and I beg of you to let a mother's pleading persuade you to spare him to me, whatever inclination you may have to avail yourself of his knowledge, which really is considerably above the average."

Another letter runs:—"Captain Scott, if my husband asks you to talk him to the south Pole don't you. He has got to stop him and do a bit of work for me and his offsprings like what I keep on telling him. His name is called Sam Brown but is artful enough to call himself Robinson or anything. He will sure to say you need not trouble to bring him back and you will not see him by that and if he comes to see you he has got a wadded leg. Yours sincerely Mrs. Brown."

SWEET SEVENTEEN writes: "Harry has made me so miserable by saying that he will volunteer to go with you. It was all over a stupid necktie: he wanted a *horrid plain* one; I wanted him to have the one with little pink flowers, and I made him buy it. Please, dear Captain Scott, he is not so strong and clever as his letter may lead you to think—at least, he is not strong and clever enough to fight polar bears and learn Equinox (is that the way to spell it?), though he is *awfully* handsome. Of course it would be *splendidly* heroic of him to find the South Pole; but there are other heroic things that need not take him away from England—like the Territorials and that sort of thing. Dear Captain Scott, I am *sure* you know *just* how I feel, and I think you are such a nice and courageous man, so *please* don't take Harry."

The Editor of a popular magazine writes:—"I have learnt to-day that Mr. ———, the well-known author, is desirous of joining your expedition, his purpose being to gain local colour for a South Polar romance, and to escape for a time from the house-dinners of the Authors' Club. As the withdrawal of this popular writer's work from our pages even for a time would be disas-

trous to this magazine, I consider that I am justified in informing you that Mr. ——— is an inveterate and shockingly bad bridge-player, and that he suffers from chronic and acute indigestion—things which render him but poor company in a confined space like an ice-cabin or a snow-hut. If you could see your way to avoid accepting his offer I should be most grateful; and as some recognition of your assistance I should be happy to consider the publication of the exclusive serial rights of your 'story' when you return, at our usual rates of payment."

THE BORDER LAND.

WHEN forty years had taken toll
Of love-locks from my plundered poll,
I smugly smiled within my soul,
"For now," thought I, "I'm mated
To peaceful middle age. No more
Need I attempt to ply the oar,
The bat I always found a bore,
The racquet which I hated.

"It is no more my painful lot
To train away what flesh I've got
In hopes of capturing some pot
Or silly bit of ribbon."
I hailed the prospect of repose,
And so, with spectacles on nose,
I settled in my chair to doze
At leisured ease through *Gibbon*.

Serene and calm life's evening grew,
And sweetly swift the moments flew
Till soon—yes, all too soon—I knew
Without my wife I'd reckoned;
She, thirsting with a fiery thirst
For youth, grew wrath when I, immersed
In the delights of tome the first,
Would offer her the second.

She still has ears to hear the call
Of sportive youth that cries, "Love all!"
Refusing to decline and fall
Into the sere and yellow;
She craves the fast and furious set,
The lightning rally at the net—
She is not ripe for *Gibbon* yet,
While I am richly mellow.

So when returning tired from town
At four o'clock I settle down
To read the master, fierce her frown,
And rage begins to bubble;
She fidgets in her chair. I see
Nerve-shaking glances shot at me
And wonder what on earth will be
The end of all this trouble.

Will her white hairs, which draw a groan
When in the mirror they are shown,
First shame her into playing Joan,
Contented to be one with
This Darby? Or perhaps the shame
Of having but a waist in name
Will drive me to resume a game
That I had hoped was done with?

THE COMPLEX LIFE.

"I HAVE seen a good deal in the papers lately," said Ponker, "about the unwisdom of bringing up boys and girls with separate sets of ideals; and when I read anything under that head, I think of poor Tarleton Weir smoking his lonely pipe o' nights by the pale light of the Southern Cross, and dreaming all the while of the London street lamps."

He allowed a minute for the visualization of this pathetic picture, and then continued:—

"For ten years Tarleton lived very contentedly in a garret. Not a garret really, you know, but three top-floor, Turkey-carpeted rooms overlooking the gardens of one of the Inns of Court; and his sober wishes never learned to stray very far from the scene of his daily labours at the Chancery Bar. At night, for example, he would often spend long hours by his own fireside, nursing an unread French novel, and thinking about things. (Most people are incapable of thought, and that is why jig-saw puzzles and the musical comedies are possible.)

"Well, it was at some semi-public function that he met Cartwright; and Cartwright, by one of those mischances that *will* happen, took a great fancy to him. 'Now mind,' he said, as he gripped Tarleton's hand at parting—he was a loud, genial, elderly man, this Cartwright person—'mind, you've promised to dine with us this day week. Not a party, you know—you must just take us as you find us.' 'Oh! not at all,' murmured Tarleton, which obviously was not the right answer, but sounded polite. (What is the proper answer, by the way, to this inanity?)

"Tarleton was never a good hand at excuses, and as he failed to frame one within the week, he had to go all the way out to Raynes Park and take the Cartwrights as he found them.

"He found them attaching more importance to table decorations than to the quality of their claret, and he soon suspected that Mary, the eldest daughter, was not blameless in this matter.

"Now, although (so he afterwards assured me) he was dull and distraught that evening, the Cartwrights (for some reason never discerned) persisted in liking him. So other invitations followed, and passive resistance seemed unavailing. There were Sundays up the river, a week-end visit . . . and then there came a day when one of the Cartwright flappers said, 'Oh, Mr. Weir will come on with Mary, of course, in the canoe.'

"He knew there was no way out of it then. He never blamed Mary or the flappers or anyone, but accepted the situation manfully.

"There seemed to be no good reason for delay. And so these two poor dears prepared, each in separate fashion, to tread the thorny path of Life together. Tarleton bought a ticket for the Stores, because he thought he would get his tobacco a little cheaper that way, and Mary decided that she ought now to go to a dressmaker whose charges were really ruinous.

"But still there might have been no catastrophe, I think, if Tarleton had not been shown the wedding-presents *all at once*, or if Mary had been tactful enough to say, 'You know, my dear, we can easily sell them, and spend the money on cigars.'

"At first Tarleton was merely bewildered; he had never seen so many unnecessary things collected together in one room before. He looked blankly about him, and saw hideously-distorted reflections of his own face moving at him from a hundred plated butter-coolers. Then, in a flash, he realised it all, and knew that he had got to *live* with these horrors. Hand-painted milking-stools, that upset at a touch, would dot his drawing-room. The sacred breakfast hour would be made turbulent by the bubbling and steaming of patent urns and egg-boilers. For a pepper-pot he must make choice between a silver owl with perforated head and an electro-plated lighthouse. Books must be cut with a jewelled scimitar, instead of with the forefinger. There were surgical implements for the elaborate dissection of walnuts and lobsters, and a tantalus promised the misery of hunting for a key every time he wanted a whisky-and-soda. . . . And clocks! Nineteen of them! and each to be wound daily, or only on Fridays, or biennially, or something! And a silver-and-ebony pipe-rack! ('So kind of the dear Dean to remember your tastes,' said Mary; 'you'll have to be tidy now, Tarleton.' 'Yes, but what on earth is it for?' gasped Tarleton. And then it was broken to him. Pipes were to be kept, if you please, *sus. per coll.*, like criminals—as if mantelpieces had never been invented—in a little dark room under the hot-water cistern—the 'smoking-room,' gad-zooks! And Tarleton, mark you, was the author of that sublime phrase, 'The world is my smoking-room'—the noblest rebuke, surely, ever administered to an over-officious club secretary.)

"Life stretched before him in dreary perspective, with every daily act transformed into a hideous little ceremony, to be carried out with the aid of glittering appliances of wrought silver or the best electro-plate. New and trivial duties confronted him, too—as, for example, to be sure and press grapes upon the Jacksons when they dined at his house, because they were the givers



Pat. "COULD YER GIVE A MAN A JOB, YER HONOUR?"

Barber. "WELL, YOU CAN REPAINT THIS POLE FOR ME."

Pat. "BE JABERS, I CAN, SOR, IF YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE TO BUY THE STRIPED PAINT."

of the silver grape-scissors. A great disgust of over-civilization seized him. Mary he could have liked, but Mary's Fancy Bazaar—never! It was all too terribly complex. . . .

"The night before the wedding-day a pale man slunk inconspicuously through the dock gates at Southampton; and when the light of morn broke out over the waters he was lying very, very ill in a comfortable state-room somewhere south of the Wight."

"He behaved very badly," said Ponker's audience severely.

"I don't know," replied Ponker slowly.

"I think Mary's education was to blame. Girls are brought up to think the silver superfluities of life are essential to married happiness, while man's natural tendency is to go and live without sugar-tongs in a tent. Woman ought to meet him halfway. And I think," he added, grave beyond his wont, "I think these two might have lived very happily together if Mary could have been content to crack nuts—if nuts she must have—in the ordinary way, in the dining-room door. . . ."

He shook his head sadly, and fell into a reverie.



THOMAS JARVIS (FORMERLY HEAD-COACHMAN TO THE VERE DE VERES) WHO, THOUGH OUSTED FROM HIS PLACE BY THE MOTOR-CAR AND OBLIGED TO ACCEPT LESS SPLENDID EMPLOYMENT, YET RETAINS HIS OLD DIGNITY AND STYLE.

OUR FLYING AUTHORS.

THE example of Signor GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO, who has been tasting the joys of aviation at Brescia, has not been lost on his British *confrères*.

Mr. HALL CAINE has recently communicated to a representative of the Aerated Head Company his wonderful experiences when aviating with Lieutenant ALTARARA and General BOUM in their remarkable Manx triplane, driven by a 3-cylinder Catter-Wall motor. "When the flying machine soared aloft," says the famous novelist, "I experienced a sensation of delirious ecstasy only comparable to the sensations of a reader of one of my books or a spectator of one of my plays. So powerful was the enchantment that I was insensibly moved to sing, and warbled the following lines in my fruitiest baritone:—

But Poetry in Fiction takes delight,
And, mounting up in figures out of sight,
Leaves Truth behind her in audacious flight.

The effect of my singing was so overwhelming that the General and the Lieutenant both simultaneously let go their hold of everything, and the triplane plunged down with appalling velocity. Realising our danger, by a

supreme effort of volition I distended my cranium with such extraordinary success as to counteract the downward swoop and practically to convert an aeroplane into a balloon. Reassured by my intrepid intervention, the two sky-pilots recovered their equanimity and soon manœuvred the machine gently to mother earth."

Mr. CHESTERTON, after flying with Mr. CODY on Laffan's Plain, expressed himself as follows to a representative of the Paradox Club:—

"When Cody's aeroplane rose, I found, like D'ANNUNZIO, that the consciousness of the weight of my body seemed entirely lost, and the relief was so ecstatic that in order to render it justice I was obliged to chant the lines from *Quinault*:

Il est beau qu'un mortel jusques aux cieux
s'élève,
Il est beau même d'en tomber.

I may say that I returned to earth reluctantly. But the effect will not soon pass off. My mental vision has been clarified, my thoughts codified by my flight. I must fly again with CODY or BLÉRIOT or WRIGHT, but not with THOMAS WRIGHT."

Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, who has also

recently made a trip in Mr. Cody's aeroplane, writes as follows:—

"When Cody's aeroplane arose
I felt, as you may well suppose,
A tingling feeling in my toes
And at the apex of my nose,
Quite incompatible with prose.
And ever as we higher flew
I sang to CODY of LE QUEUX,
MAX PEMBERTON and EUGÈNE SUE,
And other bookmen old and new.
It was, in short, a trip sublime,
And curiously, all the time
My thoughts expressed themselves
in rhyme
Quite faultless in its tuneful chime."

"The 7.15 p.m. train from Dolgelly to Barmouth will continue to run every week-day up to September 30th instead of up to September 30th as advertised."—*The Barmouth Advertiser*.

The distinction between, say, "Chippendale" and "Chippendale as advertised" is equally marked.

"In the Furness district adders grow to an unusual size, from 25in. to 30s. being apparently the normal development."—*Leeds Mercury*.

Another sixpence and it comes to as much as three feet.



GUIDES TO TRUTH.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 13.—When NAPOLEON BONAPARTE found himself enmeshed in his Moscow campaign, disaster staring him in the face, he turned to the constitution of the newly-founded Imperial Opera at Paris and busied himself with formulating rules for its management.

Curious how in varied fashion, sometimes slavishly, more often indirectly, history repeats itself. For fully three years NAPOLEON B. HALDANE has been engaged in the work of re-establishing the British Army. Not since the days of CARDWELL—a reformer much maligned in his time, now on a pedestal crowned with laurel by a grateful nation—has the task been pursued with equal boldness, originality and success. To-night he lightly takes in hand direction of a section of the Budget.

Whilst CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER rests from his labours with the Land clauses, and the PREMIER plumes himself on having successfully carried Licensing Duties through Committee, N. B. H. buckles to the Death Duties, handling them with an ease and skill that could not be exceeded were they a battalion of Territorials.

Personal sacrifice more marked by reason of counter-attraction. Though he sits on the Treasury Bench listening to EVELYN CECIL proposing to barter DON'T KEIR HARDIE'S trousers with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in default of landed estate subject to Death Duties, his heart is not here. It is away in the highlands by Mergentheim, a-chasing the Red Army or the Blue, according as he has been assigned position by the GERMAN EMPEROR. Of all the stirring delights life offers to an ex-Barrister, there is none more riotously stirs the blood of N. B. H. than galloping at the head of a troop of cavalry, making straight for the guns of the enemy, with sure knowledge that they are not loaded.

Such might have been his privilege at the War Manœuvres this week conducted in Germany under the personal supervision of the EMPEROR and our PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE. Duty calls to the humdrum business of Committee on the Budget. Instinctively he salutes

and obeys, leaving to WINSTON the privilege (in conjunction with the Imperial War-Lord) of showing German Generals and Captains how a campaign should be successfully conducted.

Business done.—In Committee on Death Duty clauses of Budget Bill. PRETYMAN, back after brief holiday, takes up the running. In despair at

Duties negatived by more than two to one—82 for, 170 against.

Tuesday.—Throughout Session the Ladies' Gallery has been so quiet Members have almost forgotten its existence as an integral portion of the Chamber. No banners suddenly hang out on its outer walls. No irrelevant remark announcing the prime ambition of woman interrupts ordered speech. No case of unrequited affection is disclosed by discovery of forcible attachment of more or less young person to unresponsive grille.

State of things made more noteworthy a sudden unmistakable flash of interest that at particular moment of to-day's sitting passed through the group seen, as through a glass darkly, behind the iron casement. It happened when PRINCE ARTHUR interposed in debate on amendment to Budget Bill exempting from operation of second sub-section of Clause 42 property passing between husband and wife.

"As an individual Member of the House," he observed, "I cannot be accused of personal interest in this matter."

Looking shyly across Table at that other gay young bachelor, the WAR MINISTER, he added: "Like the right hon. gentleman opposite, I approach it from an absolutely impartial standpoint."

Of course nothing new in condition of affairs indicated. Every mother in Israel knows that PRINCE ARTHUR and NAPOLEON B. HALDANE are still "on the market." But the pointed reminder came so unexpectedly, dropped so suddenly on arid waste of discussion about one per cent. succession duty and the like, that it naturally fluttered the dove-cote over the Press Gallery.

One day in the last Parliament, COUSIN HUGH, strolling down Bond Street, had his attention drawn to an article displayed for sale

in a modiste's shop-window. Forget at the moment what was the occasion or what the argument sought to be established. Well remember Lord HUGH standing below the Gangway, blushing to the roots of his hair, wringing his hands in pitiful embarrassment as he informed the House that the article was "what he believed was called a corset." Mentioned its price and other particulars, which indicated that his



"AN EX-BARRISTER" (HAD HE GONE TO THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES).

"Galloping at the head of a troop of cavalry, making straight for the guns." (Rt. Hon. Mr. Haldane.)

prospect of increased toll levied on big estates, he met Ministerial argument that the burden was placed on strong shoulders able to bear it.

"Yes," said PRETYMAN, "but after the strong have been destroyed, who will look after the rich?"

"They'll look after themselves," said a matter-of-fact Labour Member.

PRETYMAN hadn't thought of that.

Amendment against increase of Death



"A LIVELY MEASURE!"

(With grateful acknowledgments to J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.)

study had not been so fleeting as introductory remark implied. And here was COUSIN ARTHUR, sheltering himself in the companionship of a celibate on the Treasury Bench, coming forward as the champion of married couples harried by a blood-sucking Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Why," he cried, in voice vibrating with indignation, "by the operation of the Income Tax you fine husband and wife for living together, and by the imposition of Estate Duty you fine them because they do not die together."

Later, whilst avoiding the picturesque particularity of COUSIN HUGH, PRINCE ARTHUR enlarged upon the topic of female dress. Amazing figures had been given to him setting forth extravagance under this head of domestic expenditure.

"I have no means of testing them," he added. (SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR: "Hear, hear!")

But he accepted them with full confidence in their accuracy. Under proposal of the Bill executors are required to act as a Grand Jury and decide whether during the five years preceding death of testator expenditure upon his wife's frocks was justifiable. The dresses, "and so on," would have to be looked over first by the executors and then by the commissioners.

"It is idiotic," PRINCE ARTHUR thundered, bringing down on Table resounding blow which happily covered shrill murmur of approval from Ladies' Gallery.

Unlike majority of speeches delivered, whether on one side of the House or the

other, this manly outburst had instant effect. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER capitulated on two important points. Excluded marriage settlements from range of Death Duties; reduced from five years to three the period preceding death within which gifts shall pay tribute to the Treasury.

Business done.—Twenty-eighth sitting in Committee on Budget Bill.

Thursday.—"Having, man and boy, been in the House for nigh forty years, I am prepared for anything. But never thought I would live to hear TIM HEALY denounced by his fellow-countrymen as a landlord."

Thus the MEMBER FOR SARK, distractedly brushing his hair the wrong way.

Event happened on consideration of report of Irish Land Bill. It was Mr. FLAVIN who, breaking a silence that has long eclipsed the gaiety of the House, levelled the charge. IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL introduced new clause defining untenanted land. TIM briefly described it as "botched and discreditable." JOHN DILLON struck the note of indictment by sarcastically suggesting that opposition would have come better from the Ulster landlord camp above the Gangway.

This gave Mr. FLAVIN his cue. TIM interpolating a remark, he leaped to his feet and shouted at the top of his voice, "The hon. Member for North Louth is fighting to protect his own property in Kerry."

A burst of cheering rose from patriots and companions dear among whom TIM doggedly sits for greater convenience in the matter of occasionally

sticking pins into them. The House looked on in amazement. Here was startling discovery! That TIM is a prosperous man, as prosperity goes at the Irish Bar, everybody knows and of it most people are glad, recognising the reward of supreme capacity. But TIM a landlord, "a sort of" Knight of Kerry, as Lord HALSBURY would say, gave pause, and for a while stopped progress of the Bill.

"Next thing we shall hear," said WALTER LONG, visibly dismayed, "is that TIM has been shot at from behind a hedge by a tenant evicted from his Kerry estate. That would be a picturesque and characteristic episode in the Irish Question."

Business done.—Irish Land Bill passed Report stage.

"To Englishmen the record will ever be remarkable of that July morning when the inhabitants of Dover awoke to find that the historic route from the mainland of Europe into England had been traversed for the first time on a machine heavier than air."—*The Times*.

All the same we have often done it on a fairly weighty steamboat.

"In all likelihood he will confess that he has never read, and perhaps never heard of Johnson's 'Lines and the Poet.'"—*Evening News*.

In which case we don't blame him.

"The Common sin Committee again took up the Finance Bill."—*Glasgow Herald*.

It almost looks as if *The Glasgow Herald* might be a Unionist paper.



THE GIFT HORSE.

Grandchild (from town—to Grandfather, who has given her a pony). "I SUPPOSE YOU WENT TO A HORSE-SHOP AND BOUGHT HIM?"
Grandfather. "WELL, NOT EXACTLY. I BOUGHT HIM FROM A FRIEND." *Grandchild. "OH, I SEE—SECOND-HAND."*

FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW.

"To authors retiring. Send for free pamphlet containing full directions as to new careers. —Restall & Co."

ACCUSTOMED as I am to the notice to "Tobacconists commencing," I rubbed my eyes when they first alighted upon the above sign of the times; and it was not long before I was seated, note-book in hand, in Mr. Restall's office.

"Yes," he said, "it has already had a great success, that ad. We have been besieged for advice."

"Are so many authors, then, giving up?" I asked.

"Practically all," he replied. "There's nothing in it any longer. The seven-penny novel, you know—*Motoring—Aviation—Polar Exploration—Music Halls*. So many distractions. The public are tired of books; they want life; and the novelists are acting accordingly. It's very wise of them, I think. Miss HELEN MATHERS deserves a statue. I would erect one to her on Peckham Rye."

"Why Miss HELEN MATHERS?"

"Because she began it. Took to the

wall-paper trade instead. Then the *Pigs in Clover* genius: the very frank DANBY. She gave it up too, and turned all her energies to embroidery; and now the others are pressing in—all but a few obstinate ones. And *they* 'll find out their mistake soon."

"Who have you had to-day, for example?"

"To-day. Lots and lots of them. You wouldn't believe! Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT. Yes, no other. Wants a complete outfit as a travelling tinker. He hadn't been gone but a minute or two when in bounded Mr. H. G. WELLS. Dead sick of books; could I tell him of any aero-garage in need of a manager? Mr. BELLOC is taking an inn and will do well: he's a fine young fellow."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no. Here's Sir GILBERT PARKER wanting to know if Mr. HARRIMAN'S position has been filled up yet; and Mr. CHESTERTON is applying for the post of waiter at the Eustace Miles Restaurant. Mr. KIPLING wants Lord KITCHENER'S place in India, and Mr. HENRY JAMES is thinking of intensive French gardening. Mr. BERNARD SHAW

is going to be a professional artist's model."

"And the authoresses?" I said.

"Oh, the ladies! Plenty of them. Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD refuses to give up, but Miss CORELLI'S written to me. Can I, she asks, use my influence to get her the post of Mistress of the Robes in succession to the Duchess of BUCCLEUCH? ANNIE S. SWAN is retiring too; she and Mrs. L. T. MEADE are taking a school. ELIZABETH GLYN writes inquiring after a post as manageress of a pickle factory."

"What will become of the publishers?" I asked.

"Oh, I've got snug little berths in the workhouses bospoken for most of them," said Mr. Restall.

Lord ROSEBERY as reported in *The Daily Mail*:

"For five years, therefore, a man is not a human being but a phost, and as nobody knows when he will die, we are all perpetual whosts." Yet there are many who would rather be a phost for five years than a bing, human or inhuman, all his life. As for the perpetual whosts, we prefer to speak of *them* in our next number.

GREAT SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL WEDDING.

GRAND DUCHESS AND ARGENTINE BRIDE-GROOM.

DAZZLING SCENES.

THE historic burgh of Comrie, in Perthshire, was one blaze of epithalamic splendour yesterday for the nuptials of the Grand Duchess Volga to Hector Hirschbergheimer, the Argentine millionaire, son of the late Melchisedek Waterbury Hirschbergheimer, of Odessa and Pittsburg. The town, which, true to its reputation for seismic activity, had signalled the occasion by a series of genial earthquake shocks, was profusely decorated with bunting, and the streets were lined from an early hour with Highlanders, Gauchos, Patagonian Hussars, and a squadron of the Imperial Cossacks of the Ukraine, of which the Grand Duchess is the Honorary Colonel.

The first to arrive at the church for the ceremony were Lord and Lady Leyds and the Hon. Marma Leyds, of Inversquish, Lord and Lady Skibo, the Bamburger of Bamburger, Enver Bey of Loch Enver, Sir Jeroboam Szlumper of Inchnadamph (wearing the uniform of the Joppa Fusiliers), Mr. Virgil P. Boyles, Miss Gulielma Zeltinger, Mr. Alonzo Kimball, the Hospodar of Wallachia, the Ban of Croatia, Mr. Homer P. Tonks, Mr. and Mrs. Baddeley Tartan (of New York), and other representatives of leading Highland county families.

The bridegroom, a magnificent albino, clad in the superb magenta uniform of the Magellan Carabiniers and accompanied by his cousin the Bamburger of Bamburger, arrived promptly at noon, the band of the Black (Waterbury) Watch playing the national anthem of Tierra del Fuego as he passed beneath the sumptuously decorated pergola into the sacred edifice. On the arrival of the Grand Duchess, who wore a sumptuous chinchilla *poncho* with platinum pom-poms, and was accompanied by her brother the Grand Duke Prosper (in Highland costume), who gave her away, the band played "The Star-spangled Banner." There were no bridesmaids, but the sermon was preached in Esperanto, and after the service the entire wedding party proceeded to Inversquish Castle for the wedding breakfast. In honour of the principals the viands were specially chosen to illustrate the international character of the alliance, and included *maté*, pemmican, capercaillie and sturgeon steaks, while the fountains ran with vodka until a late hour. The presents, which numbered more than a thousand, included three dirigible balloons, twenty samovars, a complete set of the works of Gogol, a fine cottage *guanaco*, a diamond-hilted *chistera*, and postal orders from local admirers.

AT THE PLAY.

"FALSE GODS."

I AM afraid that Sir HERBERT TREE has overrated the magic of M. BRIEUX's name, and thought that with a little stage management it could be made to work miracles, like the statue of Isis. But because a man can write freshly enough upon modern questions, such as the problem of Co-operation or that of Maternity, it does not follow that he will have anything but the baldest platitudes to give us when he gets among the ancients. I speak without knowledge of the original and cannot say how far M. BRIEUX has been Faganised



The Agnostic to his Love. "It's such waste of a really nice girl to throw you into the Nile; and anyhow you're much too slim to make it overflow properly."

Satni . . . Mr. HENRY AINLEY.
Yaouma . . . Miss EVELYN D'ALROY.

by his translator. But if the adaptation is an honest one then I gather that M. BRIEUX credits himself with having discovered a brace of bright new truths: (1) That there must have been agnostics in most ages; (2) That it is poor work destroying old creeds unless you can offer something satisfying in their place. Well, it doesn't take much genius to think of things like that. I believe I could have guessed them both myself, with my socks down.

The trouble came about through a potter's son (trained for the priesthood) going on a two-years' tour and getting his mind broadened. Where he picked up his agnosticism I can't imagine. At this period—whatever it was—most other nations were busy with creeds as crude as his father's. Anyhow, he returned home and denounced the bestial

gods of his country—and well he might, for they were an ugly-looking lot. Dead scarabs in his path had no terrors for him, and the accident of a thunderstorm coming at a moment when a human sacrifice was about to be made to the Nile brought him the reputation of miraculous powers. Either he must be a god himself, or in touch with gods more potent than the local ones. As poor *Mieris* pathetically put it (she had lost her sight and had also apparently mislaid her sense of humour):—"Nothing is impossible to our gods, and his gods are stronger still." However, he conscientiously declines to be a deity, and indeed will not commit himself to assert that there is any such thing, not, at any rate, within range of mortal advances. He contents himself with a sort of glorified Socialism, and, if the "false gods" had only been British Dukes, he might have been a Budgeteer after Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's own heart, though perhaps a shade too scrupulous. In the end the old order prevailed, which should be an encouragement for the Peers.

Talking of politics, Mr. BIRRELL, who was present on the first night, may have caught the dear old maxim: "We must not make martyrs, if we can help it." If so, I hope he thought of his Irish cattle-drivers.

Mr. HENRY AINLEY, as *Satni*, the potter's son, had practically the only acting part. I never mistook him for an Egyptian, but I was bound to admire the courage of his convictions and his masterly alternations of restraint and expansion. But the human interest of the play, which had its opportunity in the clash of love and conscience, was never properly developed. True, there was promise in the scene between *Satni* and his lover, the girl who had been chosen by the god for sacrifice that the Nile might be persuaded to overflow (Miss EVELYN D'ALROY played the part of *Yaouma* with a very quiet dignity), but both of them, the girl especially, were too preoccupied with the claims of their respective creeds to give love a dog's chance.

It was rather sad to see Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL playing a superfluous part in a sketchy dress that ill became her, and to hear her wasting her golden voice over some very tedious pathos with only here and there a touch of poetry in it.

As for the Actor-manager, he reserved himself, as High Priest, for the pomps of the Final Act. His get-up was admirable, and he had the satisfaction of making a fool of the Pharaoh, and even threatened him with the disestablishment of the State. Also, he threw off some very sound cynicism on the social advantages to be derived from even the rottenest hierarchy. But it was not a great part, and, for what there was of it,

Sir HERBERT, the Actor, had chiefly to thank Sir BEERBOHM, the Manager.

The minor characters seemed to occupy a needless amount of our time over trivialities—such as the repairing of the broken horn of the hippopotamus-goddess, or the lesson in the elementary principles of moral intelligence, though the last was, no doubt, a necessary part of the game.

The scenery, with the exception of the dull foreground of Act III., was very effective; but the crowds (organised as admirably as ever) were for the most part without attraction and never came near to moving my sympathy, except for their ugliness. Indeed, I cannot think how the Agnostic was ever induced to set the machinery of the Isis-miracle in motion out of pity for a collection of supplicants who were merely noisy and repellent. Nor did the frequent spectacle of individuals prostrating themselves with their back view to the audience contribute greatly to the general sum of beauty. O. S.

"THE GREAT DIVIDE."

There was a large crowd of Americans and me at the Adelphi to welcome Mr. WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY's melodramatic play, *The Great Divide*. I have had a warm corner in my heart for Arizona since first I saw it on the map, and it was in a *Phillip Jordan*'s cabin in Southern Arizona that the First Act took place. When I saw that they all had six-shooters and brown shirts I knew that it was correct, but in spite of this I was very unhappy for the first few minutes. I couldn't keep up at all. At last I began to realise that the author was making desperate efforts to leave *Ruth Jordan* alone in the cabin, but could not get some of the other characters to go. However, he managed it in about twelve minutes, and then the fun began. Entered three "greasers" (jolly word)—*Dutch*, *Pedro*, and *Stephen Ghent*. To save herself from the others, *Ruth* offers herself to *Stephen*, the least depraved, our Mr. HENRY MILLER no less. *Stephen* buys off one of his companions, shoots the other, and carries off *Ruth* to the deputy-sheriff or some such cheese, who marries them at break of day.

Act II. finds them in *Stephen*'s cabin in the Corderilla Mountains. I ought to say that his character had completely changed at the moment that he first saw *Ruth*, and that he is now a kindly and stoutish mine-owner. So at least he appears to us (and to himself); but *Ruth* cannot forget the drunken greaser who carried her off. After many words, and many attempts by *Ruth* and the author to explain her mixed feelings, *Phillip Jordan*, the brother (a man to whom I took an intense dislike), turns up, and with the lady's consent takes her home



BOTH WAYS.

Tube-Lift Man "IT SAYS 'NO SMOKING'—CAN'T YOU READ?"

Wag. "PARDON ME—IT SAYS 'SMOKE P. P. C.,' AND THAT'S WHAT I'M DOING."

to Mrs. Jordan, who lives at Milford Corners, Mass.

By the time Act III. begins there is what *Stephen* calls a "little rooster." *Ruth* has not seen or heard of her husband, nor has he seen his child. But there has been a plot by Mrs. Jordan to bring them together; and now *Stephen* appears in his town clothes looking more like a fairly bad butler than anything else. There is one more attempt at explanations, and *Stephen* says a lot of things to her which he ought to have said before (and one thing which he ought never to have said—namely, that all the angels "working overtime" could not blot out his sins: a typical American joke at

which the American audience laughed boisterously). In the end *Ruth* realises that she will never explain just how she feels, and *Stephen* realises that as long as he is in his best suit nobody could possibly love him; and so they start off together to the Wild West again. Accompanied by the little rooster.

Miss EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON was superb in a very difficult part. She understood the character at least as well as did *Ruth Jordan* and Mr. WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY. Mr. HENRY MILLER I should like to see in comedy. He has great gifts of facial expression and a quiet natural manner, but the "strong (and stoutish) silent man" is too easy a part for him. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Tilda is indeed the dearest and most nimble of gutter-snipes. Thoroughly alive to all the charms of the Black Country, she is not slow to discover that the chief of them is the romantic ease with which you escape thence into the fairest fields and pastures of England. Manipulating the rescue of a sweet boy child from his orphanage prison, she drifts by canal barge from Wolverhampton-way to Stratford-on-Avon, glides by canoe to Evesham, rushes by motor to Tewkesbury, and sails triumphant per SS. *Evan Evans* to her island goal, Holmness. In all this she is aided by no tire-some miracles, but relies only on her shrewd use of the better nature of chance acquaintances. The pathetic opening of *True Tilda* (J. W. ARROWSMITH) is perhaps a little commonplace, but that small blemish is soon forgotten in the rare sense of atmosphere which "Q." maintains. As the reader progresses he will see that none of the poetic and humorous possibilities of the situation has been overlooked, and, if at any time he ventures to predict the end of a chapter, he will always be delighted to find that he has predicted it wrongly. He will be kept incessantly agog by turns and twists of frolic and caprice, which are never laboured, and, as he finishes the book with the poetry of the sea still ringing in his ears and the only laughter which is worth laughing still bubbling from his lips, he will place his hand on his heart (if he can find it) and breathe a fervent "Thank Q."

Mr. Walkingshaw, the hero of *The Prodigal Father* (MILLS AND BOON), was a reputable Writer to the Signet until—in a gouty moment—he consulted *Professor Cyrus*, and started rather precipitately upon what I need not apologise for calling his backward career. Indeed the result of the treatment prescribed for him was that he cast off his years with amazing rapidity, and that his spirits rose most indecorously as he pursued his wild course down the ages. A middle-aged widow to whom he had been engaged in his exemplary days was no longer gay enough for his rejuvenated notions; even "a little blow-out in London," refreshing as it was for the time, could not curb his increasing youthfulness. We leave him standing first in the batting averages of a select private school, though he would soon have to pass preposterously on to a kindergarten establishment or to his cradle. I see that Mr. STORER CLOUSTON has dedicated his book "to an unknown correspondent who once made a certain suggestion;" but if the idea is not Mr. CLOUSTON'S I can nevertheless congratulate him upon the amusing way in which he has treated it, and upon the sanity which is to be found in this farcical entertainment.

In the uncompromising title of his new novel, *Low Society* (CONSTABLE), "ROBERT HALIFAX" makes no attempt to mislead his public. Here is fair notice that we are invited once more to breathe the uninspiring atmosphere which the author so

admirably assimilates. This time we move among the jerry-built purlieus of Barking, and Mr. Matt Casswade, professor of bricks and mortar, is the shoddy villain of the piece. The book is a collection of types associated rather by the accident of neighbourhood than by any very strong dramatic relationship. We miss the bright thread of love-romance that runs through the author's last work, *The Borderland*; for the wooing of *Selina Shadd* by *George Baversham* is too cynical to come within that category. But romance was probably never the dominant feature of this down-river locality, and Mr. "HALIFAX" knows what he is doing when he confines himself to its native flora and does not worry about exotics. He observes sympathetically, and has the power to make others see what he has seen. The environment of his characters is naturally rather sombre and colourless, but he relieves it with many gay touches of humour, not too subtle for the conditions which provoke them.

When I began to read *A Reaping* (HEINEMANN), I thought that the first person singular of Mr. E. F. BENSON'S charmingly discursive reflections was an imaginary author, not to be confused with Mr. BENSON himself. Had not this author a wife, *Helen*, and was not Mr. BENSON one of the noble company of bachelors? Afterwards, when I discovered references to his own *Book of Months*, I saw that I had made a mistake. Mr. E. F. BENSON and his author are the same person, but for this occasion only he has married. Well, I congratulate him on choosing, and being chosen by, so delightful a lady as *Helen*. Their cousin *Legs*, who lived with them, was also delightful, and I was sorry when Mr. BENSON found it necessary to lose him. But of course



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—III.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH TAKES HIS FIRST LESSON IN SMOKING.

I knew that there had to be an accident or an illness in Mr. BENSON'S books to make them legal; the copyright expires unless the hero does, as one might say. Each month has a chapter to itself—a pretty arrangement, but one which makes for artificiality. Thus, being quite sure that *Helen* didn't really rush around the Continent in that last month but one, I could not help remembering that Mr. E. F. BENSON was a well-known Greek authority, full of pleasant thoughts on Athens in spring which would just fill a chapter. Yes, it is a good chapter, but I think his wife's health should have come first.

"The crooked stick which was stated to be a Tam o' Shanter, but which was really a helmet, was somewhat less remarkable than the wheel."—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

It sounds more like HARRY LAUDER.

"From the church to the street ran a pagoda adorned with the Braganza colours—crimson and blue."—*The Evening News*.

"One can fancy them thinking they were being conveyed in pagomas after the Chinese fashion!"—*The Ashton Reporter*.

What very handy things they must be. Here, as a beginning, are two ways of spelling and using them.

CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that Lord LANSDOWNE and Mr. BALFOUR will be found to have tied for the prize offered by a certain firm of tea-planters to the person sending in the most correct detailed forecast of "What the Lords will do with the Budget."

**

Are the Dukes at last beginning to cultivate a humble spirit? One at least has confessed himself a goose. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, speaking at Haddon Hall, advised that the Government should not kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

**

The police have issued a warning against a thief who is masquerading as a political agent. Rumours, too, reach us of yet another who goes about disguised as a statesman.

**

The recent outbreak of sickness at Chatsworth House, when the ducal owner and some of his children suffered from what is described as "a slight gastric disturbance," is now thought to have been caused by Cabinet Pudding.

**

Since Lord HUGH CECIL stated that he thought he paid less in taxes than he might reasonably be asked to pay, he has, we understand, received offers from quite a number of persons expressing willingness to help him over his difficulty.

**

During his stay in Scotland General BOTHA devoted himself to golf. The General, it may be remembered, received some lessons in driving from Lord KRICHENBACH.

**

An advertisement from *The Liverpool Echo*:-

"LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC HALL
CARUSO

WILL SING TO A
PIANO TO-NIGHT."

This seems a poor sort of audience for so distinguished an *artiste*.

**

There would seem to be no finality as to the material out of which sea-going craft may be made. There is, we believe, already a Cork Steampacket Company; and now a contemporary informs us

that, as the result of the enterprise of a commercial combination, nine new meat steamers will shortly make their appearance.

**

This is essentially the Age of the Poor Man. He may now even be said to be fairly on his way to obtain his own motor-car. Several "Halfpenny Bazaars" have been opened in London, and, among other articles which may be obtained there for the price mentioned are, we are told, motor goggles.

**

An Englishman who stated that he

intruder had a wash. This should render identification easy.

**

Lightning, last week, saved some men of the 1st Cheshire Regiment the trouble of striking a tent.

**

These are black days for men. Their last point of superiority over the other sex has now vanished. The newest tailor-made gowns for women are to have pockets.

"He (Mr. Birrell) was suffering from a relaxed throat on Friday. . . . The engagement he had entered into to take part in the laying of the foundation stone of a new Baptist Chapel at the Mumbles cannot, of course, be fulfilled."—*The Daily News*.

It sounds just the place for a relaxed throat.

Mr. CONY as reported in *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*:-

"Hills, tall trees, spires, chimney stalks, using a biplane now, I believe firmly in the principle of the monoplane."

Quite right. One must be decently exclusive.

"A tempest of laughter was unchained by this very palpable hit."

Daily Chronicle.

The reader mustn't get into the way of thinking that any old hit will let a tempest off the chain. It has to be a very palpable one.

"Man wanted to bring up a Spaniel Pup."—*Newcastle Evening Chronicle*.

Hark to the trumpet's clarion call! Verily

there is still work for men to do in England.

"Cook Mr. Oxton
Peurey Mr. and Mrs."

Buxton Gazette Visitors' List.

ETUKISHOOK and gum-drops are forbidden subjects at the *table d'hôte*.

Secrets of Success.

"Each floor is on the same level, which is not always the case in mammoth Hotels."

A Mixed Character.

Extract from Mr. ROOSEVELT's letter to the Bureau of Fisheries:-

"The water is fairly temperate. It is slightly alkaline, but it is habitually drunk."



WAX FIGURES OF THE EXPLORERS COOK AND PEARY ARE ABOUT TO BE PLACED WITH LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON'S AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S. IT IS HOPED THAT A CAREFUL WATCH WILL BE KEPT OVER THEM, OR SOME SUCH CATASTROPHE AS THIS MAY OCCUR.

lived in Grosvenor Square, London, has been sentenced in Berlin to one day's imprisonment and a fine of £2, for striking a postal employee at the principal post-office there. Is it possible, we wonder, that the ignorant foreigners were unaware of the social status of Grosvenor Square?

**

A seal which was found disporting itself in Grimsby fish docks last week was, *The Mail* tells us, netted by two constables, and conveyed to the police-station. It will, we presume, be charged with an offence against the laws as to gambolling.

**

The pavilion at Prestatyn golf-course was forcibly entered last week and a considerable sum of money stolen. There was evidence that, before leaving, the

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The explanation of the KITCHENER-CURZON coincidence is as clear as mud. Lord KITCHENER, being essentially a man of action and not an orator, applied to his old friend and colleague, Lord CURZON, to draft him a speech, and Lord CURZON, unconsciously reconstituting the scene of his own farewell, re-wrote, with very slight variations, the address which he had himself delivered on that historic occasion.

Yours truly,

SPLENDIDE VERAX.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The practical identity of Lord KITCHENER's farewell speech with that of Lord CURZON is, I think, to be attributed to a rare but not unprecedented manifestation of dual personality. Lord KITCHENER, as everybody knows, was engaged for a long time in a heated controversy with Lord CURZON, in which he ultimately carried the day, with the result that Lord CURZON resigned the Viceroyalty. Lord KITCHENER, having thus ousted and eaten up his antagonist, naturally came to regard himself as the legitimate successor to his position and influence and by a natural transition to his entire mentality. This absorption involved the appropriation of his thoughts and general outlook, and so his farewell banquet induced him to repeat the speech of his vanquished rival.

Yours faithfully,

RECORDATOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I was discussing the strange episode of the KITCHENER-CURZON speeches this afternoon with my friend that inveterate punster, Mr. OSCAR BALTHASAR MOUTAT. "The speeches are certainly curiously similar," I observed. "Naturally," retorted the inveterate punster, "because they were both Simla (similar) orations." Thinking that this was too good to be lost, I at once took a note of the witticism, which I place unreservedly at your disposal.

Very truly yours,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—No one has yet suggested the most satisfactory and convincing explanation of this puzzling affair of the KITCHENER-CURZON speeches. Lord KITCHENER, it will be remembered, was embroiled in an acute controversy with Lord CURZON, but being one of the most gentle and kind-hearted of men, he conceived the charming if somewhat Quixotic plan of burying the hatchet by confessing himself unable to better the oratory of his antagonist. A more magnanimous compliment could not be imagined, but unfortunately its subtlety has defeated its aim.

Yours faithfully,

A SUFFOLK J.P.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The explanation of the similarity between Lord CURZON's remarks and Lord KITCHENER's is simplicity itself. They both employ the same tired speech-writer.

Yours, etc., SLEUTH.

THE SENTIMENTAL GOLF-ROUND.

(An attempt to realise the romantic spirit of local advertisements.)

WHERE the purple gloom of heather,
Where the golden stars of gorse
Twine and twist their roots together,
Let me linger and endorse
Praises of the moorland stretching
Into vistas faint and fetching,
Praises that the guide-book uttered of
this pretty nine-hole course.

By this tor, a famous beacon,
Once, no doubt, were British huts;
Places that you ground your cleek on
(Full of tantalising ruts)
Saw the minstrel Druids gather,
Solemn men with beards like lather,
Witless that in time their temples
would provoke a Saxon's "Tuts."

There to leftward lies the ocean,
Shining as a silver pall,
Moving with its magic motion
Onward till the breakers fall,
Onward till the foam-flake splashes
O'er the sea-weed, like my mashies
Tumbling on to greens where TAYLOR
could not stop the berserk ball.

Right, you have the moorland swelling,
Mile on mile, with countless kinks,
Mother of the streamlets welling
Into vales where Ceres winks,
Where the natives murmur "Thickey"
And their tongue is soft and tricky
As this mass of vegetation which they
choose to term a links.

Stalwart men on tiny ponies,
You shall see them in the dale,
See them draining with their cronies
Mugs of cider and of ale.
Slack they seem and pleasant spoken,—
Doubtless, though, their hearts are oaken,
Witness my undaunted caddy search-
ing on a tee-shot's trail.

Ah, but now the shadows darken.
Hushed the fairy-haunted scene,
Beauteous land of Devon, hearken!
Help me, as with some chagrin,
By the souls of seadogs beckoned
I prepare to play my second
Out of this enchanted fern-tuft, to the
faith-envisaged green.

"For Sale, Bay Mare, 15 hands; warranted quiet in all harness, or would let out weekly."—*South Wales Daily Post.*

There can be no particular call for him to "let out" at all. Unless it would be just to show what he could do when he liked.

EYES ACROSS THE SEA.

WE are very glad to be able to supplement the somewhat meagre account of the recent meeting of the Atlantic Union which has appeared in *The Westminster Gazette*, with a further record of the impressions of our English-speaking guests.

Professor Elihu Lick, of the University of Tipperusalem, solemnly adjured his hearers to keep the well of English pure and undefiled. "You have," he said, "too many dialects," in particular specifying those of Bayswater, Hindhead, Oxford and Whitechapel. Even at Harridge's Stores he had heard several words mispronounced, notably "coffee," "salt," "surreptitious" and "aerated."

Mr. Slingsby Timrod, a ruddy Vancouverian, summarised his impressions as hereunder:—

FAVOURABLE.	UNFAVOURABLE.
Girth of policemen.	Language of golf
Beauty of sandwich-men.	players.
Herefordshire cider.	Tyrolese hats.
	The tabloid habit.

Mr. Victor Slumper, a Rhodes Scholar from Woolloomooloo, was painfully struck by the increased consumption of China tea in good society and the rage for Pekinese dogs, and he quoted with great effect TENNYSON's line:

"Better fifty peers of Europe than a title of Cathay."

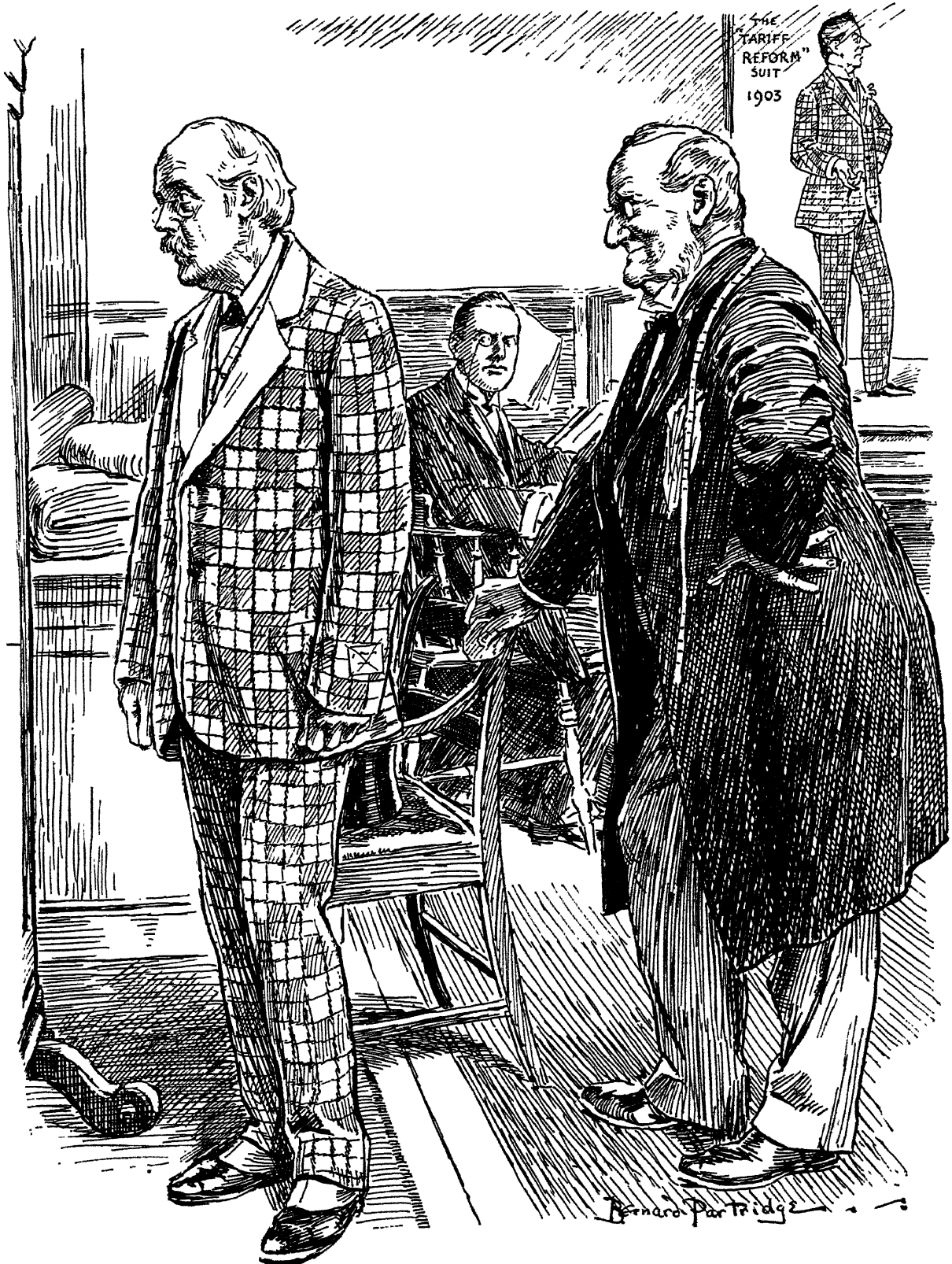
Dr. Wilford Harbottle, of St. Helena, stated that he was somewhat bewildered by a multiplicity of impressions, but perhaps the most striking was that created by the appearance of Mr. Corridor Abel, the famous novelist. From reading his books Dr. Harbottle was led to suppose that he was at least seven feet high, instead of which he was of frail physique and weighed only 9 stone 3 lbs.

Archdeacon Mangles, of the Falkland Islands, was chiefly impressed by the penetrating voices of the newspaper boys, which reminded him of the cries of the sea-birds at home, and the sumptuous luxury of the National Liberal Club.

Miss Wilburina Spacker, of Ithaca, Va., speaking in fluent Esperanto, deplored the lack of skyscrapers, rapid elevators and quick lunches.

Mr. Hiram Pimblott, of Philadelphia, expressed his astonishment at the gentleness and sleekness of the police.

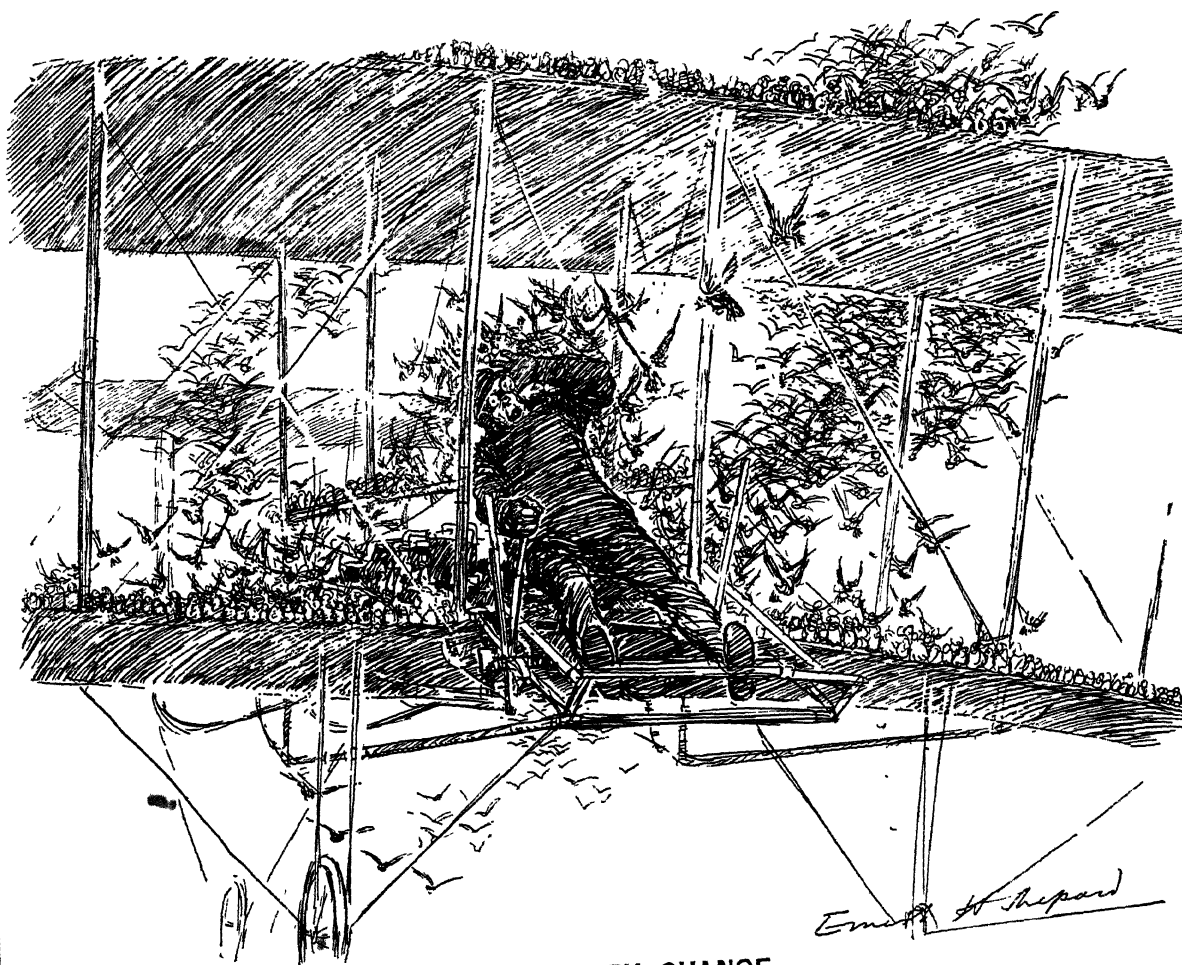
Besides the other performers already mentioned who diversified the entertainment by their performances, mention should be made of Miss Rotorua Vampa, who sang Maori war-songs to the accompaniment of the nasi-flauto, Dr. and Mrs. Cyrus Shyster, plunkophone duettists, and Sig. Onoto Pennini, who gave his celebrated farmyard imitations.



FITTED AT LAST.

MR. CHAPLIN. "YOU'LL NEVER REGRET DECIDING ON THAT, SIR; IT WILL MAKE A PERFECT SUIT FOR THE COUNTRY."

MR. BALFOUR. "I'M SURE I HOPE SO."



THE HAPPY CHANCE.

Chorus of Migrating Birds. "COME ON, BOYS, THIS SPECIAL'S GOING DUE SOUTH!"

THE WHEREABOUTS OF
MRS. BILBROOKE.

THE bell was there to be rung, so he rang it. The door was there to be opened, so she opened it. If he had not rung the bell, she would not have opened the door. He might have stood upon the doorstep and whispered, "Open, Sesame," till his tongue worked loose on its bearings, and nothing would have happened. The housemaid's name was not Sesame, and, even if it had been, she would not have acted until he had said "Please." So, to save the bother of a "please" and to avoid a re-christening, he rang the bell and she opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Bilbrooke at home?" he said, to serve his own private ends.

"Maybe, Sir," answered the maid, "or may not be."

"There is no 'may' about it," he continued. "If she is at home, the proper answer is, 'Yes'; if she is not at home, 'No.' Again I ask, 'Is Mrs. Bilbrooke at home?' Be careful how

you answer, for you are on your oath, madam."

"I can't say whether . . ." began the maid.

"I was always taught in my infancy," he interrupted severely, "that there was no such word in the English language as 'can't.' I suppose you won't say, although you know. Is it not a little mean, when you know a sure thing like this, to keep it to yourself?"

"At my school, Sir," said the maid, "they always said that silence was golden."

"That," answered he, "is a theory long since exploded. Tell me, is Mrs. Bilbrooke at home?"

"I do not know, Sir."

"Think."

"My mistress has often directed me that I am not here to think but to do as she tells me."

"Disregard that instructive advice for the moment and try for this once to think."

"I think, Sir," said the maid, "that in all probability Mrs. Bilbrooke is at home."

"That is much better," said he cheerfully; "you improve rapidly with your lessons. Your thinking is very good and your conduct for the term fair to medium. Mrs. Bilbrooke being at home, I should like to see her."

"If I may be permitted to say so," said the maid, as she started to shut the door, "she might quite possibly like to see you."

"Stop," said he, placing his foot in the door, "you make a mistake. Your next move should have been to throw open the door and to make, at any rate, some show of welcome. You say that Mrs. Bilbrooke is at home?"

"I said, Sir, that I thought she might be at home."

"That is good enough for me," said he, endeavouring to force an entrance. "I will step inside, taking it that . . ."

"Take it how you like, Sir," said the maid, not swerving from her policy of the closed door. "Whether Mrs. Bilbrooke be at home or not at home at the moment, this certainly is not Mrs. Bilbrooke's home."

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

THE DANISH STEELYARD.

It is a long time since I first met him—thirty-five years ago, to be strictly accurate—and our acquaintance lasted only some eight weeks. In that short period I got to know him intimately, learnt, I suppose, to appreciate all his sterling necessary qualities, interfused him, so to speak, in the substance of my mind, passed an incredibly futile examination which contained him—and then dismissed him into blind forgetfulness. Indeed, I have hardly thought of him again until to-day.

Perhaps I ought to ask pardon for speaking of the Danish Steelyard as a person. I plead that it is more picturesque to say "he" and "him" than to keep on with a reiteration of "it," and besides I have absolutely and entirely forgotten what he was or why he was, or for what reason I was compelled to study his characteristics. In the place in which I am writing there are at my service innumerable books of reference, and in a few moments I could grind up and communicate all the knowledge that ever existed about all the Danish Steelyards that were ever created, but I prefer to remain as I am. Thus I am not tied down to a possibly hideous actuality; if I like I can summon an ideal D.S. to my mind; I can picture him as a cosmic force, a beautiful illusion of youth, a knitter of friendships, a comforter in affliction, a thousand happy and transitory things out of which dreams and high ambitions were once fashioned. No, I shall not renew my once intimate knowledge of the Danish Steelyard.

It was in Trinity College, Cambridge, that he first swam into my ken on an October morning. Nine o'clock was but a minute off. A thin mist lay lightly over the Old Court, and a pale sun was faintly struggling through. The cook's porters, white-robed and balancing blue kitchen-boxes on their heads, were making their way to the rooms of the haughty second and third-year men who were about to breakfast. We were freshmen, a large bunch, in all our new glory of caps and gowns, and we were gathered together for a 9 o'clock lecture. Directly afterwards 9 o'clock began to strike, and we trooped into the lecture-room.

Somehow, as I think of this throng, I invest it with the weary splendours of the present as well as with the glamour of the past. That youngster with the brown skin and the flashing dark eyes of a Spaniard is the Judge of a County Court. He is styled "your Honour," and yet at other times it seems that men call him "Black Jim," to distinguish him from "Scholar Jim," who is a Headmaster and a mighty player of Rugby football. Another Headmaster is there, too, a bluff, downright fellow with a straight clear look in his eyes. I can see him also, and his brother, at Lord's on a July day, and the brother merges into a Right Honourable front-bencher. And there are barristers and parsons not a few; and a Governor of the Bank of England slaps me on the back; and a shy, pink-cheeked family solicitor from Gloucestershire takes his seat next me. A silent man moves about pricking off our names on a sheet of paper. He never asks even a freshman's name: he knows it by instinct. Then the lecturer begins to talk to us, and suddenly he mentions the Danish Steelyard.

I believe the D. S. had a humble relation who was generally spoken of as the Common Steelyard. I have a vague notion that there was something British about the Common Steelyard, something that distinguished him to his advantage from the alien adventurer who was foisted upon us at this early stage of our Cambridge career; but I am no more sure

about him than I am about the other. I half think, now that I bend my mind to it, that he was slightly less complicated; that he was a sort of take-me-or-leave-me Steelyard with no special pretensions, while the Dane was arrogant and insisted on his own surpassing merits. This, however, is the mere shadow of a shade of a recollection.

There, at any rate, I must let the matter rest, for it is strange that when, as now, I think of the D. S. I straightway forget him, and remember only the vanished magic of this delightful world—youth, high spirits, vigour and friendship; the grey courts and rugged towers of the College; the hazy commons, the beat of eight oars in unison—all that made life a joy thirty-five years ago. And I know that when, a century hence, some careful investigator affects to paint the manners and describe the feelings of our time and the causes of them, he will remember all the unessential things, but he will forget to mention the Danish Steelyard.

THE LAST STRAW.

[The chameleons at the Zoo are reported to be in a bad way. Their sole food, it appears, is the greenfly, or blight, and this year the roses in the Zoological Gardens (and the poet's backyard) have been singularly free from this affliction.]

FULL oft I voiced the loud and impious cuss,
With visage growing glum and ever glummer,
Over the totally ridiculous
Vagaries of this recent English summer,
Wherein I burned my Yuletide log in June
(A jolly sight too soon).

And yet *one* consolation came to me,
My fur-lined coat at least was decked with posies,
And I grew glad at heart again to see
The perfect health of my small patch of roses.
I counted it a bit of real all right
To find them free from blight.

They did not go to swell an insect's tum,
Falling (if roses can) as dead as mutton;
Not mine to mourn at seeing them become
A summer banquet for a greenfly glutton.
No, they were healthy, fragrant, fresh and sweet,
In fact, a fair old treat.

But now no sort of solace can I win;
My sympathetic eyes must fain weep freely on
Learning this present season's shortage in
The commissariat of the poor chameleon,
A rummy little brute, who makes, 'tis said,
Greenfly his daily bread.

Bare platters at the little lizard's meals
Leave no good point remaining with the weather,
And there is nothing more to do, one feels,
But cuss it once again—this time together.
So come, chameleons, let your voices go;
When I count three, say, "Blow!"

Our Weekly Recipe. No. LLLLLL.

"LAUNDRY HINT.—If an ounce of alum is added to the last water used to rinse children's bottles they will be rendered non-inflammable."—*The Cape Argus*.

You didn't know that.

"After a sharp gymnastic display Mrs. Talbot distributed the prizes."—*The Morning Post*.

It sounds as though the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was one of them.

CONSOLATION.

Sybil, Mildred, Rose and Vi,
Emma (Em) and Amy (Ame),
Rose the Second, Janet, Di,
Mamie, Grace and What's-your-name,
Gladys, Olive, Joyce and Fay,
Hear what I have got to say:—

I have wooed you, ladies dear,
One and all but one by one;
For you all I've let appear
Marked appreciation—
Marked, that is, at various dates
By flowers, gloves and chocolates.

To the whole sixteen of you
I had something to propose,
Which, when I had dared to do,
I was met with fifteen No's.
(From my second Rose I got
Merely an indignant "What?")

Sybil, Mildred, Gladys, Grace
Frankly owned they did not care;
Em and Olive liked my face,
But their hearts were booked else-
where.

Rose the former, Mamie, Vi
Jibbed, but gave no reason why.

Sordid reasons prompted Fay,
Janet, Amy, Di and Joyce.
There I witnessed with dismay
Woman's mercenary choice.
She, whose name I have forgotten,
Thought the bare idea was rotten.

Cruel ladies, do not smirk
In the illusory belief
That my disappointments irk,
That I am obsessed by grief.
Nay, I fill myself with airs
On my numerous "affairs":—

What with Sybil, Mildred, Amy,
Emma, Gladys, Olive, Jane,
Violet, What's-her-name and Mamie,
Rose and Grace and Rose again,
What with Joyce and Fay and Di . . .
What a fickle dog am I!

"THE RED RAG."

DEAR SIR,—*The Daily Wattle*, which I brought out recently, has been so successful, greatly owing to the wide publicity given to it in your columns, that I have ventured to go further afield, as it were, and to cater for the cattle. In the hope that you will extend the same courteous assistance to this my latest venture, I beg to enclose a few outlets from the forthcoming number of *The Red Rag*:—

Mustard and Cress.

Mr. Wilson Steer's Exhibition of Pictures at the Calfox Gallery has been one of the events of the season, being visited by enormous herds.

Sir Loin and Lady de Bœuf's Concert last Sunday was a great success. Miss



Interlaken Pension Bore (still pursuing). "—AND IS THAT REALLY SNOW AT THE TOP—?"
Victim (who thought she had at last finished). "WELL, MADAM, SOME DO SAY IT'S SHERBET."

Hereford, one of the latest *prime donne* from the Midlands, sang several songs, her magnificent rendering of "For Heifer and For Heifer" being particularly appreciated.

Professor Galloway Bull has been appointed Master of Porterhouse, Cambridge.

At Goring Petty Sessions last Saturday two young Bulls were heavily ringed for playing pitch-and-toss.

From the Stalls.

Kerry's Theatre:—*The Banderillos*, by Mr. Shan F. Bullock.

The Oxford:—Horn and Hyde; The Buffaloes; Little Ticks; The Two Ayrshires in their daring feat "Chewing the Cud;" Happy Smith Fields, etc., etc.

Late News.

DUCIE STEAKS.

Prime Cuts	1
Silver Grid	2
Buttercup	3
Won by a Shorthorn.	

Mid-Suffolk.—Polls to-day.

Stock Exchange.

Markets bullish. "Milks" rose two pints.

Miscellaneous.

High-class Confectionery. Linseed Cakes a speciality. B., 902, Long Acre. Silverside, Alderney. — Board residence. Good manger kept. Write Miss Meadows.

Apartment for single young Heifer. Apply, The Chine, Shanklin. Take Calves' Liver Pills.

From the programme of the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester:—

"Press Cuttings. A Tropical Sketch by Bernard Shaw."

This may explain why it was censored.

"Lost black Pomeranian dog, white on breast, three paws, and round mouth."—*Daily News.*
We should know it anywhere.

THE BUDGET A.B.C.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—This is meant as a handy guide for all decent people who still respect the Church, the Empire, Family Life, our Old Nobility, and Sir SPENCER MARYON-WILSON, Bart. (The order of the foregoing is merely alphabetical.) In the Great Struggle which is approaching between Order and Chaos, Freedom and Slavery, Tariff Reform and Socialism, such ammunition as this cannot fail to be useful. (In pamphlet form, 5s. per 1,000.)]

Alligators.

The connection between the humble Saurian and the tyrannical LLOYD-GEORGE may not be apparent at first sight; but it is obvious that the more our rich men are taxed the less money they will have for spending abroad on the banks of the Amazon. Tariff Reform, therefore, means free food for alligators; Socialism means the decay of family life amongst our larger reptilia.

Tariff Reform means more gaiters for alligators.—(ADVT.)

Balfour.

The policy which our great leader first announced in 1903, and has advocated untiringly ever since, is Tariff Reform. What is Tariff Reform? (*Loud and prolonged Cheers, and a Voice, "Shame!"*) We shall come to that later on.

Tariff Reform means Full Speed Ahead. (ADVT.)

Correspondence.

There are only two ways of writing letters just now. The first begins, "DEAR SIR BARONET,—I humbly venture to enclose my little account," and ends with a respectful reference to the weather. The second is more important, and must be given in full:

{ 999, Grosvenor Square, W.
The Castle, Perthshire.
Broadlands, nr. Evershot.
Llynypulgech, Dolgelly, Wales.
Thomas Towers, Leicester.
S.Y. Araminta,
(? Strike out five of these.)

DEAR SIR,—I much regret that owing to the increased taxation imposed by the Budget (which I shall never pay, as it is certain to be thrown out by the Lords) I am compelled to economise at somebody's expense, and that therefore I shall be unable to renew my subscription to your Children's Holiday Fund. You may also miss the beef at Christmas.

Yours regretfully, MIDDLESEX.
(Including most of the Embankment.)

P.S.—I am sending a copy of this letter to the Press—all except the bit about the Lords.

Tariff Reform means Beef at Christmas. (ADVT.)

Dukes.

(Hats off, please.)

I want you to follow me very carefully here, because the position of the Duke is often misunderstood by tactless persons. Suppose that a Duke receives £200,000 a-year for his services to the country.

Now, at first sight, that seems a lot of money, and hasty people say, "Oh, we must tax this man heavily, he is so rich." But let us pause and reflect a moment. What does he do with this money? He doesn't bury it or drop it down a well. No, he spends it; and by spending it he gives employment to the poor people of England whom we are all so sorry for. Suppose you take away £10,000 from our Duke in taxes. What is the result? *Why, he spends £10,000 less!* That is to say, the poor working people lose £10,000 worth of employment. So that in trying to tax a Duke you are really robbing the widow and the orphan, besides hurting the feelings of a wise and kindly legislator!

Tariff Reform means Happier Dukes. (ADVT.)

Employment.

This is really a continuation of my last paragraph, only I thought you might like to put your hats on again. Roughly speaking, the nation may be divided into Employers and Employed. (And, under this beastly Government, Unemployed.) Now I have already shown the iniquity of putting these extra taxes on to the very men who create employment, and of course the same argument applies to all the old taxes. That is to say, no Employer ought to pay any kind of tax. Who should, then? for we must have a Navy (*see small bills*). Why, the Employed, of course; in other words, the working man! *Surely* you see that?

Tariff Reform means Common Sense. (ADVT.)

Fiscal Reform.

This is simply another name for Tariff Reform, which is the only alternative to this Socialistic Budget. Other names for Tariff Reform are "Protection" and "Free Trade."

Tariff Reform means ELLIS BARKER. (ADVT.)

Foreigner (The).

(Shame!)

We are raising this year some hundreds of millions in taxes. The money is spent in carrying on the work of the country, in policing our streets and in defending our shores. Who pays these taxes? You and I! LLOYD-GEORGE makes us pay them! And this is called "The People's Budget"! Now the alternative to this Budget is Tariff Reform; and what does Tariff Reform mean? *It means making the foreigner pay!* It means making Germany pay for our Navy! Supposing you had a wife and two pretty children, wouldn't you hate having to work for them? Wouldn't you much rather that somebody else—the man that lived opposite whom you disliked so—supported them for you? Of course you would! And in the same way every patriotic Englishman detests the idea of paying for his own

ships and men, and looks about for some way of making Germany do it.

Tariff Reform means making Germany pay for our Navy.—(ADVT.)

George, Lloyd-.

Let us never forget in mentioning this person that ours is the "gentlemanly party." Our references to the little Welsh attorney who was educated in a Board School must therefore be moderate. "Thief, Traitor, and Foul-mouthed Tub-thumper" is perhaps as far as we may go with propriety.

Tariff Reform means more gentlemen. (ADVT.)

Lords (The).

It is now practically certain that the Lords will do something; *The Daily Express* (Unionist), *The Westminster Gazette* (Radical), and *The Times* (Independent) are all agreed upon this. The probability is that they will insist upon a general election, call for the resignation of Mr. CHURCHILL, disfranchise the working man, and abolish the safety miss at billiards. In such a course they would be supported by the whole country.

Tariff Reform means Lord BLUMENFELD. (ADVT.)

Property.

If this Budget is allowed to become law there will be no such thing as property. Your little patch of garden will be wrested from you. You may be in the middle of a game of croquet—actually in position for the third hoop—but that will not deter LLOYD-GEORGE. One of his hirelings will come and take the lawn away from you; as likely as not, he will pinch the mallets too.

Tariff Reform means croquet for all. (ADVT.)

Socialism.

Socialism means—

- I. (*actually*) The nationalisation of the means of production and distribution;
- II. (*roughly*) Atheism, Free Love, and Death to EDWARD THE SEVENTH;
- III. (*for the moment*) Anything in the Budget.

Tariff Reform means *God Save the King*. (ADVT.)

Tariff Reform.

After the lucid explanations of my advertisement manager it is hardly necessary for me to speak at any length about Tariff Reform. But in a general way it may be said that Tariff Reform means what the other side say the Budget means, only more of it (or less of it, as the case may be).

Tariff Reform also means ELLIS BARKER. (ADVT.)

Zinc.

And so I arrive at Z. It is now generally admitted by all moderate thinkers that the Budget will ruin the Zinc Trade. Tariff Reform would establish it for ever. Englishmen, for which will you vote?
A. A. M.

LE CHIEN TERRIBLE.

[TO A YOUNG-OLD RETRIEVER.]

No, Rupert, no: the glory has dispersed
The sweet impression (and the muddy splash)

You left upon me when I met you first
And faintly called you "Dash."

Flattered, I thought, "He knows an honest face;"

But riper friendship has betrayed how cheap

Your adulations were, and dulled their grace:—

Get down, you dingy sweep!

All canine humour may be overdone:

My gloves were meant to wear, I want my hat:

More, there are moments when it wearies one

To improvise a rat.

(The cosmic verities are rarely gained,
But none the less I differ from your view

That earth's phenomena may be explained
By boning them to chew.)

Yon slipper doubtless was a work of art
Before your earnest fangs revealed its woof:

Nor should the soundness of a golf-ball's heart
Be shown by dental proof.

Yes, you have splendid teeth, and must have made,

While young ambitions yet were undeterred,

The most distracting tyro of your trade
That ever mouthed a bird.

Those, and a very tidy turn of speed,
Topped by a bell-mouthed bay of blood-hound tone,

Give you the finest points of every breed
(Barring, of course, your own).

But even genius is apt to tire

When so assertive, and so prone to range

Regardless through the fouler sorts of mire—

Besides, you have the mange.

I shall not wrestle for that chunk of wood,

I shall not hurl you boulders any more;

The nameless glamour of your puppy-hood,

Take it from me, is o'er.

Go and amuse yourself with village fights,

Or, if you lean to some less active bout,

Proclaim a pogrom of your parasites;

But not in here! Get out.



THOSE WHO ASK SHAN'T HAVE.

Jeannette (lunching out). "OH, WHAT A SILLY GIRL I AM—I FORT I HAD ANNUVER PLUM!"

HEROIC MEASURES.

ADVANCES IN HOMŒOPATHY.

(By our Medical Adviser.)

[The cure of rheumatism by bee-stings was demonstrated at the Exhibition of the Surrey Bee-Keepers' Association.]

MEDICAL men are showing great interest in the new red-hot-poker treatment for stuttering. The poker is applied freely to various parts of the body until it fizzles. The treatment is useless if anæsthetics are employed, but it may be discontinued, if the patient is in a weak state or elderly, as soon as he becomes incoherent and the eyeballs protrude.

The mad-bull cure for acute sciatica is a theory lately advanced by a German investigator, and is based on the supposition (not so far endorsed by any sufferers) that the complaint is purely nervous and therefore imaginary. The subject is placed in a large field containing from three to five insane bulls with highly-pointed horns, and is recommended to run for the nearest hedge at

a speed of from twenty to thirty miles per hour, regardless of pain. Owing to an unaccountable difficulty in procuring patients, experiments are for the present confined exclusively to reformatories and convict stations.

An open-air sanatorium for sufferers from asthma is being erected at the South Pole. Invalids, wearing only a kilt, winter and summer, will bathe for half-an-hour twice a day until their temperatures fall below zero. They sleep on icebergs. Before retiring for the night the feet are placed in salted water until raw and then singed, jumping being generally indulged in during this exercise. The diet prescribed is a simple one of half-a-pound of cold mutton and two drachms of soda-water per diem. Over-heating should be avoided.

Other remedies under examination by the faculty are the bull-dog treatment (for nervous diseases in children), the Australian wild cat, and the ants' nest one-night-cure.



AN EARLY BIRD.

"I SAY, WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU SHOOT THIS 'CHEEPER' FOR?"

"I DON'T CALL THAT A 'CHEEPER.'"

"WELL—IT IS OUT OF THE EGG—YOU'RE RIGHT SO FAR!"

TO A MICHAELMAS GOOSE.

["But fill me with the old familiar goose,
Methinks I might recover by-and-by."]

Nor of thy feats of war, intrepid bird,
Sing I; as when the slumbering Romans heard
From their steep citadel the clarion call
That bade them rise and bang the stealthy Gaul.
Not of the cloth-yard shaft, goose-winged to slay
The caitiff as he legged it from the fray,
What time the haughty Frenchman lived to feel
The Free Companion's death-compelling steel,
Or punctured his invaluable pelt on
The point of a Sir Nigel or a Shelton.
Not mine to praise thine intellect, or glean
Tales of that Nestor of the village green,
Whose sage "Ga! Ga!" for o'er a hundred years
Moved an attentive neighbourhood to tears.
And those seven glaucous gluttons who (one reads)
Flew o'er seven virid and herbaceous meads;
Not mine to tell their travels, or to hymn
All the wise geese of ANDERSEN and GRIMM.
Rather thy minstrel I, majestic goose,
As thou appearest in domestic use;
When plump with sage and roasted to a T,
Men dish thee up; and I regretfully
Pass by the fish that I may have more room for thee.

Oh, when, a youth, I used to stuff and stuff,
Yet never felt as if I'd had enough;
When nothing eatable about the place

Got by my indefatigable face;
Well I recall how on Saint Michael's day
Proud relatives would summon me from play,
And weigh me thoughtfully, ere they turned me loose,
And watched me forge my way into the goose.
I was a sickly lad and rather thin,
And people wondered how I crammed it in,
Nor ever guessed the heroic strength of mind
With which a seventh helping was declined.
Ay, and though multiplying lustres cause
A certain inanition in the jaws,
And appetite's inexorable term is
Set by an inelastic epidermis,
I still achieve the old familiar thrill
When I observe "Roast Goose" upon the bill,
And letting out my belt go to it with a will.

Once at a country fair I saw engage
The champion eater of the vicinage.
Three legs of mutton and a keg of ale
Vanished like chaff before the autumn gale;
Twelve pounds of cheese and fourteen apple pies
Were blotted out before our dazzled eyes.
And "Oh," I cried, "how gladly would I give
The futile ends for which my fellows live;
Success in science, letters or the law,
For that sublime, incomparable maw!
Love might elude me, Fortune pass me by,
Unknown to fame I'd gladly live and die,
Had I that power to eat without surcease,
And cash enough to buy a flock of geese!"



"AUSTRALIA EXPECTS"

(Mr. Cook's Defence Bill has just been introduced in the Commonwealth Parliament.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 20.—Everyone has heard of the painful scene that took place in Committee Room C last Friday. Standing Committee at work on Development Bill. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, having (secretly) breakfasted late, opposed usual interval for light luncheon refreshment. At 2.45 ROBERT CECIL, who though transcendental by nature is of a frugal mind, rang bell for restaurant waiter. Result of interview disclosed when ten minutes later the Minion brought in tray and set it before the noble Freefooder. Napkin removed, behold one of those shilling meals which serve to keep green the memory of our dear ALFRED JACOBY, longtime Chairman of Kitchen Committee.

As Lord ROBERT sipped his turtle soup, toyed with his *Zephir de Ris de Veau*, lingered over his ortolan, batten on his Banbury cake—what irony there was in the appearance on the scene of the familiar delicacy!—his colleagues eyed him askance. Captain CRAIG tightened his belt. Finding it made no impression on his figure, he produced a short briar pipe, filled, lit, and smoked it.

FREDERICK BANBURY, 1st Bart., sat proudly aloof. Somemight eat, others smoke; he would starve. Happy thought suggested by example of Suffragettes battling with myrmidons of the law. Denying themselves food, they were released lest worse things should happen. What woman could do, BANBURY would. Straightway resolved to take no food as long as Committee on Development Bill sit upstairs on days when Finance Bill is to the fore in the House.

Shortly after Questions opened to-day, the tragedy was brought home to Members. Leaning on arm of sympathetic Messenger the Baronet entered by glass door; was led as far as Bar. Thereafter, on his way to his seat above Gangway, he must needs go unassisted. Would he be able to do it? Pulling himself together, he struggled on. Spirit triumphed over flesh, of which latter, truth to tell, scarcely any remained worth speaking of. Not a dry eye in crowded House. Murmur of cheers greeted his slow arrival in safety to his seat. Bon

CECIL, mindful of the inspiring effects of a generous meal, pressed on his acceptance a stale Bath bun. CAPTAIN CRAIG furtively thrust into his hand a briarwood pipe. He repelled both advances.

Awaiting opportunity whilst PREMIER was catechised, he enquired whether, "if the right hon. gentleman intends to compel us to sit all day and all night, he will also compel the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to be present?"



THE MAN WITH THE PIPE.

(The Sir Walter Raleigh of the Committee Rooms, Captain Craig, M.P. for East Down.)

There the rub. Bad enough to be kept-in starving. To know that absent CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER is enjoying the privacy and privileges of his room, gorging himself with leek prepared in various forms in the way of concessions on the Budget Bill, is more than human nature can stand.

FITZALAN HOPE crystallised scene and story in a question addressed to PREMIER. "If," he asked, "any Member of the Committee dies in the course of the proceedings, will he be accorded a public funeral?"

The PREMIER, averting his glance from BANBURY, but fearing the worst, declined to give any pledge.

Business done.—Dealt with Income Tax clauses of Budget Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—The Earl of CREWE rules but does not govern. Nominally Leader of the House, actually representative of the strongest Government of modern times, he is as wax in the fingers of Lord LANSDOWNE. The Marquis does his squeezing gently.

Effect all the same. The Earl proposes, the Marquis disposes. Omnipotent in the other House, His Majesty's Government have not much more influence over direction of affairs coming before Lords than have the policemen in the passages or the messengers at the door.

Droll situation forcibly illustrated to-day. Housing and Town Planning Bill in Committee. On second reading it met with reception that seemed to give glowing promise of triumphal progress. Criticism of noble lords on Opposition side chiefly confined to regret not unmingled with resentment that a measure admirably calculated to promote the symmetry of big towns and the welfare of their inhabitants had not been brought in earlier.

Hadn't been in Committee five minutes when bang went important provision of Clause 2.

Great occasion for CAMPERDOWN. Gripped it with that dogged tenacity that distinguishes him as Convenor of Forfarshire. Ponderous, pragmatical, pertinacious, he (using the phrase in a Parliamentary sense) butted CREWE aside. Leader of the House had taken precaution of setting up BEAUCHAMP as buffer between him and movers of what he plaintively described as "a series of amendments which it is in

the power of your Lordships to carry and which fill the mind of the Government with dread and alarm."

After first division, in which Ministers mustered only 30 against 112, CAMPERDOWN returned to attack with fresh strategy. Moved to insert new subsection to Clause 2. It ran to exactly two hundred words! Breathlessly recited as a sentence, with no interval of rest save an occasional comma and two semicolons. Noble lords gasped. What it meant or might portend, who should say?



"AS WAX IN THE FINGERS OF LORD LANSDOWNE."
(Lord Crewe.)

There stood the Convener of Forfarshire, grim, implacable. Doubtless he knew what it meant. Study of its bearings was kind of intellectual rhapsody occasionally permitted himself amid the more serious avocations of arid life.

CREWE's gallant spirit quailed. Accustomed to face hopeless odds, he invariably makes show of fight. This stupendous sub-ec-tion, with its "but if's," its "and if's," its "unlesses," and its "or other circumstances," too much for him. As for BEAUCHAMP, he collapsed before the sanctuary of the first semicolon was reached. When the LORD CHANCELLOR—whose wig slowly, without touch of visible force, got hopelessly awry as the sub-section was read—put the question, Ministers sat mute; CAMPERDOWN's amendment agreed to without division.

In a sitting that lasted up to midnight, only one other division taken. It recorded the presence of twenty-four

Ministerialists. Where were the odd six? CREWE, looking anxiously round, concluded they had succumbed to weight of the sub-section. Paper still crowded with amendments. If he challenged further division, his minority would altogether disappear. So he meekly bowed his head to the storm, and the Opposition mercilessly remodelled the Bill.

Business done.—Town Planning Bill in Committee.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Light incidentally flashed on pampered condition of Territorials. ORATOR HUNT held the candle. Wanted to know if it is true that during the camping-out of the Gordon Territorials at Aultmore the men were accustomed to shave in lemonade?

No one doubts the courage of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE. Notable that on this occasion he found it desirable to be engaged elsewhere. Shaving in lemonade is a small, to some people an unaccountable,

foible. Why a man should hanker after lemonade as a solvent for his bar of shaving soap is one of those things not easy to understand. Next he'll be asking for ginger-beer, on field-days for champagne.

In WAR MINISTER's absence, ACLAND, mildest-mannered man that ever faced an infuriate economist, put up to reply. Took refuge in ignorance. Never heard of the lemonade fantasy. Probably incident result of personal taste and possession of private means. Certainly there was no record that in addition to super-tax, increase of 2d. in the pound income-tax, and other severities of the Budget, the British tax-payer is mulct in charges for lemonade served out to the Territorials at shaving time.

ORATOR HUNT desired to continue the conversation. Glancing at the SPEAKER, who this week has developed welcome stringency with regard to the plague of supplementary questions, he resumed his seat, contenting himself at intervals with vocal imitations of the popping of corks of lemonade bottles.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee. Major COATES illumines dull debate by "viewing the Stamp Duties from point of view of a business man, not a politician." This innovation proved instant success. ORATOR HUNT has "a talk about Tea."



BEAUCHAMP IN ALL HIS GLORY.
(Earl Beauchamp, K.C.M.G.)



ON MANŒUVRES.

Army Service Corps N. C. O. in charge of forage (to Officer's groom who has come for extra rations for a horse). "HAVE YOU BROUGHT A REQUISITION?"
Groom. "No. AIN'T GOT NONE WITH US, BUT I'VE BROUGHT A BUCKET."

WIGGY AND THE FARES.

WIGGY was more than usually talkative to-night after he had set me down and I had, as usual, grossly overpaid him.

"Lord love me, Sir," he said, with the Londoner's elision, "if everyone was like you what a pleasure cab-driving would be. But there, they ain't. Only this morning I had two old ladies to drive from the Grand Hotel to the Natural History Museum and back again. They took me for an hour, and they got back exactly to the minute. What do you think they gave me? Half-a-crown."

"But that's the fare," I said; "one hour, half-a-crown. They probably were strangers to London, and, having read it in the regulations, thought it was the proper amount."

"Right you are, Sir," said Wiggy. "I thought something was up on the way back, and I opened the trap-door and caught them breaking their necks trying to read the table. So I was prepared for the worst. But what part of England do you suppose people come from where they don't give a cabman a penny for himself?"

He paused to gather fresh impetus. "Do you think they'd treat a taxi-driver like that? Not arf. Look at

those shovers! They never say a civil word to anyone, but who dares ask one for any change out of a bob, even if there's only eightpence on the clock? Oo? No one."

Wiggy leaned down to bring his head closer to mine. "What is it about those shovers," he asked mysteriously, "that makes them so different from us? Why are people so frightened of them?"

I murmured something about machinery, unknown forces, and so forth.

"Yes, I daresay that's part of it; but do you suppose if I was to learn to shove," said Wiggy, "anyone would be afraid of me? Nar! It's more than that. Smoke cigarettes, too, all the time, and has more meals in a day than I get in a week, and passes on the wrong side. I dunno what London's coming to."

Wiggy shook his head tragically.

"You don't mind me talking, I hope," he said. "It isn't costing anything, you know—not like talking to a taxi, what's going on all the time!"

I laughed.

"But that's not all about those two old ladies," Wiggy resumed. "What do you think they did? They didn't give me the half-crown themselves; they nipped indoors and sent it out by

the porter. There's lots of different kinds of meanness in fares—there's the people who are 'so sorry they haven't got any coppers'; there are the people who think that giving the driver an old newspaper is enough to make him their slave; there are the people what pat your horse and ask questions about it, and then offer a bare bob; but of all the mean tricks getting the porter to pay you is the worst. That's mean twice over: because, to begin with, it's mean, just mean; and secondly there's the porter's meanness, too, in not sticking up for the cabman and telling the people that the fare by itself's not enough. That's what I complain of. Why couldn't old brass-bound have said to the ladies that in London we give a tip as well as the fare, especially when we fill up the blooming hour to the tick? He's a working man, just like me, and in fact feeds on tips. But no, he just hands it to me, and says the ladies give it him for me for an hour's hire, and off he goes back to his armchair and *Daily Mail*."

Wiggy sighed.

"Fancy giving a man an hour's fare for an hour's hire!" he concluded. "England's breaking up; that's what I say."

PAGE SEVEN.

I ALWAYS used to read those little books with a clear conscience. They were given to me only on a Sunday following an unblemished week. I am proud to say that I never once missed my Aunt Belinda's gift. The good little boy, I remember, was always called Willie—while the dreadful youth, who went on the river on Sunday after robbing the poor little birds of their eggs, was always George. Perhaps the author had an enemy called George, but I preferred to believe that it was the finger of Fate. I, who prided myself upon being a model child, was christened William. The son of our next-door neighbour—a reckless, vulgar boy—bore the name of George! I used to pass the little books on to him (after I had committed them to memory). The bad little boy, I pointed out to him, *seemed* to have the better time for the first six pages of the book, but Willie always secured the lion's share of total benefits at page seven. So hardened, however, was his conscience that he used to roar with laughter over George's untimely fate, and was even moved to merriment by the excellent moral that was printed inside the cover. Finally I gave up all hope of doing him good. I left him to go his own wicked way and shunned his society.

* * * * *

Twenty years later we met again. As might have been expected, he had gone on the Stock Exchange. He was dressed as a millionaire could dress if he wanted to.

"I'll eat my hat if that isn't Willie!" he cried.

"George," I said reproachfully, "supposing it *hadn't* been me?"

"Just the same old Willie!" he shouted. Then his eye travelled over my well-worn but scrupulously clean attire. "Haven't got to page seven yet, eh? Well, come down and stay with me for a week next Friday. You are free?"

"I am," I replied, as I took the card he offered me. "I was forced to rebuke my late employer."

"You would!" said George.

I sighed in pity for him. Page seven must be very near for him.

* * * * *

I gave the porter his twopence with a few well-chosen words on alcohol, and hid myself behind my paper. I did not wish George to find me. He was too selfish to give up his first-class smoker, and I object on principle to smoking. Moreover I do not consider it right to travel first-class with a third-class ticket.

As soon, however, as he had been deferentially shut into the next compartment, I put down my paper and looked out of the window. As I did so an elderly lady made a dash at George's door.

"This is a *smoker*!" he shouted.

She wrestled ineffectually with the handle. George, I doubted not, was holding it firmly from within. "Smoker!" he roared. "*Smoker*!"

The guard whistled and the train jerked forward. In an instant I was out on the platform. "Madam," I said with a running bow, as I hoisted her into my carriage, "there is room here." The guard helped me in.

"Did you hear what he said?" I inquired anxiously.

"No. What was it?"

I retired hastily behind my paper.



TO AVOID FURTHER UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDINGS, MR. PUNCH SUGGESTS THAT A VISITORS' BOOK SHOULD BE PLACED AT THE NORTH POLE.

The first paragraph I read described how a youth named William had assisted a lady in distress, and five years later had been left a fortune by his grateful fellow-passenger. I put down the paper again.

"Madam," I said, "I am delighted to have been of some trifling service to you."

"Ah, when one is left all alone in the world one doesn't get much attention," she said with a sigh.

Two hours later she descended at a wayside station.

"We have had a most pleasant journey," she said, "and I can promise that you will not find me forgetful."

She handed her shawl to a magnificent footman, and as her car drove out of the yard she turned to wave to me.

"This is page seven," I said.

* * * * *

"Blow!" said George. "Ruined!"

He tossed the paper from him as I stooped to pick up my piece of toast.

I scraped some pieces of carpet off the buttered side before replying.

"I expected it," I said. "It is page seven."

"If I could only hang on for the rise!" he exclaimed. "Pity you can't lend me a few thousand for a week, Willie."

"I am a poor man, *at present*," I said, "but in any case I could not bring myself to aid and abet in a gambling transaction. Do you remember that moral in one of the little books about the punishment of vice?"

George made no reply. There *could* be no reply. He savagely tore open an envelope that lay by his plate. "Lawyer's letters already! . . . By Jove!

By Jove! Listen to this, Willie!

'Dear Sir—On Saturday last our client, Miss Priscilla Goodman, made a fresh will, under which you have become entitled to a sum of close on half-a-million pounds. Whilst deeply regretting her sudden decease we beg to congratulate you on your good fortune. You will doubtless remember a lady asking for your card after your kindness to her on a journey to Warwickshire. Awaiting your instructions and hoping—'

I heard no more. A terrible thought had struck me. I snatched out my card-case and opened it. The card which George had given me was gone! I hastily counted my own cards. I always carry exactly half-a-dozen. One, two, three, four, five, *six*! "I gave her *your* card!" I shouted.

George laughed aloud. "Why, there's some hope for you yet, Willie! Very smart! On the spur of the moment, too!"

"I *did*!" I said. "I *did*!"

"Anyway," said he, "she has left *me* the money."

"But I helped her into the train and was kind to her! That money is my reward!"

"Do you remember the moral in another of those little books," said George, "about Virtue being its own reward?"

* * * * *

There must be something wrong with those little books.

In our forthcoming work "Telegraphic addresses one would rather have left unregistered," the following (for information as to which we are indebted to *The Buenos Ayres Herald*) takes a prominent position upon the first page:—

"Hotel Sud Americano—'Hotelsudam.'"

EVENING.

You may talk of the splendour of morning
 When the sun on some primitive Alp
 Glows pink on the snowfields adorning
 Its hoary and pinnacled scalp;
 You may dwell on the thrills of emotion
 You feel when the vanguards of day
 Shimmer up from the dark o'er some
 tropical ocean
 In golden array;

When in August your being rejoices
 At the first faintest twang of the
 horn,
 When the puppies are flinging their
 voices
 As they crash through the bramble
 and thorn,
 When the mist in the valley still grey is,
 While the gossamer's draped on the
 stem,
 You may say that the very best hour of
 the day is
 Five-thirty a.m.;

You may boast of the moments that
 waken
 The delights of a fly-fishing day,
 Of tobacco ambrosially taken
 That blends with the scent of the may,
 And, burnt through the lanes to the
 river,
 Where the wild rose bedizens the
 hedge,
 Seems a delicate incense to Pan—the
 great giver
 Of mayfly and sedge;

But the fulness of day may cloud over
 The peaks where the sunrise shone fair,
 And hounds may be slipped out of cover
 And you somehow fail to be "there;"
 And noon may bring storm to the billows
 That smiled under morning's clear
 skies,
 And the monster that lurks in the shade
 of the willows
 May heed not your flies;

Therefore evening for me—when the
 chances
 And hazards of daylight conclude
 In the lamp-lighted hour that enhances
 The pleasures of friendship and food,
 When Castles of Spain are projected
 In outline of turret and keep,
 For the land where alone you may find
 them erected—
 The Kingdom of Sleep!

SMALL WANTS—GRATIS.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Daily Mail* (a morning paper) asks: "Why is it that dog-stealers are so leniently dealt with compared with other offenders?" He then adds: "I write feelingly, for on September 12 my valuable brindle Scottish terrier disappeared, and all efforts



INGRATITUDE.

(Old Man, who has just received his Old-Age Pension, tenders the usual three-halfpence for half an ounce of tobacco.)

Tobacconist. "IT IS TWOPENCE NOW, OWING TO THE EXTRA DUTY IMPOSED."

Old Man. "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT WILL THIS GOVERNMENT DO NEXT?"

to trace him have proved futile, despite the offer of a £10 reward. He answers to the name 'Jannock,' is three years of age, and weighs 22 lb. He was last seen at Fryshill, Lymington, Hampshire. I shall be glad to have tidings of him."

Now here we have a device for which so many persons have long been pining: the free advertisement. A skilful letter to a confiding editor does all that is needed, free of charge, and, indeed, wins notice in a way that no ordinary paid-for advertisement ever could. Thus:

SIR,—I am annoyed at the amount of attention that is given to such an unpractical matter as the discovery (or not) of the Pole (North or South), a hypothetical spot, the reaching of which cannot add one jot to the sum of human happiness, while really important domestic questions touching the comfort of the home are neglected. Take, for example, the scarcity of servants. Can nothing be done to remedy this defect? At the present moment I happen to want both a cook and a parlour-maid. To the

cook I am prepared to give £30 a-year, and to the parlourmaid £26.

H. BANKS-MITFORD.

23, Marylebone Square, W.

Could anything be simpler?

Or again:

SIR,—I observe with some surprise your panegyric remarks upon foreigners and their success in hotels. The desirability of praising foreigners at all is of course open to question, but that is not my point; my point is that it is idle to suggest that English youths shall become waiters, because of course they will not; what you should do is to name reasonable employment for them. I am twenty-three and have been well educated. I speak French and German and can write shorthand. I am open to any trustworthy post requiring intelligence. Salary £150 to begin with. I may add that I am one of the few persons who both bought and read your excellent book on our German cousins.

T. HARRIS GARLAND.

108, Guilford Street, W.C.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHEN a highly virile explorer, gifted with all the primitive and barbarous attractions of his fatal type, swoops down upon an ancient manor, we may be sure that trouble is brewing—especially when the manor contains a delightful and confiding girl. In *The Squire's Daughter* (METHUEN) Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL deals with such a situation. Having read his novel with sustained interest from the first page to the last, I am bound to say that he deals with it admirably. He is never mawkish; he never gushes unseasonably; he never offends by misplaced sentimentality. To these virtues of a negative sort he adds extraordinary positive merits. I have said that the book is very interesting. It owes that supreme quality not merely to its skillfully managed plot, but also to the abundant and cheerful humour—the twins, for instance, are quite irresistible—the deft, light touch, and the excellent characterisation of Mr. MARSHALL. Mr. Clinton is a live Squire, puzzle-headed, arbitrary, affectionate and absolutely convincing in his reality; and Cicely, his sweet daughter, with her innocence, her gaiety and her charm, is just such a daughter as any Squire may well be thankful for. All the persons, in short, stand out clear and well-defined. Mr. MARSHALL has done good work before, but *The Squire's Daughter* is by far his best.

Some time last year I read in one of the monthly magazines a story by Sir GILBERT PARKER, which struck me and remained in memory by reason of its simple poesy, its freshness of character and scenery. I find it in *Northern Lights* (METHUEN), one of nearly a score of short romances from the same pen. The rarest thing to find in current literature is a first-class short story. When a man has a tale to tell, he naturally is disposed to extend it over the orthodox space of a six-shilling novel. Sir GILBERT PARKER is more generous. He gives of his best within the compass of an average of twenty pages. *Northern Lights* shine over the Far West country of Canada. One-third of the tales, in which the red man and woman figure, are reminiscent of FENIMORE COOPER at his best. Of late years the author has been more familiar with the wastes of Carlton House Terrace and the wanderings of that mighty river, the Thames. But he has not lost touch with scenes of earlier life, can still paint the glory of Canadian skies, and enable the reader to realise the vastness of Canada's prairies and its forests. These form the background of a succession of stories in which a few short, sharp strokes of a deftly-wielded pen lead up to a variety of dramatic situations.

Its publisher (GRANT RICHARDS) has painted a very simple-looking fly on the cover of *Multitude and Solitude*, Mr. MASE-

FIELD's last book. It has a wicked heart, however, for it is the tsetse, whose bite conveys sleeping sickness to the inhabitants of Uganda, though not, of course, to the people who read about it in a novel. Mr. MASEFIELD makes no bones about dispensing with the conventions of his craft, for his heroine dies quite early, and we never, in fact, meet her in flesh and blood. It is the influence of her memory, however, which causes *Roger Naldrett* to desert play-writing for science, and set out for East Africa with another altruistic entomologist in search of a cure for trypanosomiasis. The author is quite at home among jungles and swamps and winged horrors; he is, in fact, one of the most imaginative pen-explorers I have ever read; but I am not sure that his psychological analysis of germs and flies consoles me for the substitution of medicine for romance. Also he commits one or two mistakes on other matters, which make me a little distrustful of his accuracy as a leech. There is no such plant, I believe, as an "aspedesta;" and when I hear of golfers "loafing" round the links I should like to assure

Mr. MASEFIELD that the bite which produces the golf-fever is far more like that of the gad-fly than the tsetse.

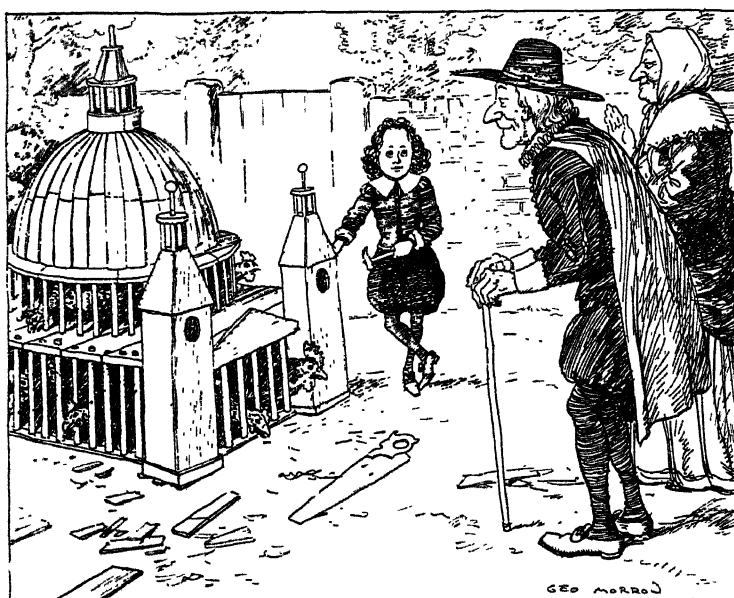
I have this against Mr. C. F. KEARY, who has written *The Mount* (CONSTABLE), that after beginning his book as a placid if cynical study of provincial snobism, with which I was beginning to be restfully interested, he without warning plunged it and me into lurid melodrama. Thus the story is really in two parts, of which the second is at once the more thrilling and the less convincing. The squalid, ugly life of a Staffordshire pottery town, and the social relations of its inhabitants with the richer manufacturers who dwell

in the decayed country that surrounds it, are told entertainingly enough. But when *Wilfred Ingram* invites *Hector Robinson* to an interview in his study at *The Mount* and incontinently shoots him dead, I was surprised and shocked. I join issue with the author over his contention that, given the help of an old servant (who seems to take things astoundingly for granted), it would be possible for the body to be removed and all evidence so destroyed that no suspicion would fall upon the murderer. Personally, I doubt it. But Mr. KEARY evidently knows Staffordshire better than I do, and if he thinks the local police incapable of discovering where *Robertson* went that evening, and who wrote the anonymous letter, I am bound to believe him. At all events he has written a book which is well worth reading.

From the rules of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds:—

"Subscribers . . . have the privilege of wearing the Hunt Button on hunting waistcoats or on scarlet evening coats with white facings. The same, *mutatis mutandis*, applies to ladies."

"*Mutatis mutandis*" is a cowardly way out of it. Why not mention boldly the Hunt hook-and-eye on the evening frock?



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—IV.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN, WHEN QUITE A BOY, CONSTRUCTS A HEN-HOUSE FOR HIS GRANDFATHER.

CHARIVARIA.

It is reported that Dr. LUNN, the Liberal candidate for Boston, Lincolnshire, has declined to ingratiate himself with his constituency by giving subscriptions to local objects. And now that "Lunn's Cheap Trips to Westminster" have been inaugurated, hosts of imitators are sure to spring up.

At last—and not a moment too soon—a serious attempt is to be made to raise the waning prestige of Parliament. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has consented to stand for a constituency.

He has presumably come to the conclusion that now is the time to act, and will appear in the rôle of a Tariff Performer.

Mr. HALL CAINE, we have reason to believe, was quite serious when he told the Censorship Committee that, if the theatres are to be given over to the drama affected by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, he will take to sweeping a crossing. He has already provided himself with a mop.

Meanwhile, all honour to Mr. CAINE for putting in a good word for the unpopular Mr. REDFORD. He informed the Committee that one play of his was never completed owing to his fear of the Censor.

Mr. CHESTERTON tells us in his latest book that he once projected a volume of poems "entirely about the things in my pocket," but abandoned it because he found it would be too bulky. So, you see, he is not so stout, after all: it's the things in his pocket.

Professor PERCIVAL LOWELL, of Boston, states that recent observations have revealed the fact that the canals on Mars are gradually disappearing, and he regards this as tending to prove the theory that Mars is inhabited by rational beings. The canals, we take it, cannot withstand the competition of the railways and motor traffic.

"In restaurant work," writes Mrs. EUSTACE MILES, "there are many trade secrets which it would be harmful to our interests to divulge." We are sure that this does not mean what it appears to mean.

Reading that over 2½ tons of fish will shortly be placed in the Thames, a humane lady expresses the hope that

in the course of the meeting not only was the Duke's Indian expedition discussed, but Miss ELKINS' name was also mentioned to their Majesties." It looks as if the key-holes in the royal *salle-à-manger* are badly placed for acoustic purposes.

A club for spiritualists, with a special room for ghosts, is to be established shortly in the West End. It is unfortunate that the name "White's" should have been appropriated already.

The recent theft of one of the new machine-guns from a French barracks leads a nervous taxpayer to ask, "Are our *Dreadnoughts* effectually safeguarded?" and to express the hope that in times of peace there is always a caretaker on board.

"The last quarter of the year begins to-day," says *The Express*, in a leader on Michaelmas, "and it is permissible to hope earnestly that the weather, which has not distinguished itself during the first three quarters of 1909, will now endeavour to retrieve its character." We congratulate our contemporary on the moderation of its language. A courteous appeal like this is far more likely to do good than intemperate abuse.

The Lady's Pictorial on the weather:—

"During the sixteen years every year varies a little in character, but summing them up it will be found that most are good or bad as the case may be."

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

Customer (to Proprietor specially summoned). "NOW, FRANKLY—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT EGG?"
Proprietor. "WELL, SIR, IT SOUNDS ALL RIGHT."



every precaution will be taken to prevent any of them being drowned.

An indignant correspondent denies the report published in many papers that the magnetic storm which visited London last week was unaccompanied by disaster. The football results were delayed.

The Duke of the ABRUZZI dined the other day with the King and Queen of ITALY, and "it is believed," says REUTER, "though nothing definite is known, that

Not a single subscriber should be lost by that.

People you should know:

(Guaranteed by "The Morning Post.")

"The most charming mouse in Brondesbury Park."

"Canon Blenkin, Rural Dear."

More barbarous Treatment of Women.

"She still wears skirts short enough to show a small neat pair of feet that were toasted in the early Victorian days."—*Belfast News Letter*.

A TRAP FOR BIG GAME.

TO LORD LANSDOWNE.

["That the quarrel," says *The Times*, "has been deliberately and of set purpose fastened upon the Lords is, of course, obvious." Yet Unionists throughout the country persist in urging Lord LANSDOWNE to play into the Government's hands by giving it the precise tactical advantages for which it has been laying itself out.]

As, when a sportsman in the jungly East
Fixes a toothsome snare
Wherewith to catch the lion, noble beast,
And kill him unaware
(Some juicy trifle well-selected for
The special taste of that fastidious glutton—
An ox, a pig, a potted zebra, or
A woolly mutton),

Then safe behind a closely wattled screen,
Or up a likely tree,
Surveys the prospect with a mind serene
And snug as snug can be;
Waits for the moon to rise and climb about,
Or, failing that, till darkness bids the morn hail,
And he can see to lay his quarry out
Dead as a door-nail,—

There is a moment when the beast appears
In a majestic pose,
Observing Nature through his eyes and ears,
But mainly through his nose;
Stalking his prey with nicely bated breath,
He little dreams, at this diverting juncture,
Himself will shortly meet a horrid death
Due to a puncture;—

There is a moment (I again remark)
Which shows us at our best,
When any sportsman who can raise a spark
Of pity in his breast
Suffers a qualm that puts him off his smile
To think that he should slay—it seems disgusting—
A thing so ignorant of human guile,
So naïve, and trusting;—

Just so, my lord, when on a hunting raid
LORD waits for you to spring
Into the simplest trap was ever laid
For any living thing,
There comes a moment when a kind of shame
Freezes his fighting marrow on reflecting
How innocent you are (for such big game),
How unsuspecting.

But, when the lion with a lusty bound
Falls on the fat decoy,
Rends it in little bits and lies around
Licking his chops for joy,
Past is the fear of ultimate remorse;
The hunter's blood is hot: it almost hisses;
He takes and plugs him dead (unless, of course,
The idiot misses).

O. S.

The Horrors of the Bath.

"Miss Edith Milner writes to *The Times* from Ober-Ammergau concerning the Passion-Play of next year. She discourses on the luxury with which travellers to the pleasant little village in Bavaria will be provided on the next occasion—that is to say, in 1910. The lodgings are to be more comfortable, *baths are to be provided*. . . . I shudder at the prospect set forth by Miss Milner."—*C. K. S.*, in "*The Sphere*."
The italics are ours; the shuddering is Mr. SHORTER'S.

THE SPREAD OF SOCIALISM.

["During the recent Army manoeuvres large numbers of officers and men who were in the stubble fields suffered from the attacks of 'harvesters,' a little insect which burrows under the skin. Many of the spectators, *including, it is stated, some distinguished persons, who were present at the final battle on Brabury Down and Coleshill, are also victims.*"—*Daily Mail* (all except the italics).]

SINCE the above outrage all sorts of titled people have become the targets of impudent insects, which have apparently taken courage from the successful attack of the "harvesters" here mentioned. Only the other day the Marchioness of — was set upon by a wasp, which must have been perfectly well aware of the rank of his "victim," and it was a mere chance that the butler in his efforts to save his mistress was, fortunately, stung instead. Even the timid house-fly is forgetting himself: The other day—to the honour of all who witnessed it—one of these middle-class pests was seen, actually *seen*, to alight on and explore the undeveloped baldness of a certain noble Earl. Lord B—, too, has had a nasty experience down in Devonshire. Thinking that his exalted rank would protect him from annoyance, his lordship sat down for a few minutes on an ant-hill to tie up his bootlace. The inhabitants were evidently Socialists to an ant, for they were literally all over him in a minute! Where is this sort of thing going to end? Cats are beginning to look askance at Countesses; a dog has dared to disobey a Duke; even the humble worm, as has been predicted these many years past, is turning. The three-year-old heir of a noble house, on bisecting one of these loathsome creatures, was to his dismay immediately outvoted—for a worm counts two on a division. Only last Wednesday a beetle was found in the bath of a Baroness. How did it get there? What do these things mean? Again, we are informed that a sparrow—but why multiply instances? [Why, indeed!—Ed.]

WRINKLES FOR THE SENILE.

A SIMPLE means of staving off old age has recently been discovered by Mr. EUSTACE MILES. It is to do something new and young, and perhaps ridiculous, every day. He further suggested that a fortune awaited the man who would provide a padded room where, for a penny, a man could go in for five minutes and laugh heartily and kick about and enjoy himself. A number of advertisements, bearing on this idea, have already been received by *Mr. Punch*.

CHEERFUL LUNATIC, tired of Hanwell, wishes to meet with Kindred Spirit, with whom he could Exchange Kicks in quiet studio on mutually satisfactory terms.

BED-KICKING ROOM to be Let for Single Middle-aged Gentleman, near Charing Cross Hospital. Sound-proof walls and concrete dado. Will stand any impact. Stretcher and first-aid always handy. Highest references to leading boot-makers and bone-setters.

COMMODIOUS LOOSE BOX, for Hire at One Shilling per hour, in Secluded Mews. Owner, having sold Cab-horse, would like to hear of Football Professional or ex-Policeman. Ample scope for Big Feet.

AU PAIR.—Elderly Suffragette, in training for Holloway, offers Back Parlour to practise in. Persian carpet and nothing breakable. Could give lessons in deportment.

VILLAGE IDIOT takes pupils in Well-appointed Country Cellar by permission of Parish Council. Highly successful with Grinning through Horse-collar, Guffawing, Chortling and other branches of Inanity. Testimonials from Septuagenarians, Dyspeptics and Intending Suicides.

GUARANTEED.—A Giddy Time and No Inquest. Lady-Member of a Corps-de-Ballet, now resting, will Thoroughly Rehabilitate any Female Valetudinarian with One Foot in the Grave by the new High-Kick Cure. Address, Bath-chair Bungalow, Broadmoor.



THE FLASCO.

SUMMER (*going off, to AUTUMN, coming on*). "WELL, DEAR, I HOPE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BUCK 'EM UP A BIT. ANYHOW, YOU CAN'T DO WORSE THAN I'VE DONE. MY TURN'S BEEN AN ABSOLUTE FROST."



Augustus (noticing that he has been served before his grandfather). "I SAY, GRAN'DAD, DID YOU TELL THE WAITER I WASN'T A MEMBER HERE?"

TO POSTUMUS IN OCTOBER.

WHEN you and I were younger the world was passing fair ;
Our days were sped with laughter, our steps were free as air ;
Life lightly lured us onward, and ceased not to unroll
In endless shining vistas a playground for the soul.
But now no glory fires us ; we linger in the cold,
And both of us are weary, and both are growing old ;
Come, Postumus, and face it, and, facing it, confess
Your years are half a hundred, and mine are nothing less.

When you and I were twenty, my Postumus, we kept
In tidy rooms in College, and there we snugly slept.
And still, when I am dreaming, the bells I can recall
That ordered us to chapel or welcomed us to hall.
The towers repeat our voices, the grey and ancient Courts
Are filled with mirth and movement, and echo to our sports ;
Then riverward we trudge it, all talking, once again
Down all the long unlovely extent of Jesus Lane.

One figure leads the others ; with frank and boyish mien,
Straight back and sturdy shoulders, he lords it o'er the scene ;
His grip is firm and manly, his cheeks are smooth and red ;
The tangled curls cling tightly about his jolly head.
And when we launch the eight-oar I hear his orders ring ;
With dauntless iteration I see his body swing ;
The pride of all the river, the mainstay of our crew—
O Postumus, my bald one, can this be truly you ?

Nay, Postumus, my comrade, the years have hurried on ;
You're not the only Phoenix, I know, whose plumes are gone.
When I recall your splendour, your memory, too, is stirred ;
You too can show a moulted, but once refulgent, bird ;
And, if I still should press you, you too could hardly fail
To point a hateful moral where I adorned the tale.

'Twere better to be thankful to Heaven that ruled it so,
And gave us for our spending the days of long ago.

R. C. L.

MR. SHACKLETON'S SHOW.

AT THE ANTARCTIC EXHIBITION IN SAVOY STREET.

First Female (gazing at photograph of members of the expedition). But, tell me, which is PEAR ?

Her Escort. He wasn't there ; he was doing the other Pole, you know.

First Female. But how silly of them. Why don't they all go to one Pole at a time, and keep each other company ?

Her Escort. They don't want company at the Poles. They like seclusion best.

Second Female (inspecting fur boots). But what huge feet they had !

Third Female. I daresay they chose them for that. You don't slip so easily on the icebergs.

Second Female. Well, it's all frightfully interesting ; but I can't understand why they turned back if they got so far.

Third Female. I think Mr. SHACKLETON explained it in the papers. They'd shot all the pemmican, and there was nothing left to eat.

Fourth Female (peeping in tent). "Fur sleeping-bag to hold seven men." What did they want all that fur for ? They always say that the farther south you go the hotter it is.

Husband. Not beyond the Equator, my dear.

Fourth Female. Well, it used to be so in my young days. That's what I was taught at school ; but I expect it's all altered now.

Husband. It's always been very cold at the South Pole, my dear.

Stout Lady. How do they know, when they never got there ? Anyhow, it's time I had a cup o' tea. [Exit.

LITERATURE WELL THUMBED.

["*The World's Great Books*" (says the advertisement) "is a work which the necessities of modern civilisation have long demanded. The twentieth century has been described as a century in a hurry. Time-saving methods and appliances are needed everywhere. It is inevitable that the time-saving principle should be extended to literature. . . . The new Harmsworth fortnightly is destined to provide the remedy. . . . A book like *The Origin of Species* will be presented to you as if Darwin had written it in the form of an article for the busy man who reads *The Daily Mail*; *Jane Eyre*, as if Charlotte Brontë had written it as a short story for a magazine."

It is a fine conception. We hope we have caught the spirit of it in our attempt to re-write *The Egoist*.]

LORD WILLOUGHBY'S WOOING.

[*You can start this story now!*]

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

After an able but slightly fanciful prelude, in which the author, with what seems now to have been almost prophetic insight, refers to the dangers and difficulties of the explorer "on the edge of the Pole," we are introduced to

LORD WILLOUGHBY PATERNE, a typical English peer of the better class, the owner of a fine park and mansion. His lithe-limbed figure is the admiration of all, particularly of

MRS. MOUNTSTUART JENKINSON, one of his neighbours. Lord Willoughby is madly in love with a charming girl,

LADY CONSTANTIA DURHAM. She however throws him over and elopes with the scion of a noble house who is in the Guards. Lord Willoughby is literally decimated with grief, and turns for consolation to

LADY LETITIA DALE, a charming girl who lives close by. Before he can propose to her he becomes the winner of the great Atlas Competition, which entitles him to a free tour round the world. On his return from this he finds that Lady Letitia has lost much of her beauty. Suddenly, to the surprise of all, he announces his engagement to

MISS CLARA MIDDLETON, a charming, though untitled, girl, who is the daughter of

BISHOP MIDDLETON, a famous divine. Father and daughter come to stay at Paternne Hall. Clara takes a great interest in young

HON. CROSSJAY PATERNE, a small relative of Lord Willoughby, and who is intended for the Navy. He is being coached by

VERNON WHITFORD, a handsome and melancholy man, who is secretly in love with Clara, but from motives of poverty and honour refrains from pressing his suit. Clara thinks that Crossjay will have no chance of passing for the Navy unless he is specially crammed. [In regard to

which an interesting discussion has arisen in our columns and is continued below.—EDITOR.] It is upon this point that the first lovers' tiff between her and Lord Willoughby has arisen.

GENERAL SIR HORACE DE CRAYE. A fascinating and sentimental Irishman. He has recently been the victim of a nasty cab accident.

CHAPTER XX.

An Aged and a Great Wine.

Bishop Middleton was walking leisurely up and down the lawn until he should hear the bell to dress for dinner. As he paced the soft turf, elastic on muscles of calf and foot, he bore his broad iron-grey head in grand elevation. Needless to say, however, he was troubled about his daughter. Her mother, Lady Jane, had been an amiable woman, of the poetical temperament nevertheless, too enthusiastic, imaginative, impulsive for the repose of a sober divine; an admirable woman, still, as you see, a woman, a firework. Clara took after her—hence these tears. A husband was her proper custodian, justly relieving a father. With Socialists and so-called Liberals abroad and daughters at home, philosophy is needed for us to keep erect. Let the girl be Cicero's Tullia, as the saying is: well, she dies! The choicest of them will furnish us examples of a strange perversity.

While he was ruminating in this extraordinary manner he was approached by Lord Willoughby, who was swinging the key of his cellar.

"What will you drink, Bishop?" asked his lordship.

"Well," said Dr. Middleton, cautiously, "what have you—"

"Come and see. I am just going down to my cellar."

"Have you anything good?"

"A wine aged ninety."

"Port?"

"Port."

"Ah, we are in England."

[The Australians much appreciated Pellier Water during their stay in this country.—ADVT.]

A chirrup was in the right reverend bishop's tone as he launched into his famous discourse on wines: "Hocks," he said, "are sometimes old. I have tasted very old Hocks. There are many different kinds of Hocks. We say Old Tawny Port. We cannot say that of any other drink. We never, for instance, say Old Tawny Ginger Ale. Port is literally deep-sea deep. It is like a classic tragedy; for example, *The Agamemnon*, which is, I hear, appearing in fortnightly parts in 'The World's Great Books.' Port is our noblest legacy. Burgundy has great genius. I do not compare the wines; I distinguish the

qualities. Claret also, as you say, has moments."

[Do you drink Three Moon Brandy?—ADVT.]

Conversing jocularly thus, they approached the cellar. But their gaiety left them as they began to descend. The cool, vaulted passages struck a

NEXT WEEK! OUR GRAND NEW SERIAL COMMENCES!!

JUGGLING JUDE;

OR,

THE MAN WHO DID.

BY

THOS. HARDY

(Author of "*Why Bathsheba Left Home*.")

sudden chill into the heart of his lordship. He shivered. A nameless fear also seized the eminent divine.

"Wait," he said hoarsely; "there is something I must tell you."

It was too late. The other had turned the key and the cellar-door swung open.

They held their breath as they peered into the darkness. *What was that?*

A sudden shriek, and then silence.

(*To be continued.*)

WOULD CROSSJAY HAVE PASSED INTO THE NAVY?

To the Editor of "*The Daily Mail*."
The Laurels, Eastbourne.

DEAR SIR,—I have been much interested in the discussion which has arisen with regard to the education of the lad Crossjay, and I am certainly of opinion that it would be advisable to remove him from his present tutor, and place him in charge of a specialist in preparing boys for the Navy. Speaking for myself, I have one vacancy for the next term; and I may state that boys under my charge are not only instructed by a highly qualified staff of resident graduates, but also receive every home attention from Mrs. Tutt, assisted by an efficient lady matron.

I am, Sir, &c.

PERCY TUTT.

Owing to the great interest aroused in this question, an interest which will be largely increased by Mr. Tutt's letter, we have telegraphed to the headmasters of all our leading public schools, asking them to let us know whether, in their opinion, a private tutor or a coaching establishment is the better preparation for the Navy. We print the answers we have received:—

From the HEADMASTER OF POCKLINGTON: "Many of our boys pass direct into Army without extra coaching."

From the HEADMASTER OF CLAYESMORE: "The health of the pupil is of more importance than mere examinations."

From the HEADMASTER OF BROMSGROVE: "It depends on the boy."

[You must have a glass of Sherry.—ADVT.]

A. A. M.

FIRST AID FOR THE DRAMA.

THE spirited new departure taken by Mr. HERBERT TRENCH in enriching the Haymarket programmes for *King Lear* with an essay on that momentous tragedy is, we are glad to learn, about to be extensively followed by other lessees, managers and presenters. It is with sincere pleasure that we reproduce portions of the masterly appreciation of *Dear Little Denmark*, which has recently emanated from the scholarly pen of Mr. FRANK CURZON.

Dear Little Denmark is PAUL RUBENS'S supreme achievement, perhaps the most poignant and soul-shaking comedy ever written, excelling the *Frogs* of ARISTOPHANES in subtlety of characterisation, *The School for Scandal* in beauty of execution, and *Our Boys* in profundity of thought.

Never was a more daring conception than that of *Ophelia*, a maiden from Jutland, wearing a tall hat and speaking broad Lancashire! A lesser genius with a lesser conception of cosmic humour would have shrunk from such a temerarious flight. But PAUL RUBENS, uniting, as his name implies, apostolic fervour with the opulent artistry of an old master, shrinks from nothing. His tragically profound sense of humour perceived that this strange manifestation of the ewig weibliche supplied a scope for irony which great imaginations have always found in human affairs, and the result is an overwhelming justification of his intrepid enterprise.

In his versatility—for he is his own librettist—PAUL RUBENS challenges comparison with the Bayreuth Colossus and emerges triumphantly from the exacting ordeal. For while WAGNER'S command of sentiment was restricted to its more serious phases PAUL RUBENS ranges over the whole gamut of human emotion from elemental passion to the most delicate caprice. WAGNER, great genius that he was, could never have written that adorable refrain to the "humming duet":—

Oh, tidilly um!
Lum tity toty tum!
Lum tidilly um!
Lum tity toty tum!
Lum tidilly um!
Lum tity toty tum!
Lum ti to ta tee—
Tiddily um!

To find a parallel to the fine careless rapture of this wonderful lyric one has to go back to HERRICK, CATULLUS or SAPPHO.

Another trait in PAUL RUBENS which stamps him with the indelible hall-mark of genius is his prescience. Thus the family name of the Duke in *Dear Little Denmark* is *Rasmussen*, though the production antedated by many weeks the sudden leap into eminence of his name-



School Governess. "WHY, VERA, YOUR ESSAY IS COPIED WORD FOR WORD FROM MACAULAY."
Vera. "WELL, I THOUGHT I COULDN'T DO A BETTER ONE MYSELF."

sake, the renowned Eskimo linguist and champion of Dr. Cook. But in nomenclature, as in all else, PAUL RUBENS is paramount in poetic significance and imaginative splendour. Note how trippingly his title flows from the tongue—*Dear Little Denmark*, and compare it with the clumsy inanity of, say, *Cheap Great Sweden* or *Hateful Huge Russia*. In fine, anyone who reads the play aright will find through all its spiritual chaos and terror the savage, majestic, human soul struggling towards gentleness, dignity and feeling for others. Changed are the men and women who have come through these stormy waters, and the headstrong, wilful *Hansen* of the opening scene is hardly recognisable in the discredited Court physician who, in the hour of supreme humiliation and

defeat, forgets his own sorrows to comfort his faithful Lancashire sweetheart from the vine-clad summits of Jutland.

"Incapacitated, presumably by gout, judging from the boot that cannot escape the eye of a sufferer from this complaint, the lady sat complacently in a chair."—*The Observer*.

"Judging," we should have said (mindful of the gouty squire of fiction) "by the eye that cannot escape the boot of a sufferer from this complaint."

"Widower (35), two daughters, desires correspondence with smart, lovable young lady, able to swim."—*Yorkshire Post*.

We suggest to Mr. MAUGHAM that he should strike new ground by making his next heroine a smart, lovable young lady, who can swim.

THE NEW FOLKS AT HOME.

II.

London (England).

DEAR SADIE,—It's a terrible while since I heard from you, and I've been looking for something from your end of the line this last month. Just rustle two cents (that's all it is now) and send me a letter, dear, quick; I'd like to know what's happening your way.

Pop is in terrible disgrace, and I must tell you about it. The whole racket was over a salmon, so I reckon you won't understand it; but it shows what queer folk they are over here anyway. This is how it happened. Pop was staying in Scotland at a house where they've got a grouse reservation and a bit of a wood, and a little one-horse creek with salmon in it. All the sports were crazy to catch a salmon, but couldn't do it, although they tried for weeks and talked about it no end. You have to wear a hat trimmed with flies, and creep about behind bushes so as to fool the salmon, and if you're in luck you get a rise; and that's the end of it, because it never comes to anything.

Well, Pop had noticed the men doing all this play-acting, and listened to their hard-luck tales about the pesky fish, and one night he fixed it up to have a dash himself. Next morning, bright and early, Pop went out and dug up a worm, put it on a hook and dropped it into the creek and waited for the bell to ring. Sure enough in a minute or two he felt a tug and yanked out a big salmon! It was a beauty, and Pop was in two minds about putting it back because fish don't agree with him, but he concluded to take it indoors and show the folks. When they saw the fish and heard how Pop had caught it they were fit to be tied, they were so mad. It appears that the old man had done the wrong thing somehow, and ought not to have fished that way on any account! One man said it was worse than shooting foxes, and another one said it wasn't cricket! And Pop said, No, of course it wasn't, it was fishing, and all he cared about was results! They didn't quit talking about it all day, and they kept up until Pop cleared out. It's a kind of mystery, anyhow.

I met Maisie Hopkins out shopping one day last week, and we went to the Silence Room and had a long talk. As soon as her souvenir collection is ready she's going back home, and my word! Sadie, she *has* got some things. Maisie is no slouch when antiques are around! Four full-sized Saratogas bursting with them—curios, hotel spoons and relics! It made my mouth water worse than a melon! Maisie says collecting is dead easy in this country because folks don't savvy the value of things and don't know what they're selling half the time. For instance, Maisie was in a cathedral

town and lit on an old curiosity-store on a side-street, and you ought to see the bargains that woman walked away with! There was a plague-pipe—there are only about half-a-dozen of them left in the country—and a silver coin *very* old, with B.C. 62 on it, and the cutest snuff-box you ever saw! It was dug up somewhere in a part called Cornwall and belonged to King ARTHUR! The old hay-seed who was tending store for his brother let her have the things for a song! I tell Maisie she has all the luck, sure, but she says No, it's just the bargain sense! I guess she's right.

I took Pop to dinner at the Wackenbaths a few nights back. Old man Wackenbath has struck it rich in glue, and he's over here now collecting heirlooms. He claims that his collection is the biggest in Europe, and I guess he's not far off the mark. There were a lot of folks there, and after dinner most everybody settled down to bridge; so I talked to the man who took me in. He is in the Army, and games give him brain fog, he says. He wears a monocle, and I asked him why. And he said it was a regimental custom, and the other officers would haze him if he didn't! I never saw such a man! We got on to American history and national heroes, and I asked him who was his favourite character in American history—GEORGE WASHINGTON or ROCKEFELLER? and he said the Governor of North Carolina was *his* favourite character! Sakes alive! I couldn't make anything of the man; but he's going to call here some afternoon, if he can get time off. He's in the Guards, and they hardly have time for anything, they have to work so. It's too bad.

Cy has just come prancing in as proud as a poodle with a blue rosette. He got among some green-goods men at a race meeting, and they thought he was a Britisher because he didn't wear a flat hat and fancy shoe-laces, and one of the men said he was at school with Cy, and Cy said, Yes, sure, and did he remember the old vicarage with the honeysuckle round the portico where they used to spend vacations? And the man said, Yes, and would Cy flutter for sovereigns? So Cy fluttered, and won twice, and then he wouldn't go on with it, and when the man said, Why not? Cy said that his old man—the Vicar—told him never to toss more than twice with old school-mates at race meetings because it was immoral. The green-goods merchant cracked on to beat the band and said that Cy ought to be deported! I reckon Cy is slick enough to be a politician; what do you think?

How are things at Bangville? I shall be glad to be back along with all the folks, though I'm not saying that it isn't good fun, this travelling around

and seeing things. I shall never be sorry I brought Pop over here, and it does me good to see him! he's as chipper as a sandfly, and enjoys himself all the time.

Write as soon as you can, Sadie, and send me all the news. I must quit now as I'm going to try on some clothes and the woman is waiting. They're dreams, but I haven't the time to tell you about them this mail. Happy days!

Yours as before, ELMIRA.

THE STAG O' TEN.

WE left the lodge in the morning,
The rime was white on the grass,
The cock grouse crowed on the hillocks
To cheer us up the Pass,
The peaks were in golden glory,
The flats wine-purple, when
We left the lodge in the morning
To look for the stag o' ten!

And we searched each face and corrie,
And we saw the heather swim
A-jump in the heat at noontide,
All hazy blue and dim:
And we saw the red hinds listen
Heads high and ears held still,
And we watched the bobbing canter
That carried them up the hill!

We spied and we crawled and clambered,
But never the glass picked up
A hint of his branching honours—
Of brow, of tray, of cup,
Till over the western summits
The night came down the glen,
And out came a star to mock us
For want of the stag o' ten!

As back to the lodge's lamp-light
We went by the darkling braes,
All solemnly through the birches
The moon came up to gaze
On one of us lamely limping,
Burnt sorely red and brown,
As stiff as a kitchen poker
With "plowtering up an' down!"

But we'd seen some six fair counties
Spread out as a map might be;
We'd seen an eagle wheeling,
A far gray shield of sea;
We'd looked on the rugged splendour
Of loch and rock and Ben—
So one of us said 'twas worth it,
In spite of the stag o' ten!

"The dispute at the Auckland Park Collieries, Bishop Auckland, was accentuated yesterday by the putters declining to undertake the duties of the disaffected drivers."

The Westminster Gazette.

No wonder. Much better try an iron.

The Truth about Moses.

"Captain Peary, who, like Moses, was granted but the sight of the Pole." — *The Eastern Province Herald.*



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—V.

EUCLID WITH HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS CELEBRATING THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DISCOVERY "THAT ANY TWO SIDES OF A TRIANGLE ARE TOGETHER GREATER THAN THE THIRD."

THE "ROOFER'S" SUCCESSOR.

THE roofer is dead; that is certain. But when did it die? When did the agreeable habit of thanking a hostess for a pleasant visit beneath her roof die and disappear? It would puzzle the social historian to say, but it probably met its end at about the same time as many other good manners. To-day visitors come and go and say nothing of it, and it is by way of commentary on this new departure that a hostess of imagination has invented a novel type of duty-letter. It takes the form of a communication from the hostess to her guest thanking him for being so gracious as to confer distinction on her house by his presence and so condescending as to eat her food and drink her wine. It runs something like this:—

"DEAR MR. BLANK,—I trust that you got home safely, and found that all had gone well during your absence. It was very kind of you to spare so much of your valuable time for such insignificant persons as ourselves, and we duly appreciate the honour done us, especially when we recollect how far we live from

town, and how few attractions the house can offer to so *répandu* a worldling as yourself. If at any time you are so good as to pay us another visit, I trust you will remember that a Complaint Book is placed in the hall, and anything that you object to we will do our best to improve.

"Pray do not trouble to acknowledge this, and believe me to be yours to command,

"ALICE HAVEN."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think that you as a dog-lover (for you do love Toby, don't you? At any rate, you seem to be inseparables) will be interested in hearing of an invention that has just been perfected by Messrs. Curzon of the Strand, the well-known mathematical-instrument makers. This consists of a pedometer for dogs, so carefully constructed that it may be altered in its gear to suit the gait of both a toy terrier and a St. Bernard. It is a small instrument with a strap to fix it firmly to the leg, so that the dog cannot worry it off. Every dog-lover has remarked from time

to time upon the wonderful distances that his dogs run when they are out with him. By means of this pedometer those distances can now be ascertained. I tried one on a fox-terrier last week, affixing it to him at the beginning of a walk over the hills which was to extend on my part to a measured two-and-a-half miles, or exactly an hour in time. Will you believe it, that when the hour was up the dog had covered fifteen-and-a-third miles? You see how interesting this invention will make country walks; and I need hardly remind you of the bets, etc., it will lead to.

Yours, PHIL CAINE.

"WORKSOP . . . Forwards, Arthurs, Simpson, Padley, Raybould, and Lee. . . The Worksop forward line was very weak, and the only players worthy of any praise were Arthurs, Simpson, Padley, and Lee."—*Retford Times*.
Our sympathies go out to RAYBOULD.

"There are middle-aged men living on the Forest who recollect their fathers and uncles attending this school."—*The East Grinstead Observer*.
(Sensation.)



Chauffeur (consolingly). "YOU'D 'AVE 'AD 'IM, SIR, IF HE 'ADN'T SKIDDED."

TO A TEMPLE PIGEON.

3, Temple Buildings.
(Go on climbing stairs till
you see my name on a door.)

MY DEAR HERBERT,—I think you are being a very silly pigeon. It used to be such a comfortable arrangement, your coming to the window of my rooms. After all, you did not have to struggle with the stairs, and, even if I had wanted to, I couldn't fly to your nest. How was I to know where it is, or whether you pigeons even have nests at all? Then you suddenly go and take offence and never come back to the old window-sill any more. As I say, I think you are behaving foolishly, even for a pigeon.

I must confess that, when in the first place I started putting crumbs on the sill, it was not so much out of kindness to you as because I did not know where else on earth to put them. If I threw them out on to the lawn, there were always the Temple porters with top-hats; if I put them down the waste pipe, there were always sanitary inspectors without top-hats, but with a lot of violence concealed about them. So I laid them on the sill and you came along and thought that I was meaning to do you a good turn. Who was I to undeceive you? Really, my dear old bird, you cannot blame me for that. Be blowed, they

were excellent crumbs as crumbs go, and I know lots of sparrows who would simply have hopped at them. Moreover, I dare say that when you first took to leaving feathers on the sill you were not thinking entirely of my pipe-cleaning. Of course you will now say that you were, but I can quite imagine that, though feathers are all very well to fly with and to keep yourself warm and all that, it is very comforting to find a man who will let you shed the worn-out ones all over his house and still go on giving you crumbs. You simply dared not go into a second-hand clothes shop and try to dispose of them; you knew that, if you once started doing that, you would probably end in a cage or in a pie.

As it was our little mutual arrangement might have gone on for years and years (or for as many years as pigeons go on), and no blame have attached to either party, when you go and make an idiot of yourself over a cigarette-end. Surely you are never going to say that I had no right to put it there? After all, it is my sill, and how was I to know that you were a non-smoker? Besides, even a non-smoker might have known that, with however good intentions you start a cigarette, you have to leave off before you get to the end. Then there is that tiresome bit to get rid of, and, as the Temple porters still wore top-hats

and the inspectors were still sanitary, there was nothing else for it but the window-sill again. But I thought that any fool could tell the difference between a cigarette-end and a crumb, and surely you are aware that, if you do not care for what you happen to be eating, you can always leave it on your plate?

Now look here, old cock. I am ready to climb down, if you are ready to climb up. Come and patronise the old window-sill, for goodness' sake, and get on with your crumbs, and let me get on with the cleaning of my pipes. Anyhow, I promise not to put another cigarette-end in your way unless I feel that I simply must have one more good laugh. Lastly, I warn you that, if you ignore my very decent offer, I shall resort to drastic courses. I may even have to punish you by sub-letting my rooms to a man I know who eats all his crumbs himself, keeps an air-gun and simply hates pigeons.

Yours still, GEORGE.

An Authentic Criticism.

Working Man. "What I say is, why tax the working man's beer and tobacco? Why can't things stop as they are? What do we want a Budget for? Never heard of it before LLOYD-GEORGE came—it's one of his fads."



A DOG'S CHANCE.

NOBLE SPANIEL (*answering to name of "Marquis"*). "THEY TELL ME THAT AS A SPORTSMAN I OUGHT TO TACKLE THIS THING; BUT I'M NOT AT ALL SURE I SHAN'T LET IT PASS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE "BACKWOODSMEN" ARE COMING TO TOWN.

(A Fancy Sketch of the March of the Lords' Reserves on their way to deal with the Budget.)

House of Commons, Monday, September 27.—Only thirty questions on paper. When first called on not as many Members present. Front Opposition Bench tenantless. Treasury Bench almost in same condition. Here and there a lusty trout, such as N. B. HALDANE, and here and there a grayling, represented by SYDNEY BUXTON, who also had question to answer. What with non-appearance of Members who have put questions down and non-arrival of Ministers to whom they are addressed, collapse of sitting seems imminent.

Fine opportunity for HOBHOUSE, who makes the most of it. Nominally FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY, he is actually the Utility Man of the Ministry. When any right hon. colleague is detained elsewhere by State affairs, he sends written answer to HOBHOUSE, who in due course reads it to House. A quick-change artist, he at one moment represents the Admiralty, anon the Board of Trade, frequently the Treasury, LLOYD-GEORGE being shut up in his room drafting new clauses for Budget Bill.

All very well to read typewritten manuscript. Difficulty presents itself

when enquiring minds opposite put supplementary questions. Process akin to that of giving novice swimming lessons with assistance of the corks, presently withdrawing them and bidding him go ahead. HOBHOUSE comes through ordeal admirably. Naturally knows little of particulars of case presented as affected by internal arrangements whether of Admiralty, Board of Trade, or Treasury. Nevertheless manages to give the soft answer that turneth away curiosity.

Business done.—Thirty-fifth sitting in Committee on Budget Bill. Members in almost comatose state.

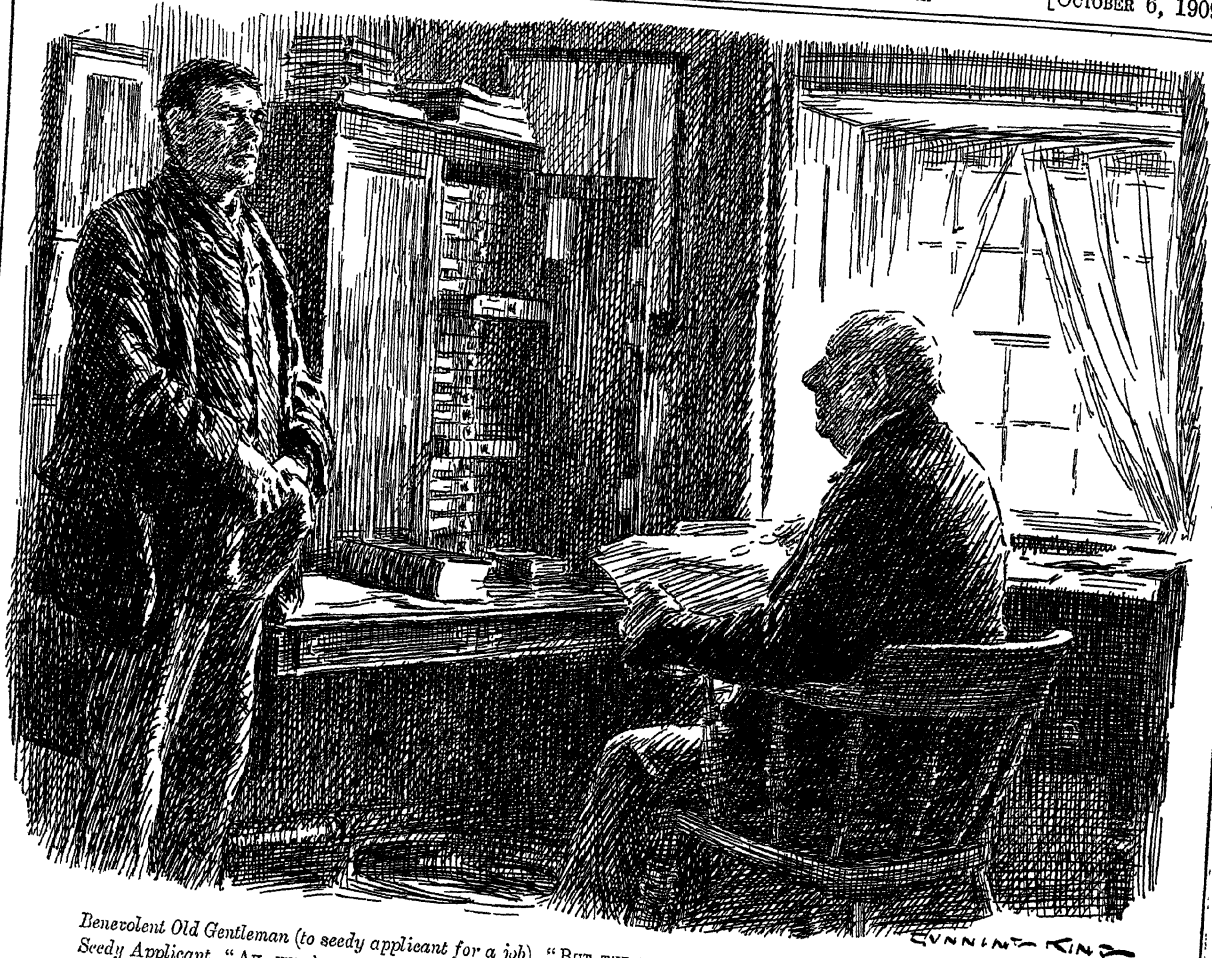
Tuesday.—The CHATTERJEES in full cry. A group of fourteen questions relating to unrest in India stands in their name. CHATTERJEE COTTON leads off with three. Close on his heels come ACHYUT RUTHERFORD, ARABINDO MACKARNES, and KOLHATKAR LUPTON, who believes vaccination is at the bottom of the whole bad business. From his tower on top corner seat below Gangway, REES OF HINDUSTAN looks on, watchful, ready to trip up the CHATTERJEES.

Got a bit of string across the road

in preparation for preliminary canter of CHATTERJEE COTTON, who moved for return setting forth particulars of recent deportations in India. REES gave notice of another designed to present situation in entirely new light. When Questions got in full swing, he, a sort of Parliamentary King's Proctor, was constantly "intervening," submitting in form of cunningly constructed question propositions designed to bring the CHATTERJEES ignominiously to mother earth.

One of the finest touches in the familiar comedy is the attitude the CHATTERJEES adopt towards their inquisitor. They just ignore him. As far as sign of knowledge of his presence is forthcoming, he might still be in Hindustan. If it were the Irish Nationalists' turn, and if in analogous circumstances anyone were to controvert their questions by argument prefaced by the phrase, "Before the right hon. gentleman answers that question, may I—" there would be wigs on the green. Half-a-dozen of the bhoys would leap to their feet and fall on the intruder.

Possibly REES OF HINDUSTAN sometimes



Benevolent Old Gentleman (to seedy applicant for a job). "BUT THE LAST MAN I HELPED TURNED OUT TO BE A BURNIAR," Seedy Applicant. "AH, YER 'ONOUR, THAT 'S HOW INNERCENT MEN LIKE YOU AND ME 'AS TO SUFFER!"

yearns for little attention of that kind. Nothing more chilling than silence broken occasionally by voice of SPEAKER with call to Order. Sometimes relief forthcoming from KOLHATKAR LUPTON. Has long suspected REES of having been vaccinated. Knows that, even if Rules permitted him to address enquiry designed to clear up doubt on subject, REES would work in one of his innocent-looking counter-interrogations and suggest that, assuming (which he would not) the suspicion were well founded, the alleged act took place at a time when, owing to his being a minor, he had no legal responsibility.

Nevertheless, though up to present date he has mastered disposition to formulate enquiry on the subject, LUPTON regards REES with gravest suspicion, moving uneasily in his seat when he hears his voice. Some day temptation will prove irresistible and REES OF HINDUSTAN, warned off prevarication, will be publicly challenged to say "Yes" or "No" to a personal question.

Another part in comedy admirably filled is that of UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA. Came down to-day with sheaf of

manuscript containing official answers to questions on the paper. Before he could read No. 1, REES OF HINDUSTAN interposed, turning searchlight full upon the CHATTERJEES grouped on the benches below, disclosing, as it were through the back of their heads, the disloyal intentions that inspire their indictment of the Indian Executive Government. ELIBANK not to be drawn into controversy. He also ignores existence of REES OF HINDUSTAN, a condition to which that gentleman is growing accustomed.

"In reply to the question on the paper," says ELIBANK with emphasis establishing a distinction, and then comes the bare recital of facts.

Here the incident might be expected to end. Such expectation indicates ignorance of the ways of the CHATTERJEES. They have asked their question and received full answer. Instantly full pack on its hind legs yelping in chorus fresh enquiries. ELIBANK purrs back replies which contain as little as possible in addition to official answer. Next question on paper. The King's Proctor intervenes as before. Pussy purrs again

with increasing seductiveness. More yelping in chorus, and so *da capo*.

The House, though bored by vain repetition, looks on smilingly at the diversion. But what about its effect on the teeming population of India when gravely reported in native newspapers?

Business done.—Committee on Budget Bill solemnly decide that chalk is not a mineral.

Earl WINTERTON (deathless in pursuit of miscellaneous information): "What about cheese?"

CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES: "Order! Order!"

Thursday.—The shadow of Dissolution hangs low over the House. You can almost feel the dankness of its atmosphere. To all appearance Members still busy with Budget Bill. Actually nothing is talked of but Dissolution, all conjecture centred upon its date, all prophecy foretelling its momentous results.

Taken for granted on both sides that the Lords will throw out Budget Bill. Only dissentient voice one hears comes from the MEMBER FOR SARK. He insists that the Lords are not such—well, are

not so far lacking in sanity as to force a Dissolution at this particular juncture. Aboveall in view of this particular Budget.

"Of course," he says, "if they do take the unprecedented course attributed to their intention, they will be actuated by no other motive than that of pure patriotism. But this is a wicked world, and seeing that they as a class are most severely hit by the new or extended methods of taxation folk are sure to say they are fighting for their own. If the fourteen millions which everyone admits have to be raised somehow were levied upon tea or sugar, to destroy the proposal would not avoid the constitutional question of the Lords' meddling with money Bills. But it would be free from suspicion of personal interest. By a Budget that creates a system of Land Taxes, increases Death Duties, invents super-income-tax, the Lords themselves are sorely smitten, and cannot escape unworthy suspicion.

"In throwing out the Budget they will not only commit an unpardonable sin against the Constitution; they will appear to be sinning in order to save their own pockets. Impossible to conceive choice of battle-ground being made under worse conditions. That is my specific reason for refusing to believe that the Lords will throw out the Bill—unless, indeed, the wild backwoodsmen force LANSLOWNE's hand."

All very well; but it is the voice of one crying in the wilderness. As for the rest they shout for the battle.

Business done.—Nearing end of discussion in Committee of original clauses of Budget Bill.

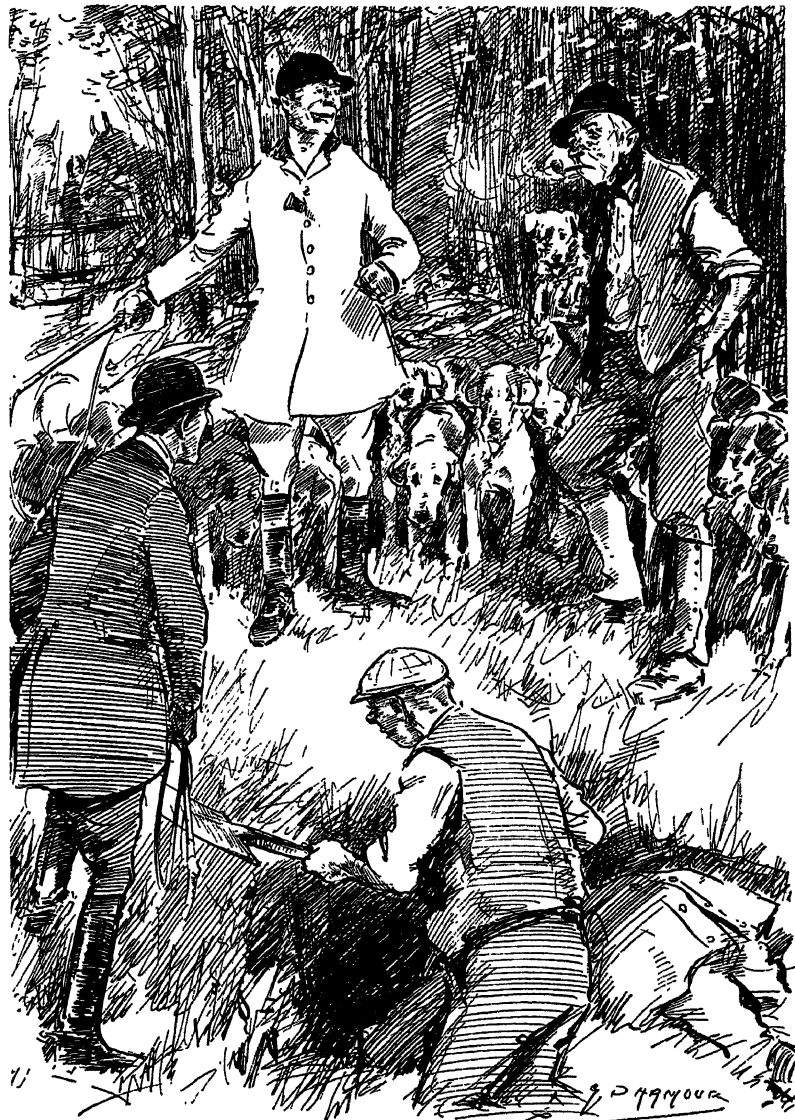
QUESTION AND ANSWER.

INTERVIEW WITH THE TALKING GOOSE.

THE wonderful thinking goose which so deeply impressed the editorial staff of *The Daily Chronicle* has made astonishing strides since his arrival in London. To begin with, "Jimmy" was able to converse only by the somewhat cumbersome method of picking out cards with words painted on them. But a few lessons from a famous voice-producer, Mr. Benry Hussell, have put that all right, and "Jimmy" now talks quite distinctly in a rich fruity voice with the *timbre* of a bass clarinet.

Interviewed last Saturday by our representative at the Golden Egg Hotel, "Jimmy" courteously answered a number of questions bearing on his own career and the political situation with the utmost lucidity and intelligence, though confessing to a little fatigue after a succession of Michaelmas escapes.

Asked as to his parentage and origin, "Jimmy" stated that he was undoubtedly of royal descent, as his ancestors were settled at Kingussie (King Goosey).



Master. "WELL, JACK, CAN'T YOU GIVE US A HAND WITH A SPADE?"

Jack (who has been running all the morning). "VERY SORRY, SIR, DAREN'T DO NO WORK. I'M DRAWIN' CLUB MONEY."

Master. "WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Jack. "GOT A BAD FOOT."

When the laughter provoked by this joyous sally had died away our representative asked "Jimmy" what he thought of the Budget. "What do I think of it?" he replied. "Why, of course, I have an hereditary partiality for all quack remedies." In this context "Jimmy" spoke with great cordiality of his reception at the offices of *The Chronicle*, where he was delighted to find a rook sitting in the office window. "This," said Jimmy, "is the age of the bird. Man takes him for his model in aerial locomotion. He cannot even dispense with swallow tails in his evening attire."

"Is it true," queried our representative, "that you have decided to appear at the Music-halls?"

"No," said "Jimmy," "but I have accepted an engagement to speak on behalf of the Budget League to counter-balance the effect of the fifty-seven-years-old goose (belonging to a friend of the Duchess of BEDFORD) who has been retained as a champion of Tariff Reform."

"One word more. Is it true that your feet—"

"Are webbed? Yes, it is; and I shall continue to call them so until HOLBEIN has swum the Channel."

From "Things you should know," in *The Glasgow News*:

"The eel has now two separate hearts." What can you expect with this Budget?

A STUDY IN JOURNALISTIC CONDENSATION.

THE passengers in the coasting steamer, *Davy Jones*, had an alarming experience yesterday morning when that vessel struck on a submerged rock near Murther-Treadmyll, North Wales. The captain, Mr. John Jones, immediately ordered the boats to be lowered, and a lifeboat was despatched from shore by Mr. William Jones, harbour-master, under the command of Mr. Thomas Henry Jones (retired Royal Navy); but, the catastrophe having occurred in only six feet of water, the passengers, to the number of seventeen, were safely got ashore without even getting wet.

Mr. George Ap-John Jones (aged 45, married), a spectator from the beach, gives the following account:—"I was standing on the shore with my friend, Mr. Owen Owens Jones, when we saw the *Davy Jones* strike end-on upon some obstruction below the surface. The boats were instantly lowered, but were found unnecessary, as the passengers managed to climb ashore over the rocks without even wetting their feet. There must have been some sixteen or eighteen of them. The wreck was got off without any assistance from the lifeboat. The incident reflects great credit on all concerned [except perhaps the helmsman, Mr. Thomas Jones.—Ed.].

In an interview, the captain, Mr. John Jones (49, unmarried) states:—"We were steaming off Murther-Treadmyll about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at a speed of ten knots whatever, when I heard the ship strike a rock. I ordered the boats out whatever, although the water was no more than six feet deep. I was signalling for a lifeboat.

How many passengers were you carrying, Captain Jones?—Seventeen. I was shouting out that there was no danger, and put on a lifebelt.

Was there any panic?—None whatever. We were only a yard or two from the shore, and they were landing in a few minutes.

Nobody was drowned?—Nobody whatever; they went ashore dry-footed. I was administering stimulants to the crew, and we got the vessel off whatever.

The Murther-Treadmyll Cross-Examiner supplies the following interesting details:—"The depth of the water at the scene of the unforeseen catastrophe approximates, according to the corroborated evidence of experienced mariners, to six feet. No insuperable obstacles were therefore presented to disembarkation at this point, and no inconvenience experienced by compulsory immersion in the waters of what our old friend HOMER describes as the πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλασσης.

Mr. Robert Jones (29, widower), a passenger, a jamboiler, in an account which we have to condense owing to extreme pressure on our space, states that the lifeboat, under Mr. Thomas Henry Jones, made every effort to meet the wreck in time, but the passengers—seventeen in number—scrambled over the beach or (in the case of the ladies) were carried ashore before he arrived. There was hardly a wet pair of shoes amongst them all. Owing to the shallowness of the water—about six feet—the danger was infinitesimal.

[We have corroborated the above particulars. The Admiralty charts give the depth of the water as six feet, and Lloyd's Register identifies the captain as Mr. John Jones, of Bangor. Private investigations endorse the fact that not a single passenger was submerged.]

AWAKE, ENGLAND!

[The following lines will, it is hoped, arouse our youth to a sense of their decadence (as recently remarked by *The Daily Mail*) in permitting foreigners to monopolise the hotel-managing business.]

Oh, where has the sea-dog been couching?

Oh, where are the Norsemen of old,
The chaps who were constantly pouching
Some enemy's gold?

Has nothing been left of the order
Of barons who boned what they could,
Of raiders who harried the Border,
And bold ROBIN HOOD?

The buccaneer captains of Devon
Who barbered King PHILIP of Spain,
Has none of them left us his leaven
Of duty and gain?

And those, the delectable rangers
Of childhood, who dirked and who drank,
Whose simplest amusement for strangers
Was strolling the plank?

And TURPIN, whose hoof-beats would hammer
All night on his pillaging route,
Has he not bequeathed us the glamour,
The glory of loot?

Our fathers were full of the vigour,
The verve of the caterer's art,
That bleeds at a regular figure,
Or else à la carte.

Then up, O ye Britons, and follow
The gleam, the adventurous hope,
With backs that are bending and hollow,
With palms that are ope.

Remember the gold of the galleons,
Remember the night-riding swells,
And cut out the Swiss and Italians
At keeping hotels.

A KINDLY SCHEME.

"Yes," said the Philanthropist, "it is quite true. The idea came to me at BURROUGHS AND WATTS' the other day as I watched STEVENSON waiting for his turn. It was the saddest face I ever saw. That man, I said to myself—that man and all the others like him—all the other billiard-experts who have to wait their turns—must be catered for."

"But why?" I asked. "They are happy enough."

"Happy!" said he. "Happy! You evidently weren't there. I tell you he was the picture of woe. Besides, happiness has nothing to do with it. It is the sloth that I object to. Man's duty is to work, and here was a man doing nothing—not even watching the game. Half-hour after half-hour he sat there with only an occasional brief visit to the table, while an inferior performer was doing what he liked with the balls. I said to myself, I will take that man in hand."

"And what have you done?"

"I have prepared a manual for such enforced idlers. It is called 'All Things,' an anthology of really good reading, likely to interest and improve their minds and lead to a fuller desire for literature and progress."

"Why do you call it 'All Things'?" I asked.

"Because it is to come to those that wait."

"Tell me some of the contents," I said.

"Well, I begin with TENNYSON'S 'Break, Break, Break,' a beautiful thing. Then there are selections from the works of Q. and his sister, LILIAN QUILLER-ROUCH or Miss Q.; MACAULAY'S ballad on the Battle of Ivry; THACKERAY'S Roundabout Paper, 'The Thorns in the Cushion'; STEVENSON'S 'Merry Men'; SHENSTONE'S ballad of Jimmy Dawson; and a translation from the *Basia* of 'Secundus.' At the close are a couple of exquisite funeral sermons by two Canons of Westminster, entitled, 'The Long Rest.' The work is published by Long Jenny, at the Bodley Head, and there is a marker in every copy. Not bad, is it?" he concluded.

"I'd rather go on looking at my boots," I said.

From an official communication from the Boy Scout Headquarters relative to a peaceful invasion of France:

"The numbers to be about 6,000, and the price per capitem, about £2 10s."

As is well known, the three chief duties which a Boy Scout must practise daily are

- (1) To do a good turn to somebody.
- (2) To find cover behind a turnip.
- (3) To decline caput.



HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

First Golfer. "WELL DONE, OLD CHAP! THAT'S THE LONGEST BALL I'VE SEEN YOU DRIVE YET!"

Second G. "I'M AFRAID THE CREDIT'S NOT ALL MINE. A BEAST OF A WASP TOUCHED ME UP IN THE MIDDLE OF MY SWING."

THE DREAM BIRD.

In the sunny South Pacific there's an island all uncharted
Where the lazy seals lie basking through the drowsy
afternoon;

Not a tramp has ever hailed it, nor has dip of oar-blade started
A single wash of ripple in the calm of its lagoon;
Never hurricane may harm it, though at times the land breeze,
leaping

Through glades of magic dream-cups, sets the fern fronds
all asway,
Ere, trembling through the palm-trees, a summer moon is
steeping
The beach in sudden silver at the ending of the day.

Could you tread the sun-bleached coral where the warm and
spicy valleys

Run up from deep blue water where the darting ray-fish
gleams,
You would see across the twilight of the breathless forest
alleys—

A flashing, feathered jewel—flit the Bird of Pleasant Dreams.
Never met him? Very likely, though you know the night-
mare's prancing

(How often at your bedside has her hateful hoof been heard!);
Yet if peace be on your pillow, and your dreams be all
entrancing,

You've to thank the ministrations of this charming little
bird!

In his plumes the gold of sunset with the pink of morning
mingles,

And his throat of ruby velvet every humming-bird's outvies,
While his wings are blue as ocean when the sapphire sweeps
the shingles

(There's a fortune in his feathers were you dressing
salmon flies!);

From his pinion breathes a fragrance, not of languid tropic
hours

(O the pallid, waxen orchids where the branches twine and
net!);

But a hint of June in England, and of cottage garden flowers,
A scent of briar roses and sweet peas and mignonette!

Could you slip across the sea-line when the sun is westward
stealing,

And by grace of fairy magic on the coral take your post,
You would see his radiant cohorts round the wavy palm-tops
wheeling

Ere they wing it through the darkness to the folk who
need them most;

To the streets and crowded court-yards, to the cottage, to the
palace,

To the wakeful and the weary, they are speeding mile on
mile,

Bringing pleasant thoughts and fancies drawn from out the
dream-bloom chalice,

Where it blows mid sea and silence on the small enchanted
Isle!

* * * * *

No, I've not exactly *seen* him, though I well remember waking
On a perfect night in summer with my window open wide
On a quaint old Kentish garden of Elizabethan making,
Where between the prim yew-hedges you could see the
Channel tide

(Some cricket week, I fancy, for I'd dreamt I'd sent the leather
Somewhere over the pavilion); and I'd rather like to bet
That, although I *didn't* see him—not a single, shining feather—
He had just that moment vanished—for I still *smelt*
mignonette!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is, perhaps, a pity that the *John Senhouse* of MAURICE HEWLETT's new novel, *Open Country* (MACMILLAN), should have been already introduced to us, at a later stage in his career, in *Halfway House*. Not so much because we had become sufficiently familiar with the charming habits and foibles of this delectable philosopher of the caravan, but rather because we should have liked to picture him inconsolable at the loss of his *Sanchia*; whereas we know, from *Halfway House*, that he is going to be quite ready, after a modest interval, to take up with another lady. He—and his author too, I suspect—was first attracted to *Sanchia* by the length of white leg which she exposed while wading in a forest pool. But, in spite of these happy auspices, and the fact that half the book is a pæan in praise of her loveliness of body and mind, we never really get to know her; because she contributes practically nothing in proof of her own excellence, seldom committing herself beyond the point of saying, "It's very difficult somehow to know what one ought to do." For much of the time she remains passive as a marble figure—a sort of Galatea, that only wakes up at an advanced stage of the story. (By the way, talking of statues, what does Mr. HEWLETT mean when he says, by way of compliment to her unearthly chastity and beauty: "He would as soon, he said, seek the favours of Diana of the Ephesians as dare to expect one charged look from her eyes?" Surely he cannot mean Diana "of the Ephesians"—not that many-breasted Oriental monstrosity!)

On the other hand, *John Senhouse* is at no pains to conceal his personality. Among other items of self-revelation, he informs his *Sanchia*, cheery iconoclast that he is, that for a man to ask a woman to marry him is to pay her the worst insult in his power. Yet when a successful rival proposes to omit this degrading formality in his relations with *Sanchia*, *Senhouse* insists on it as an essential. Which at least proves him human at a pinch; and that is more than can be said for the other gentleman. On *Sanchia's* conduct in the matter (she finally omits the formality) I have no criticism to offer; after all, she is a sort of Arcadian nymph, and therefore not amenable to ordinary moral standards; but I don't think I have very often met the kind of British sportsman who would ask a nice, clean, gently-bred girl to share his ancestral home as his mistress when by lifting his hand he could divorce his runaway wife, and make a decent thing of it.

I have spent all my space and said nothing of the tonic qualities of Mr. HEWLETT's work. Still faintly Meredithian in manner, he has sloughed most of his affectations without losing his fertility of language or his unerring *flair* for the right word. He has a very happy touch in his sketches of *Sanchia's* sisters. I think, indeed, he must have been a dominant feature at the baptism of these young women; for the father, who was something round and large in The

Poultry, could never have invented *Melusine*, *Hawise* and *Sanchia-Josepha*; and the mother, who tuft-hunted in the best circles, would have known better than to hamper her daughters with fancy-names which might well have frozen-off the nobler kind of suitor.

When Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK's latest book, *The Severins* (METHUEN), appears in your house, my advice is this—secure it firmly and at once for yourself, before anyone else has a chance to spoil your enjoyment by reading aloud, without context or explanation, any of the many delightful scenes of comedy that it contains. Otherwise this is what is safe to happen. I don't know that it would be quite kind to tell you the story; but I will hint that the trouble for the *Severins* was partly that *Michael*, the eldest, had been away from the rest of them so long that when he returned prosperous, and with ideas of behaviour founded upon that of ordinary

people, his family could not fail to strike him with something of a shock. There were five of them—Mrs. *Severin* (addressed by her children as *Sophia*), *Clotilda*, the married sister whose husband was incautiously in Africa, *Selma*, the art student, *Camilla*, and young *Bob*; and they were all beautiful, and vague, and clever, Bohemian in habits, and frankly impossible as members of the society to which *Michael* had grown accustomed. And their friends were far worse. You see the difficulty of the situation; Mrs. SIDGWICK makes of it one of the most amusing stories I have read for years. Heroically, I will not quote any particular passage, though there are several that I should like to repeat. Where, for instance, they go to return the *Walsingham* call, all five of them, in—but no, you shall read it for yourself; and if you do not fall a victim to the family fascination you will be unworthy of it. I did, and so (I am quite sure) did Mrs. SIDGWICK; not otherwise could she have written what is certainly, so far, her masterpiece.



Excited Naturalist. "ARE YOU AWARE, MY DEAR SIR, THAT THIS GATE-POST OF YOURS IS THE FEMUR OF AN ORNITHOSCELIDA?"
Farmer (apologetically). "I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS SOMETHIN' ODD LIKE. IT DON'T MATCH THE OTHER POST NOHOW!"

A writer in *The Manchester Guardian*, describing his sensations on an aeroplane trip, observes that after the flight he "began to feel as I think, perhaps, the poets do." This may account for the headlines of his article which run:

"A FLIGHT WITH MR. CODY.
IMPRESSIONS IN THE AIR.
(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT,
MR. G. H. MAIR.)"

"It was more difficult for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for the little wisp of cotton in the hands of some of those male volunteers."—*The Daily Chronicle*.

Anybody who has seen a camel will agree.

"They (the Unionists) have everything to gain and nothing to lose; and they intend to lose nothing for lack of courage."—*Daily Mail*.
But why make such a point about losing nothing when there isn't anything to lose?

CHARIVARIA.

Now that Mr. SHACKLETON has pointed out the freedom from colds which he and his companions enjoyed in the Antarctic, there is some talk of Captain Scott getting over the difficulty in regard to funds by taking with him on his expedition a limited number of persons suffering from chronic catarrh as paying guests.

Dr. Cook, it has been asserted, is of Jewish origin, being a descendant of a family named Koch. A still more interesting rumour now reaches us. It is to the effect that the two Eskimos who accompanied him are also Semites, the word Eskimo being a local contraction of Eskimoses.

Scarcely have we been reminded that the apparition of Halley's Comet has usually portended a grave disaster than a rumour reaches us to the effect that yet a third lady novelist is about to cease writing.

Meanwhile we are told that Halley's Comet, though still invisible to the naked eye, has been photographed in Germany, England and America. To give them this kind of preliminary boom, as if they were mere Music-Hall Stars, is scarcely the way to encourage such rare visitors.

Preparations continue to be made for the reception of the Dukes in their new homes. The Camberwell Guardians have now laid out a lawn tennis court in the infirmary grounds for the use of pauper inmates.

Every day one comes across fresh evidence that the upper classes are doomed. The Great Western Railway is now abolishing second-class.

The spread of Socialism again:—
"EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY.

SEE OUR
SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS."
Daily Mail.

Satisfactory results are reported by those visitors who partook of the life-prolonging sweets which were shown at the London Medical Exhibition. Every one of such persons has lived longer since taking these wonderful bon-bons.

It has been ascertained that the flamingo which was recently shot on the marshes at Bradwell, Essex, was one which escaped from the Zoological Gardens some months ago. The sad affair has cast a gloom over Regent's Park, where the deceased was well known, but it is thought that it may serve a useful purpose as a warning to those animals who are always chafing for emancipation.

"In the midst of the deluge," we read in an account of the South Wales floods, "the regular water supply of Aberavon was cut off." The same economy, we understand, is practised in many Scotch towns where the street lamps are extinguished on moonlight nights.

Someone has blundered again. The advertisement of the second part of the

Mr. HORNUNG's *Raffles* showed us how to become burglars. Another author is now catering for those who wish to go a step further. A weekly paper announces:—

MURDER MADE EASY

BY

G. R. SIMS.

There is now no excuse for any one failing to become a complete criminal.

According to *The Sketch* "there is a physical reason why women make better speakers than men, and that is the superior construction of the larynx." They "can speak literally for hours without experiencing undue fatigue." We begin to understand why M.P.s tremble at the thought of the election of women to Parliament.

We were sorry to read the other day that a testator had inserted in his Will a penalty for any daughter of his who should marry a minister. In our opinion clergymen are no worse than other people, and the discrimination is unjust.

The Holland Park Skating Rink, an advertisement tells us, will open "in the Fall." It sounds ominous.

"A loan by post anywhere, to all classes; note of bath (h. and c.); terms mod.; month or longer."
Advt. in "Daily Mail."

This is not at all our idea of the ordinary moneylender.



Extract from a letter from Bertie to his friend Percy.—"DEAR PERCY,—THE DAUNCEYS, WITH WHOM I AM STAYING, ARE AWFULLY DECENT, AND DO EVERYTHING THEY CAN TO MAKE MY VISIT ENJOYABLE. FOR INSTANCE, WHENEVER WE GO SHOOTING, THEY GIVE ME A WHOLE FIELD TO MYSELF."

new Harmsworth publication leads off with the cautionary words:—

"LOOK OUT!"

"Picture postcards," says a contemporary, "are much more ancient than is generally supposed." We have perused some of the comic ones and heartily support this theory.

"THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

IN THE CANARIES WITH A CAMERA"

is the title of a review in a contemporary. But surely the Fortunate Isles are those where there is no one with a camera?

Harvard House, which was opened by Miss CORELLI last week, is to be a home for Americans visiting Stratford-on-Avon. Curiously enough, when we were last in that town, it seemed to us that what was wanted was a haven of refuge for our own countrymen.

The Ubiquitous Scot.

"The Prince and Princess Kuni held a levee during the afternoon. Colonel Robert M. Thompson introduced to their royal highlanders several of his friends."—*New York Herald.*

"He is reported to be a tremendous traveller, his journeys having taken him to almost every part of the world—including some of the least inaccessible."—*The Globe.*

It is only a report, mind, that he has ever been to Piccadilly.

The Sphere finishes its account of the wedding of Madame CLARA BUTT's sister in this way, the sequence of ideas being very clear:—

"The newly-married couple were the recipients of many handsome presents from their numerous friends, and are spending their honeymoon in Paris. Madame Clara Butt's beautiful voice may now be heard on some new records of the Gramophone Company.—(*Advt.*)"

The little word in italics is ours.

THE WANDERWOCH.

[Hints to Liberal M.P.'s on the best way of utilising their brief holiday. It has been suggested that if they spent the week in stumping the constituencies it might be called The Jabberwocky. This suggestion has been courteously declined.]

Rest, rest, perturbed spirits, and repair

The pallid veins where once the blood ran red
Ere yet the small hours blanched your raven hair,
Hollowed your eyes and wore you to a thread;
Shake off your megrims, go your blithesome way
Far from the dust of that infernal Forum;
Break into laughter, run and romp and play
Hiccockalorum!

Stay not to work the latest Budget out,

As GEORGE suggested (talking through his hat);
Let those who made it maul the Bill about,
Your idle hands were never meant for that;
Don't waste your time and precious stock of wit
On stuffy tasks when earth and sky and water
Can give you better game—and every bit
As ripe for slaughter.

While there are salmon spoiling for a fly,
And grouse that want you badly in the butt,
And hares to mock you with a backward eye,
And conies to provoke the loud "Tut, tut!"
With driven partridges to make you sport,
Swerving at sight of your pronounced apparel,
And pheasants which occur—the tamer sort—
Close to your barrel.

Or haply you will go for gaudier game,
Dukes and the like, and follow on the scent
Of those ground-vermin who, to England's shame,
Batten upon an unearned increment;
Stumping the provinces, you'll take your stand
And cry from hustings, motor-car, or steeple,
"Down with the Lords! and, on the other hand,
Up with the People!"

Renewed (by these pure joys) in heart and brain,
Back to the Budget Bill fresh courage bring,
Trim, and re-trim, and trim it once again,
Till not a soul can recognise the thing!
Then, when you're ready for the knife to fall
And carve the victim up for chop or fillet,
What if the Peers—unkindest cut of all—
Refuse to kill it?

O. S.

Why Motor Associations are so Popular.

LORD KINGSBURGH, President of the Scottish Automobile Association, as reported in *The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*:—

"He had seen a woman rush up when her child was run over in a town, and, instead of abusing the driver, whip the child. That was what he called common sense."

"Still another prize will be offered for the competitor who performs one circuit of the aerodrome in the slowest time, and, as this has never been accomplished before, it is more than probable that Blackpool will establish another record—that is, if the elements and the conditions are favourable."—*Manchester Daily Dispatch*.

A strong circular wind against you might be of some help.

Confession.

"The silent voter had to be reckoned with, and thoughtful men were not Socialists, nor were they Nonconformists."

This (according to *The Daily Mail*) from SIR ROBERT PERKS!

THE WRECK OF "THE ARK."

ALL went well, as journalists say, until we entered the harbour. You might think, as I did before I made the acquaintance of this one, that a harbour was a nice safe place for a motor-boat to put into. There we sat, all unsuspecting of danger—the Captain's wife and the Visitor and the Babe at one end of the boat, and the Captain and the Engineer and the Crew at the other end. One end was called the stern, and the other end was called the bow; but I gathered from the conversation generally that it did not matter which end was called which. This may have been because on shore the Captain was a doctor, and the Engineer was a chauffeur, and the Crew was a novelist, and the Visitor was a suffragette. The motor-boat was not a motor-car on shore, but directly we arrived in the harbour it took to behaving like one, and, when it had run over several fish and a wooden post that was sticking up in the water to warn us to keep away from it, it went aground.

The Crew, with great presence of mind, yelled "Star-board!"—no, I mean Port!" and the Captain, under the stress of circumstance, told us all to get out of the way; and the Babe, who reads boys' books, jumped up and down and said, "What fun! Have we sprung a leak, and shall we fetch the shore?" Then, suddenly, the Engineer remembered he was a chauffeur and said, "Reverse the engine, Sir," as you would if you had run over a man instead of a fish; and then a lot of mud was stirred up, and the Captain's wife wished she had worn her other skirt, and the Visitor said it was a blessing purple didn't mark, though white and green did.

Presently, as nothing moved except the dinghy, which strolled round to the side of the boat and looked up at us pathetically, the Crew said something about lightening the ship, whereupon the Captain's wife flung her arms round the Babe, while the Babe flung hers round the tea-basket, and the Visitor was heard to regret the absence of Cabinet Ministers among the ballast. The Captain followed this up with a further suggestion that we should take to the boats. There was only one boat, the little thing that was tied on behind; but of course in a shipwreck you never talk of taking to a boat.

"I'm not going to move till I've had my tea," said his wife firmly. "Perhaps by that time, if you stop disturbing the underneath part of the harbour, we shall be afloat again."

The Engineer's caustic remark that the tide was going down met with nothing but incredulity. "Perhaps it will go up again if we turn our backs on it," the Crew said facetiously.

We were just through with the jam sandwiches and were starting on the cake when the Engineer, not at all a nice person to have at a picnic, by the way, mentioned that if we did not take to the boats now we never should, because the dinghy was nearly aground too. Whereupon the Crew dramatically proposed that the women and children should be landed, while the men remained at the post of danger. This proposition sounded magnificent until one came to examine it, when it appeared that the women and children would have to go without their second cups of tea and their cake in order to walk home with a tired child across four miles of broken landscape, while their natural protectors sat and smoked until what time the tide should rise and bear them gallantly homewards.

"Privileges, forsooth!" scoffed the Visitor. "Give me penalties—I mean RIGHTS!"

The Captain rose to his full height and stood there with folded arms, irresistibly suggesting NAPOLEON—or was it *Peter Pan*? "The Babe must be got home before bedtime," he said in full rich tones, "and it is my duty to stand by the ship."



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

LORD ROSEBERY
(the new Bombastes).

"WHO WOULD ON ME THESE BOOTS REPLACE
WILL FIND ME DEUCED HARD TO TRACE!"

[Exit.]

[Lord Rosebery's resignation of the Presidency of the Liberal League was accepted last Wednesday.]



AN AMERICAN AT OXFORD.

"SAY, DRIVER, WHAT'S THAT EDIFICE?"

"THAT'S ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, M'M."

"OH, SO YOU HAVE CANLEGES HERE!"

"You won't have any difficulty in doing that, darling, if the tide continues to go down at this rate," said his wife, as we rowed ashore.

We found the local Ancient Mariner most discouraging when we met him later. In his opinion *The Ark* could not be got off for a week; he talked also of neap tides. "If it was a spring tide now," he added kindly, seeing we were depressed.

"How could it be a spring tide in the autumn?" demanded the Captain's wife crossly; and we left the Ancient Mariner shivering his timbers.

After that the Babe was packed off to bed *sans phrase* because she predicted cheerfully that we should have to sit through the watches of the night, a prey to horrid thoughts; but her words came unpleasantly true, and as the hours went by, bringing no sign of the shipwrecked heroes, the Captain's wife said she knew now what it meant to be a mariner's widow, and the Visitor said warmly that she felt more and more that never until women were placed on the same, etc., etc.

"Yes," agreed her hostess, shivering over a blazing fire. "Think of the wretches all snug in the cabin with their ginger-beer—"

"There's only one bottle left," the Visitor felt bound in honesty to remind her. "No dinner—and it's just striking three A.M."

"Don't!" wailed the Captain's wife. "For all we know they may be drifting out to France. And he doesn't know anything but Esperanto."

Some hours later, a happy, washed and be-ribboned Babe came dancing down to breakfast and went out with her mother's opera-glasses to sweep the offing for some trace of the missing craft. She swept in vain, and came dancing in

again with a most tactless remark. "I spects they're having a nice warm breakfast now at the Haven Hotel," she said, and plunged into her porridge.

We went silently upstairs to try to remove all appearance of having passed a night in the train.

When they came home at three o'clock in the afternoon, having dug out *The Ark* with spades, we overwhelmed them with feminine sympathy. Could anything, we asked, be more cruel than the way brave men were sacrificed to duty, while women and children in the shelter of their homes merely sat up all night for them? "Sit down," we begged, "sit down and eat your dinner, your breakfast, and your luncheon before you speak one word!"

They sat down, rather unwillingly, we thought. "You see," began the Crew, "you see, there was a neap tide——"

"Yes," chimed in the Captain eagerly, "it got neapier and neapier——"

"Yes," echoed the Crew, "neapier and neapier and neapier and——"

"So we simply *had* to abandon the ship to its fate for the time being," ended the Captain on a high soprano note.

"Yes," shrilled the Crew, "yes."

The Visitor observed that they did not seem so very hungry considering they had not touched food for nearly twenty-four hours.

"And you have both shaved," added the Captain's wife in a tone of icy calm.

The Babe was crooning to her doll, "So the women and children was landed and sat through the watches of the night, a prey to horrid thoughts, while the gallant Captain—Daddy, were you comfy last night at the Haven Hotel?"

There was one of those long deep pauses which make England's homes what they are.

THE FIRST GREEN.

CHAPTER I.

THE documents in the case are these:—

Him to Me.

"Come and play golf on Thursday. What is your handicap? I expect you will be too good for me."

Me to Him.

"MY GOOD THOMAS,—Don't be silly. I will play you at cricket, tennis, lawn tennis, football (both codes), croquet, poker-patience, high diving, and here-we-go-round-the-mulberry-bush. If you insist, I will take you on at prisoner's base and billiards. Moreover, I can dance the *pavane*."

Yours ever, ADOLPHUS.

P.S.—Anyhow, I haven't any clubs."

Him to Me.

"MY DEAR ASS,—I gather that you aren't a golfer; well, why not begin on Thursday? There will be nobody else playing probably. Meet me at Victoria 11.5. My brother is away, and I will lend you his clubs."

Me to Him.

(Telegram.)

"Is your brother out of England? Wire reply."

Him to Me.

"Yes. Sicily."

Me to Him.

"Right you are, then."

CHAPTER II.

"You know," I said to Thomas in the train, "I have played a little on a very small island off the coast of Scotland; but it was such a very small island that we never used a driver at all, or—what's that other thing called?—a brassy. We should have been into the sea in no time. But I rather fancy myself with a putter."

"You might go round with a putter to-day."

"I might, but I shan't. I expect to use the wooden clubs with great ease and dexterity. And I think you will find that I can do my little bit with the mashie. What's a niblick?"

"The thing you get out of bunkers with."

"Then I shan't want that."

CHAPTER III.

The fateful moment arrived. Thomas presented me with a ball called the Colonel, and a caddie offered me Thomas's brother's driver. He also asked me what sort of tee I should like.

I leant upon my club and looked at him. Then I turned to Thomas.

"Our young friend Hector," I said, "is becoming technical. Will you explain?"

"Well, do you want a high or a low one?"

"I want to hit this Colonel ball very hard in the direction of that flag. What do you recommend?"

"Well, that's just as you——"

"I think a medium one. Slow to medium."

The preliminaries being arranged, I proceeded to address the ball. My own instinct was to take the address as read and get to business as soon as possible, but in the presence of an expert like Hector I did not dare to omit the trimmings. As it was, after every waggle I felt less and less like hitting the Colonel. When at last I did let fly it was with feelings of relief that I discovered, on returning my eye to the spot, that the tee was indeed empty. I shaded my eyes and gazed into the middle distance.

"No," said Thomas, "it's more to the right." He indicated a spot in the foreground, about ten yards E.N.E. "There you are."

"That isn't *my* ball?"

"Yessir," said Hector, grinning.

"May I have it back?"

Thomas laughed and smote his own into the blue. "You go on from there," he said.

"I'm still aiming at the same flag?"

"Go on, you ass."

I went on. The ball again rolled ten yards to the east.

"I don't know why we're going in this direction," I said. "If I get much further east I shall have to send back Bartlett. You know I don't believe the Colonel is taking this seriously. He doesn't seem to me to be trying at all. Has he ever been round the course before?"

"Never. He's quite new to it."

"There you are. He'll come down at the ditch for a certainty."

I played my third. A third time we went ten yards to the east—well, perhaps a touch of north in it again. And this time Hector gave a sudden snort of laughter.

I leant upon my club, and stared him into gravity. Then I took Thomas by the coat and led him on one side.

"There are, Thomas," I said, "other things than golf."

"There are," he agreed.

"A man may fail temporarily at the game and yet not be wholly despicable."

"True."

"He may, for instance, be able to dance the *pavane* with grace and distinction."

"Quite so."

"Well then, will you take this giggling child away and explain to him that I am not such an ass as I appear? Tell him that the intellectuals of Brook Green think highly of my mental powers. Assure him that in many of the best houses at Wandsworth Common I am

held to be an amusing *raconteur*. Remind him of my *villanelle* 'To Autumn.' For heaven's sake make him understand that my reputation does not stand or fall with my ability to use this brassy thing. I'm not a golf professional."

Thomas allowed himself to smile. "I will tell him," he said, "that you are not golf professional."

We veered right round to the east with my fourth, and then I became desperate.

"Why," I shouted, "do I hit the ball with a ridiculous club like this? I could send it farther with a cricket bat. I could push it straighter with a billiard cue. Where's that bag? I am going to have a lucky dip."

I dipped, and came up with what Thomas calls a cleek. "Now then," I said. I didn't stop to address the Colonel, I simply lashed at him. He flew along the ground at a terrific pace.

"Well kept down," said Thomas admiringly.

"By Jove," I cried, "that's never going to stop. See how he flies along . . . now he breasts the slope . . . look, he is taking the water jump . . . ah, he has crossed his legs, he's down."

"This," I said to Thomas as we walked after the Colonel, "is golf. A glorious game."

"What nonsense," I said to Thomas, "they put in comic papers about golf. All that about digging up the turf! . . . and missing the ball! . . . and breaking the clubs! I mean, I simply don't see how one *could*. Let's see, I've played four, haven't I?"

"Five," said Thomas.

"What I am wondering," he added, "is why you should have been afraid of using *any* club in your small island off the coast of Scotland."

CHAPTER IV.

Twenty strokes after.

"The green, the green," I shouted joyfully, in the manner of the ancient Greeks, though I was only on the edge of it.

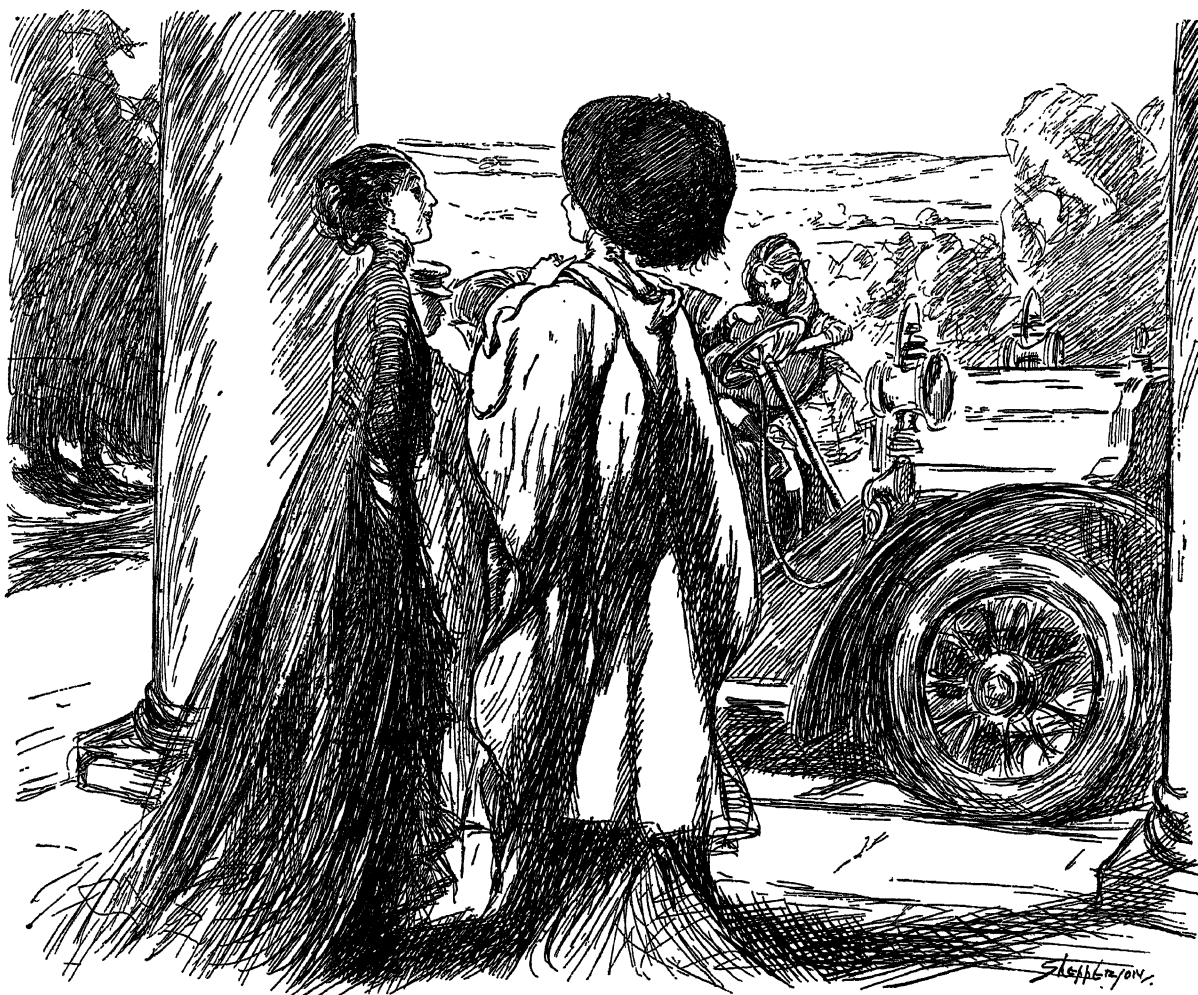
"Go on," said Thomas.

I took a careful aim and put the white down.

"You see," I said carelessly, leaning on my putter. A. A. M.

Now that evenings are drawing in, country-house hostesses are always glad to hear any new suggestions for amusing their guests during the awkward time between tea and dinner. We reproduce this week, therefore, a simple conjuring trick from *Tit-Bits*:

"When pressing a coloured dress, and you have the misfortune to scorch it, take a shilling or any silver coin and lay it flat on the scorched part and rub it briskly, and you will find it will disappear."



Visitor (to hostess whose small daughter is amusing herself by blowing up the air-cushion seat of a motor). "OH, DO YOU THINK IT'S WISE TO LET YOUR LITTLE GIRL DO THAT? SO LIABLE TO GIVE ONE CANCER, YOU KNOW! I ALWAYS LET THE BUTLER DO IT."

HANDBOOK OF PARLIAMENTARY TERMS.

(Mainly for the Majority.)

I. A WHIP.

(a) An underlined lithographed letter commanding attendance under the guise of a request. The urgency of a whip varies directly as the number and thickness of the underlines and inversely as the reluctance of the Irish to go into the other lobby.

(b) A human watch-dog who lets you in gladly for an all-night sitting but never lets you out again if he can help it. He is a stern upholder of numbers and a blind believer in them, but whereas he permits no single Member to pass him he may often be placated with a pair. He is generally abused without discrimination by those who have made his task difficult. His faith is summed up in a conviction that the absent (unpaired) are always wrong and that the present (when they vote against him) are never right. When four Whips are arranged in a line they bow beautifully, and may be produced as far as the Table of the House simultaneously.

II. A PAIR.

(a) A friend in need who helps you to go to bed because (i) he wants to go to bed himself, or (ii) he thinks he has had about enough of it, or (iii) he doesn't want his name to appear in the Division list.

(b) A combination of two mutually destructive voting machines for the purpose of maintaining the balance of parties and redressing the iniquities of late sittings and dull debates.

III. A DIVISION.

Divisions are such stuff as Acts are made of.

Divisions may be missed (when the doors are locked), or multiplied (when Sir F. BANDURY is present), or avoided (when a deal has taken place).

According to the frequency of his Divisions the many electors add reputation to the elected one, or subtract it from him. Yet the elected may enter the door and afterwards pass the Tellers without knowing why he has voted for what. Compare the common phrases of the Division Lobbies:—"What's this we're voting about?" "Is this the Closure?" "I don't know, they told me to come in here"; "I saw Harold Cox in the other lobby, so I came into this one."

IV. A SPEECH.

A method of spending breath without profit, and time without amusement.

A speech may be prolonged to infinity without meeting any arguments.

The Week's Notable Sayings.

Sir HERBERT TREE, as interviewed in a contemporary:—"Magna et ocratas, and it shall always prevail."

THE LORDS AND "THE CHRONIC."

THE Lords must go: that is certain. They have failed all round. Not only do they threaten the people's rights but they have even lost their old manners. Once upon a time, however headstrong and foolish the Lords might be in politics, they did practise the ordinary courtesies of society. If you asked them a question they replied to it. But now all that is changed.

On Monday we sent a telegram in these words to every member of the House of Lords:—

"Trade of the Country is suffering by uncertainty which exists as to fate of Finance Bill. Now that Bill is practically settled by House of Commons, Editor of 'Daily Chronic' would esteem favour if Lord — would say what he intends to do about it."

A moderate enough request, one would think, and one the answer to which is generally required. No self-respecting editor could do less than put it. In order that the chances of getting no answers might be reduced, we paid sixpence on each telegram for a reply—in the aggregate an immense sum.

And what happened? Will it be believed that only three Peers gave a satisfactory and straightforward answer; all honour to them! Earl DE LA WARR, consummate statesman as he is, although nominally a Conservative, sent us at once six hundred words, or five hundred and eighty-eight more than we had bargained for; but the novelty and rapture of being addressed at such length by a peer compensated us for the expense. His reply was a trenchant defence of the Budget, and an intimation that he should vote for it when it reached the Gilded Chamber. The Marquis TOWNSEND replied at once:—

"Shall not be present."

Here is a manly pronouncement, a model of straightforwardness which we invite some of his so-called peers to imitate. Earl ROSSLYN was equally explicit and courteous:—

"Shall be at Monte Carlo."

Some of the Peers whom we addressed sent non-committal replies. Even these, however, are not without their interest, although it is more on the human than on the political side. As one reads these little sheets of rustling thin paper one wonders if it is possible to wrest from them the secret of the writer's opinions. What, for instance, was behind the cool, calculating, and massive brain of Lord ROTHSCHILD when he sat in his great office in St. Swithin's Lane, and wrote the following telegram, and sent it to the post-office in Cannon Street:—

"In answer to your message, there is no doubt, I think, that the trade of

the country is suffering, but this is on account of the provisions of the Budget, and not for any other reasons connected with it. I shall do what I shall do."

This is a masterpiece of evasion, and one cannot but humbly and respectfully admire the author of it. Lord ROTHSCHILD was, of course, not under any obligation to answer our question, but the manner in which he has replied to our telegram, while ignoring the query, is beyond all praise.

This is comparatively polite, if uncivil. There are several other evasive answers that are contemptible in their want of common decency to members of the Fourth Estate. Lord LINDLEY, for example, actually brought himself to reply thus:—

"Do not know; ask no more."

The meaning of the first three words is beyond dispute: Lord LINDLEY does not know what he will do when the Finance Bill reaches the House of Lords. The second three words are problematical, but we fancy we know their meaning. His lordship's telegram was sent from Mulbarton, in Norfolk, five-and-a-half miles from Norwich. "Ask no more" is the wearied cry of a man enjoying a well-earned holiday, far from the turmoil of the Legislature, who does not wish to be troubled with any more editorial inquiries. Well, it shall never be said that we on *The Chronic* are incapable of taking a hint. We shall be very careful never again to ask Lord LINDLEY anything.

Worse remains. Lord LINDLEY is simply rude; but what of the cowards? Here is the reply from Chislehurst Park, the seat of the Earl of Chislehurst:—

"Lord Chislehurst is too unwell to reply."

There's a champion answer. Unwell, is he? We don't wonder. And he's going to be worse. They all are. The Peers are in for a pretty hot time, if we have our way, and mean and tricky little subterfuges like this won't help them much. For, of course, Lord Chislehurst isn't ill at all: he's simply hiding. He daren't come out into the open and show his hand.

Again, this is what we get from Milford House:—

"Lord Milford out of town."

Now there's a foxy answer. Look at it well. Carry it to the light. Take the reading-glass. "Lord MILFORD out of town." Did you ever see a statement that so palpably bore on its face all the insignia of evasion?

So much for the replies, the paucity and tone of which, always excepting the noble Earl DE LA WARR, speak volumes for the decay of the old principle, *Noblesse oblige*. As for those who did not reply, we have no words to

express our scorn and contempt. Apart from the loss of money—some hundreds of telegrams, reply paid—it strikes us as shoddy conduct in the extreme. That the Lords must go is now more than ever certain.

THE SONG OF THE DIRT.

(With object apologies all round.)

"'Dr. Cook was the dirtiest white man I ever saw,' said Mr. Whitney, who, after the explorer had rested, 'worked on him for nearly half a day with hot water and a brush.' He found Dr. Cook 'nothing but skin and bones,' and had difficulty at first in distinguishing him from the Eskimos."—*Press*.]

With fingers frozen and numb,
But with eyes the colour of hope,
A man in latitude 82

Was plying a brush and soap—
Scrub—scrub—scrub!

(So hard that it *must* have hurt.)
And all the time in a minor key
He sang the "Song of the Dirt!"

"Scrub—scrub—scrub!
While the water is cooling fast,
And scrub—scrub—scrub,
As hour after hour drags past.
It's O! for a glimpse of pink;
If only on flesh I could look!
'Twould make me scrub with vigour
afresh,
If I knew it was really Cook!

"Scrub—scrub—scrub
Till I almost begin to sob,
Scrub—scrub—scrub
Will this brush last out the job?
Nose and forehead and ears,
Ears and forehead and nose,
How I long to be in a Christian land
Where a fellow could borrow a hose!

"The shape I am trying to clean
Is nothing but skin and bone,
Yet but for the terrible dirt
It seems so like my own;
It *seems* so like my own;
Poor chap! it makes me weep
To think that soap should be so dear
And ice should be so cheap.

"Scrub—scrub—scrub!
My labour never flags,
And what shall I get?—A par or two
In the half-penny evening rags.
But there, I mustn't complain,
My name would never be seen
In even the most obscure of prints,
If Cook had been fairly clean!"

With fingers frozen and numb,
But with eyes the colour of hope,
A man in latitude 82
Was plying his brush and soap—
Scrub—scrub—scrub!
(So hard that it *must* have hurt)
And all the time in a minor key—
Which must have been jolly for Dr. C.!--
He sang this "Song of the Dirt!"



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—VI.

LOUIS XIV. FINDS A SHELL ON THE BEACH, AS RECORDED BY A COURT PAINTER.

"ARMS AND THE MAN."

[Lines attributed to one of those Socialists who have recently refused to acknowledge any connection between themselves and the Territorial Army.]

LET others, with mistaken zeal,
Prepare to gall th' invader's heel
With dreadful shot and awful steel
And things that burst;
Before the noble-minded, free,
And gentle Socialist will be
In any way concerned, he'll see
Them further first.

They are but slaves, who walk, and run,
Hither and thither—rain or sun—
Carry a rifle, serve a gun,
And creep and crawl
As tyrants bid them; they must do
Exactly what they're ordered to;—
It wouldn't be the thing for you
Or me, at all.

Men of our independent mould
Are little used to being told
To do our silly job and hold
Our silly tongue;
Yet, if we tried to state our views
On doing what we might not choose,

My comrades, in a brace of twos,
They'd have us hung!

It may be very well to save
Your native land (which rules the wave)
From alien enemies who crave
That noble site;
But who are we to lend a hand?
We tell them that it's *not* our land;
The dukes and classes have it, and
They'd better fight.

Ah, no! Let those prepare to bleed
That scorn our Socialistic creed;
We, brothers, who are all agreed
To stand alone,
May still pursue our settled plan
Of taking everything we can
From every other class of man
Except our own.

The only point we have to win
Is decent safety for the skin;
And, even if the foe comes in
And makes a fuss,
The Territorials, no doubt,
Will promptly come and turn them out;
They can't defend themselves without
Defending us. DUM-DUM.

THE NEW TYRANNY.

[To the great inconvenience of many foreign competitors, The Aero Club has laid its ban on the Doncaster flying week because it clashes with another at Blackpool, to which the Club has extended its sanction.]

SUBURBAN lady clerks who are in the habit of simply flying for their trains in the mornings are warned that the Aero Club will not permit this method of progress at any time that coincides with the Blackpool Aviation Meeting.

All migratory birds that have not yet left our shores must take notice that flight will not be permitted on the days of Blackpool's flutter.

Defaulting trustees are informed that during next week any sudden departure from this country that may be termed flight will be rigorously refused sanction by the Aero Club.

Master James Martin and his brother, of Streatham, who had completed all arrangements for a kite-flying contest on the Common with their uncle John next Tuesday, have received a registered letter from the Secretary of the Aero Club to say that this thing is not to be.



Worried Captain (as the Colonel signals some invention of his own, apparently a combination of the Extend, the Close, and the Halt). "NOW WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?"

Resourceful Sub. "EXTREME NERVOUS TENSION, AIRSHIPS IN SIGHT."

THE CALL.

DEAR BROWNE-SMYTH,—Calls are of four qualities: the telephone call, the call on hostesses who supply free meals to deserving bachelors, the call of the blood, and the call to the Bar. Yours is to be of the fourth quality. Keep your ears open and, when you hear the Benchers of your Inn calling on the seventeenth of this month, indicate by a brief gesture that you are there. I cannot help thinking that you have been successful with your examinations, or the Benchers would not be making all this noise. Let me congratulate you upon having completely deceived a reputedly intelligent set of examiners.

If the immediate awe of your relatives permits them to jest at all they will probably make some humorous reference to other less respectable but more profitable bars. There's many a true word spoken in, etc. Having qualified yourself by a course of three years' dinner-eating, you will finally become a barrister by one night's drinking. Between you and me, this "call" is a euphemistic way of describing a little razzle-dazzle with the Benchers. For you, the razzle-dazzle will consist of one glass of port, sherry, or marsala.

For this night only you will be GREAT, not only in the eyes of your proud parents, but also in those of the Pro-

fessional News Distributors, Match Merchants, and Gentlemen at Large who hang round the entrances to the Temple. They are sufficiently in the know to see what it is all about, but are not so overfed with the prospect of beautiful young men in evening dress as to despise them. Make the most of your "moment," for this one glass of port will cost you upwards of £100, and drink at that price per glass is not to be tossed off lightly or to be upset carelessly down the shirt front.

Make the most of yourself by idle boasting of the future and frequent appearances in the new wig and gown afterwards. It will take all your efforts to keep the popular interest alive. Your most enthusiastic female relatives will lose all interest, and even contrast you unfavourably with poor Cousin Tom who makes £90 a year in a bank, unless you are made Attorney-General within a month of your call. Be thankful that they do not in these days insist on the Woolsack for you, but also do not be too certain of this Attorneyship. The next election, I am told, cannot take place much before January, and, even if the results necessitate a change of Law Officers, there are reasons, which I am not at liberty to reveal, why they may not hit on you for their Attorney-General.

Finally, keep your copy of *The Times*

of the day after your call, in which that great incident is mentioned. It will be the last gratuitous reference to you in public print for about five years. The next one, when it comes, will be in the local rag of some unknown circuit town, where a prisoner will be lucky enough to be prosecuted by you. It will be only because the reporter was not competent enough to make the observation, or the editor not bold enough to print the statement, if that notice omits to mention how thoroughly badly you conducted the prosecution.

Your Fellow-sufferer, ROBINSON.

Why Men Rest their Feet on Chairs.

"According to a social authority the masculine habit of resting the feet upon another chair than the one occupied by the sitter has its origin in the instinct of self-preservation."

Weekly Scotsman.

We agree. We've tried putting our feet on the same chair as the one occupied by the sitter (ourselves), and it isn't anything like so self-preservative.

Little Known Heroes.

"After the match there was a supper and social, when there was a large attendance. . . . Messrs. G. Armstrong and W. Thompson were the carvers, and Mrs. Thos. Crellin boiled the water."—*West Cumberland Times.*



PARLIAMENTARY GOSSIP.

CHARWOMAN OF HOUSE OF LORDS. "YOUR PEOPLE GONE AWAY FOR A BIT O' QUIET THINKING?"

CHARWOMAN OF HOUSE OF COMMONS. "WELL, O' COURSE, I DON'T KNOW NOTHINK, BUT YOU MARK MY WORDS, THERE'S HINFLUENCES A-GOIN' ON. 'OWEVER, MUM'S THE WORD, GOD BLESS 'IM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

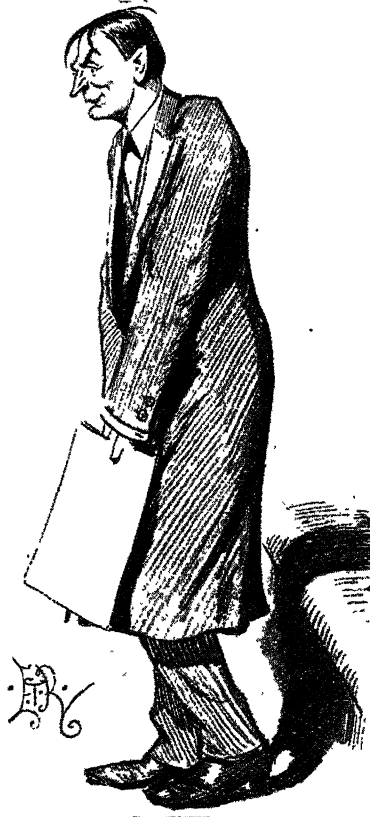
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, October 4.

—Wasn't it HAZLITT who made shrewd observation that in a transpontine theatre no one ever heard conclusion of sentence beginning, "A man who raises his hand against a woman except in kyindness —" So quick and thunderous was applause of gallery that the actor's voice was lost in the roar. In the matter of chivalry towards womankind the Commons yield first place to nobody. This makes all the more significant the chilling reception which greets appeals made from time to time for imprisoned Suffragettes.

This doubtless largely due to personality of self-appointed champion. Though, as the name indicates, DON'T KEIR HARDIE's principles are based on negations, he is particularly alive to opportunity of asserting himself when gratuitous advertisement is forward, whether the objects of his passionate sympathy dwell in India or in London.

Up again to-night with catechism addressed to HOME SECRETARY with intent to show that Suffragettes are being inhumanly tortured in Birmingham Gaol. MASTERMAN—whose answers throughout have been the more effective by reason of their cool courtesy and extreme matter-of-fact character—showed that the treatment of artful abstainers from food is a common practice in analogous cases in hospitals and prisons. It is



Pouring unpalatable truths into Keir-Hardie against his will.

(Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, Under Secretary to the Home Office.)

neither painful in process nor harmful in result. Food prepared in the ordinary way is ready for the women if they will take it. If not, the prison authorities cannot be accessories to deliberate suicide. Therefore nourishment is administered.

No one rises to back up DON'T KEIR HARDIE in his latest crusade. On the other hand, cheers from both sides approve action of authorities, as described by UNDER SECRETARY.

The MEMBER FOR SARK wants to know who finds the money for this unwomanly farce. The Suffragettes can't go riding about in chariots for nothing, bedecking themselves with ribbons and giving bountiful breakfasts to each other on coming out of prison. Nor can they pay the expenses of spinsters of all ages living humdrum lives in the country who jump at opportunity of a free trip to London, free food and lodgings, with prospect of seeing their obscure names in the newspapers. It must cost something in the way of travelling expenses down to Kent to buffet Ministers on the golf links, and fling stones through their drawing-room windows under shelter of night. Who pays?

At outset of campaign husband of one of the women cast solitary gleam of humour on turbulent scene by announcing that he would contribute £10 a week to the cause as long as his wife was kept in prison. That source of revenue long since dried up. Who subsidises the continued antics, which



Mr. Keir Hardie almost sobbing with anguished indignation that some poor misguided women should be denied the glory of death by inanition.



THE HON. MEMBER FOR THE BASAN DIVISION.

A suggestion sympathetically tendered to Mr. Hilaire Belloc. If he were to adopt it, we could almost guarantee that his voice would carry even to the most distant portions of the House.



How they will look if the Budget discussion goes on much longer.

include attempts to mount buildings where public meetings are held in order to fling down bricks on the heads of the hapless audience?

Certainly they don't pay in the House of Commons.

Business done.—Schedules of Budget Bill dealt with in Committee.

Tuesday.—This the forty-sixth and penultimate sitting in Committee on Budget Bill. Time land was in sight. Things going hard with crew on weather-beaten barque. Many absent when muster called. The SPEAKER, who, owing to habitual sitting in Committee, has been practically a half-timer, fled for a while to his northern home. EMMOTT, whose health improves under extra strain of work, doubles his part. In Question time sits in SPEAKER'S Chair. When Mace removed from Table, hey, presto! becomes Chairman of Committees.

Liquor licences being to the fore, PREMIER undertakes to look after Bill. Hardly had House met when he has to leave post-haste for Balmoral, summoned to presence of his Sovereign. Members nudge each other. Shrewdly suspect this has some bearing on pending fight 'twixt Lords and Commons.

PREMIER rushes off to catch Scotch express. Leaves INFANT SAMUEL in charge. Someone with domestic instincts suggests a "small bottle." CHAIRMAN rules that, clause of Bill dealing with that subject being passed, further reference is out of order. So the INFANT'S feeding must take its chance.

Members settle down to what promises to be dull night. Forecast not belied. FABER read what from tone of voice and subdued attitude suggested Last Speech and Dying Confession prior to execution. Was merely moving amendment omitting the words "Making the duty equal to half the annual value of the licensed premises." BELLOC—whose name WINSTON wilfully pronounces as if it were spelt Bellow—momentarily raised drooping spirits. His oratorical manner marked by cheery peculiarity. Starts speech with sudden shout, a sort of View Halloo which recalls to old Members memories of the hunt.

What BELLOC wants to whisper in ear of House is suspicion that Ministers are suborned by the arts and purses of millionaire cocoa-manufacturers. Looking into the cocoa cup, he discerns depths of infamy compared with which

tumblers of toddy are home-blessings in disguise.

HALL WALKER so moved by discovery of treason in our midst that he contributed most original idea that has yet flashed through debate. Protest being made against alleged design of Government to extinguish small licensed houses, gallant Colonel deployed in their defence. Declared axiom that public-house is, perhaps next to garments, absolute necessity for working-man.

"Fact is," he said, "every working-man requires two public-houses—one near his home, one near his work."

Member below Gangway, not to be outdone in generosity, suggested another midway, so that going and coming Weary Willie might drop in. No; HALL WALKER a man of moderate views. Not to be dragged into extremes. A public-house, say next door but one to his residence, another three doors distant from his workshop, should suffice any reasonable labourer.

Committee had heard of the principle of One Man one Vote. Something novel about this development of One Working Man Two Public Houses. Adjourned to think it over.

Business done.—In Committee on Budget Bill. Land in sight.

Thursday.—THOMAS JOSEPH CONDON, five times Mayor of Tipperary, in another respect soars beyond DICK WHITTINGTON inasmuch as he contributes practical suggestion for amendment of Parliamentary procedure. Puts long question to CHIEF SECRETARY setting forth particulars of the police hauling down American flag that flaunted over front of hotel in Dublin honoured by visit from Irish heroes who are not afraid to talk of '48. ST. AUGUSTINE remarks that he has only just received notice of the question.

"I will," he added, nodding genially to his interlocutor, "inquire into the facts."

"The facts," said the man of many mayoralties severely, "are as I have stated them."

House laughed; on reflection perceived the rejoinder conveyed valuable hint, designed to save trouble in Government Offices and expedite business in the House. Ordinary course pursued is that which ST. AUGUSTINE showed inclination to follow. Member sets forth a narrative of questionable particulars thinly disguised in form of interrogation. It is referred to officials, who spend hours looking into it. Minister reads in due course *précis* of their conclusions. Why not forthwith accept the facts as stated by hon. Member concerned? Nobody would be a penny the worse, irritation would be avoided, much time saved. Lacking the stimulus of Ministerial correction Members would



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

McSundrie (who has been trying to sell a gun-shy dog, and has reluctantly been obliged to grant a trial). "MAN, WHAT DID I TELL YE? ISN'T HE FAST?"

speedily tire of recreation of presenting controversial matter in form of question.

Business done.—On stroke of two o'clock this morning Budget Bill through Committee. House, encouraged by prospect of a week's rest, takes up Development Bill with intent to pass it before adjourning for holiday.

From an Irish Seedsman's Catalogue:

"All seeds selected with the greatest care. Not accountable for the growth of any seeds."

They *will* sprout up sometimes; you simply can't help it.

"We have been appointed sole agents in Jamaica for —'s Antiseptic Preparations."—*Advt. in "Jamaica Gleaner."*

Trial bottles have been forwarded to Dr. COOK, Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

The following appeal to gouty gentlemen appeared in a local paper:—

"When hopping for Christmas gifts call and inspect the large variety of fancy and useful presents now on exhibition."

"We shall be very thankful to whom who would kindly recommend our establishment to their friends."

This advertisement comes from Rome, but it will be useless for Mr. BELLOC to pass it on to his friend Mr. CHESTERTON.

ODE TO AUTUMN.

[The fault of most of the classical compositions on this theme is that the writers of them were born in towns, and failed to catch the right bucolic spirit.]

SEASON, when the skies are fainter,
Spirit of the golden sheaves,
Whom the mythologic painter
Up in London town conceives
Not inelegantly bodiced
In a gown that's far from modest,
Principally made of flowers and leaves.

Autumn, would you have me utter,
When I see your boons dispersed,
Lots of laudatory butter,
Me of Little Medlinghurst?
Hymn you like the writing fellows
Whom romantic moonshine mellows,
Folks that ain't been country-born and nursed?

Shall I mention how Demeter
Gathers in the girded shucks?
How the happy peasants greet her
Laughing as the laden trucks
Leave their trails, as bright as
guineas,
Hanging from the roadsidespinneys?
No, that's not the way we talk in
Bucks.

Yellow grain and bursting berry—
Think you these would make us glad?

Was there ever time so merry

British hearts could not be sad?

Bravely though the wheat besmiling,
Someone's oats are always spiling,
Turnmuts too be ruination bad.

So it is through all the county;
Times in Pulborough is hard;
Notwithstanding "Ceres' bounty"
There's a mort of mangels marred;
Let the city poets render
Tributes to your blazing splendour.
Much they know of England, says the bard.

Ay, and if you choose to tumble
"Cornucopias" about
Till there bain't no ground to grumble,
Still the future hangs in doubt:
We'd be laying up, remember,
Sartin sure for next September,
Either too much rain or too much drought.

"A barrister's son, 25, educated, &c., desires post, any capacity. . . . Will train along any indicated lines. Start when desired."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

For instance, if there was a vacancy at Dover College, he would train along the South Eastern and Chatham line, starting from Victoria just when the Headmaster desired him to, except, of course, that he would have to be guided by the timetable.

OUR LITERARY MINISTERS.

THE announcement that Mr. JOHN BURNS gave £1,000 for a Second Folio *Shakespeare* turns out to be an exaggeration, Mr. BURNS having fortunately secured this treasure at a much lower figure.

It is, however, stated on good authority that immediately after the great dock strike Mr. BURNS began to prepare a book on the relation of SHAKESPEARE to the Labour movement, but political work crowded upon him, and the book still remains to be written.

At the same time we understand that Mr. BURNS has sketched out a good deal of the work, entitled *Labour's Love Lost*, and that some of his emendations and comments will throw a flood of light on passages which have hitherto baffled the ingenuity of some of the ablest interpreters of the Bard of Avon.

The most remarkable of these is that *locus desperatus* in *Henry VIII.*, Act V., Scene 4:—

"These are the youths that thunder at a play house and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse their dear brothers, are able to endure."

Mr. BURNS satisfactorily proves, by a chain of incontrovertible evidence, that this passage is one of the many instances of SHAKESPEARE's supernatural prescience, and identifies the "tribulation of Tower Hill" with Mr. JACK WILLIAMS, and the "limbs of Limehouse" with the supporters of another prominent demagogue.

One of his very happiest emendations deals with the line in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—

"I come to her and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget.'"

This, according to Mr. BURNS, should read:—

"He comes to me and cries 'budget;' I cry 'mum.'"

Even more felicitous is the exquisite addition which Mr. BURNS suggests to the words:—

"Gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

Here he contends with great plausibility that the words "Government Board" have dropped out after the word "local."

Mr. BURNS, we may add, is great on parallels, and in a critical *excursus* gives good grounds for regarding BEN JONSON

as foreshadowing BEN TILLET; *Quince*, HARRY QUELCH; and *Portia*, Mrs. SIDNEY WEBB. He also goes fully into the question whether FRANCIS BACON was ever a West Ham Guardian or not.

In this context it is interesting to learn that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who recently acquired for the sum of £2,000 a splendid MS. copy of the *Georgics*, is preparing a monograph on VIRGIL's views on unearned increment.

Sir EDWARD GREY has long been known as an ardent bibliophile. His latest acquisition is an *editio princeps* of *The Compleat Angler*, for which he gave a sum running into five figures. An article on

THE ALIAS.

["Mr. Asquith, travelling under the name of 'Mr. Herbert,' arrived in Aberdeen by the 7.22 East Coast express from King's-cross. He breakfasted at the station refreshment rooms and left by the 8.5 train for Ballater."]

*The Ben Trussock Hotel,
Andranochty, N.B.,
October 9th, 1909.*

MY DEAREST MARIA,—How is your indigestion? Feel greatly invigorated by my holiday. But what I chiefly want to tell you about is an event which gave me the proudest moment of my life—always excepting that in which you and I became one in the bond of matrimony, my dear Maria. While waiting for my train in Aberdeen station early on Wednesday morning, I sauntered into the refreshment room for a cup of hot tea. There I beheld none other than the Prime Minister of Great Britain, quietly partaking of a frugal meal. (Lest you fall into your usual error of thinking that Sir HENRY NORMAN is our Premier, let me remind you that I refer to Mr. HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH.) The thought flashed into my mind that it would indeed complete my enjoyment of a sojourn in this land of rugged beauty if I might be favoured with some word from his lips. As he folded his napkin something impelled me to seize the opportunity ere it was too late. Rising quietly, and approaching him with dignity and in a courteous manner, I said:—

"May I be so bold as to venture to voice my heartfelt admiration of your great work, Mr. ASQUITH?"

He rose, and with a smile—a truly brotherly smile, I now remember—said, "My

name is Herbert."

I need hardly tell you, my dearest Maria, that this sudden proffer of friendship staggered me. All I could do was to seize his hand and in broken tones exclaim: "Thank you, Herbert; will you call me 'Horace'?"

His valet cut short our conversation by reminding my leader of his train, and so he left me, bestowing on me another smile. Thus am I favoured above most men in Surbiton, my love; and later on in the winter we must see what we can do about a little dinner to Herbert and his wife.

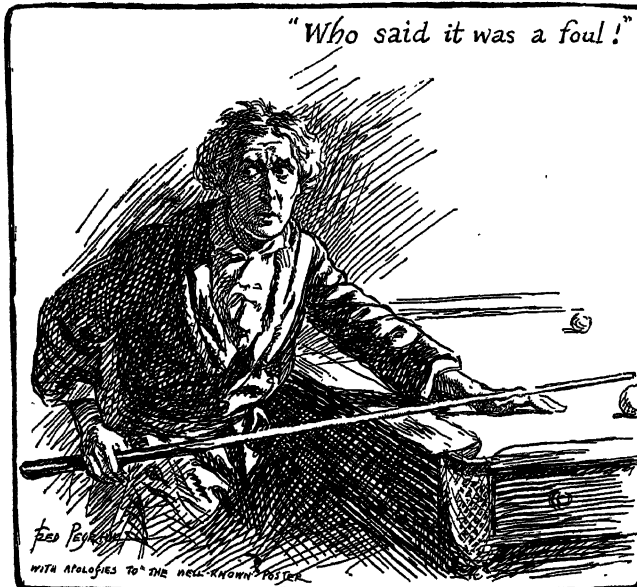
Your loving Husband,
HORACE.

MR.
H. B. IRVING

WILL MAKE HIS REAPPEARANCE IN LONDON

H. W. STEVENSON

"Who said it was a foul!"



18,000 UP
PRECEDED BY
"THE BELLS"

ISAAC WALTON's views on Dry Flying Machines by Sir EDWARD will shortly appear in the Stockbridge Parish Magazine.

Mr. HALDANE has undertaken to write an exhaustive study of SCHOPENHAUER's views on the value of captive balloons in blockades, and Mr. HERBERT SAMUEL is credited with the intention of writing a compendious treatise dealing with MILTON's opinions on the Licensing Question.

Lastly, Mr. LEWIS HARCOURT recently purchased at a fabulous price the MS. of one of the unpublished plays of his brother, Mr. ROBERT HARCOURT. He is now engaged on a witty brochure entitled, "Why I believe in the Censor."



Landlord (also sitting Member for district). "BY THE WAY, DOBBINS, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO TELL YOU I'LL SEND A MAN UP AND HAVE THAT SHED OF YOURS MENDED AS SOON AS YOU LIKE."

Dobbins. "THANKEE, SIR. THEN IT BE TRUE THAT GENERAL ELECTION BE A-COMIN' ON?"

RAISING THE WIND.

"YES," he said, "we were awfully stoney, but it's better now. We tided over the crisis all right."

"Do tell me how," I said. "The last time I saw you it was hopeless."

"Jenny had an inspiration," he replied. "She went to visit an old school friend who was having a baby, and the thought came to her then."

"Well?" I said.

"Well, it's like this. If you have a baby and advertise it in the papers you get all kinds of truck sent you."

"I know," I said. "It's a regular nuisance."

"Oh, is it?" he replied. "Wait a bit. Look at these."

He handed me three tiny slips of paper. On one I read:—

HIGGINSON.—On Wednesday, the 29th September, at 4, Wellington Road, W., the wife of HENRY NOBLE HIGGINSON, of twins, daughters.

On another:—

MAYOR.—On the 2nd October, at 98, Orme Square, W., the wife of ROBERT FOXWELL MAYOR, of twins, son and daughter.

And on the third:—

SOLLY.—On the 4th October, at 99, Richmond Villas, W., the wife of ADOLPHUS SOLLY, of triplets, sons.

"How odd!" I said, as I returned the

slips. "Two twins and one triplets. That must be very unusual."

"Very," he said, "but not impossible. Not too unlikely for good art."

"Art?" I enquired.

"Of course," he answered, "all those are fakes. Inventions. But the addresses are real: friends of mine live there."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Why," he replied, "it's as plain as ninepence. These advertisements cost me six bob each, a sum which I had no difficulty in borrowing after I had explained the scheme. They go into the Press, and at once the firms that send out all the free truck begin to get to work. Here comes in the point of the twins and triplets, because the firms send twice or three times as much. Do you see? Now I'll tell you what the harvest is, down to date.

"Seven bottles of an excellent beef extract, retail 3s. 6d. a bottle.

"Seven pieces of perfectly beautiful soap, worth 6d. a cake at least.

"Seven boxes of very superior violet powder, at say 1s.

"Seven pairs knitted socks, worth 1s. a pair.

"Twenty-one tins of assorted food for babies, at say 1s., and an odd lot of patent safety pins and things like that. Of course some of the

people only sent things on approval, to be paid for if kept. The cheek of them! But most were free, as they ought to be."

"And what then?" I asked.

"Well, Jenny unloaded the lot on young mother friends of hers for three pounds, or over 200 per cent. on our outlay. Brainy, isn't it?"

I agreed very cordially.

"The festivities will be continued on Monday, when a great lifeboat saving demonstration will be performed by the Duchess. Other events of great moment will also take place."—*The Glasgow Herald*.

Look out for her Grace's new volume, *Lifeboats I have saved*.

Mrs. PANKHURST, as reported in *The Times*:—

"She was going to America for a few weeks, but would return for the test case. If she had to go to prison with her 94 comrades they would be 94 'hunger-strikers.' (Cheers.)"

Either Mrs. PANKHURST's resolution or her arithmetic is not to be trusted.

"In case of fire communicate with A. B., Fire Loss Assessors and Valuers."—*Advt. in "Manchester Guardian."*

If you are uninsured it is perhaps better to communicate first with the nearest fire brigade station.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

PEOPLE who regard with righteous indignation and not a little personal loathing the mere possibility of a burglar couchant under their bed o' nights, gather round the cracksman of fiction in admiring crowds. If their criminal carefully divests his crime of every possible extenuation, steals because he likes stealing and happens to be called *Raffles*, their enthusiasm becomes unbounded. Mr. HORNUNG was to be congratulated in the beginning of things for boldly recognising this innate immorality of the reader and allowing his hero-villain no merit save good sportsmanship. But is he to be congratulated either on protracting the existence of the popular idol, or on finding for him a dully virtuous end to justify his charmingly disreputable means? With all its easy style, occasional humour and pleasant seasoning of love interest, Mr. *Justice Raffles* (SMITH, ELDER) rarely rises above the level of everyday criminal fiction. The devices employed for the rescue of friends from the clutches of a moneylender are hardly ingenious enough to be worthy of the amateur cracksman, and, when he sits in mock judgment on the melodramatic blood-sucker and rebukes his rather conventional sins in no very original manner, the situation becomes a little ridiculous and *Raffles* himself something of a prig. Frankly, the reader may feel at the end of the book that, though he would like a lot more of Mr. HORNUNG, he has by now had almost enough of Mr. *Raffles*.

American novel-readers must, I think, be wonderfully simple and unsophisticated folk. Here, for example, is MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT, whose press-notices proclaim her one of their best-established favourites, serving up, in *Poppea of the Post-Office* (The MACMILLAN Co.) material that was threadbare in these islands before the days of DICKENS. In an early chapter we hear how the pretty wife of rich and proud John Angus was driven from home by her husband's coldness, and how, some time later, baby *Poppea* was found abandoned on the steps of the village post-office. The child is adopted by old postmaster Gilbert, and brought up as his own; but years afterwards, when she has grown into the heroine of the tale, and proud John Angus has married and lost another wife, chance reveals *Poppea* to be none other than his own daughter by the ill-treated first. Well, with no desire to swagger about it, I must say that personally I guessed that in one. John Angus has also a son, a cripple, whom he treats with jealous affection, forbidding him the friendship of his half-sister at the post-office, and generally behaving in an overbearing and *Dombey*-ish manner, which I only did not mind because I was so sure that he would relent in the end. As indeed was the case. Seriously, however, there are features in the book that redeem the somewhat fustian character of its plot; the picture it gives of rural life in America at the time of the Civil War is one, and another is a certain delicacy of writing that I would like to see more worthily employed. It is published at five shillings, a reduction that appears to have been rendered possible by the quality of the paper, though it is far better worth half-a-

crown than the majority of those for which six shillings is charged.

In his first essay in romance, *Anne Inescourt* (GRIFFITHS), MARCUS SERVIAN shows a nice sense of character, and not merely of the kind that carries a label and lives in a pigeon-hole. His dialogue, too, is taken down from the living voice. Such signs of inexperience as one expects from an untried hand betray themselves rather in his narrative style, which lacks, at any rate in the first part of his book, the right note of confident simplicity. The story itself, on the other hand, moves forward naturally enough to the tragedy of its conclusion, asking no assistance from those strained coincidences and melodramatic shocks which are apt to occur in a first trial of strength. The scheme of the book is a bold one, for it takes a fairly courageous writer to disregard popular sentiment and to demonstrate how poor in actual life are the chances of poetic justice when it runs up against the cussed irony of things. Here a good man's happiness is ruined, not through the faithlessness of his wife, but through his own fidelity to the word of honour by which he was pledged to take her back if she wanted to return—a promise on which her cowardice falls back at the very moment when he is about to free himself and find consolation in the love of a woman who is worthy of him. I compliment Mr. SERVIAN on his hardihood in foregoing the comfortable ending which threatened to issue out of much evil. The home scenes, I should add, are laid among the marshes of the Norfolk coast, whose colours the author has not only observed lovingly for himself, but seen also, as he should, through the eyes of his characters. I could wish that his printer's reader had done as much for us others.



A CHANCE FOR TRUE POLITENESS.

South Pole Explorer (to Second Ditto). "AFTER YOU, SIR!"

"Here come the Limbersnigs marching along!" So ran the National Anthem of that unique race whose legend has just been published by Messrs. LAWRENCE AND JELICOE; and such should be the cry of all Nice Children as soon as they set eyes on this herald of the season of Delectable Books. FLORA and LANCELOT SPEED, the authors of *The Limbersnigs*, seem, between them, to know exactly what is wanted in this kind. The story, simply and very freshly told, with just the right touches of irresponsible fun, serves as an excellent thread on which to hang the pictures. Some in harmonies of brilliant colours, some in black-and-white, Mr. SPEED has painted and drawn them with so generous a fancy and a humour so lavish of detail that we are never done with them, and don't want to be. The plan of the *Limbersnigs'* castle and the map of their city are alone an occupation for a week of British climate. If between now and Christmas any two people produce a better book for children, I should like to hear of it.

"In an interview Mr. Orville Wright said he had never flown so high before. He estimated the altitude at 500 metres. It took him five minutes to ascend and only five minutes to descend. The downward speed was simply terrifying."—*The Glasgow Herald*.

A little under four miles an hour is indeed a terrifying speed. He must have been scared with wondering if he would ever get to earth again.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Board of Admiralty has shown once more that it is always ready to adopt new ideas. A Navy War Council is to be organised at once. This notion of making our Navy useful in time of war strikes us as being a really bright one.

* *

Now that the prospects of Home Rule are so rosy Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR is to go to America to raise funds. America, we understand, is prepared to respond liberally to the appeal if an arrangement can be arrived at whereby the whole of Tammany will return home in the event of Home Rule being granted.

* *

"A farmer in Canada or the States," says Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD in her new serial in *The Cornhill*, "may be of all social grades." He would, we should say, be a useful person to transplant to the Dukeries.

* *

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's statement that the Peers consist of "500 men chosen accidentally from among the unemployed" has, we hear, caused quite as much annoyance to the unemployed as to the peers.

* *

A French newspaper remarks that ROBESPIERRE never said anything more violent than did Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE in his Newcastle speech. This reminds us that, according to the latest rumour, not only is the House of Lords to be abolished, but the name of the remaining Chamber is to be changed to The House of Communes.

* *

Last week the Ladies VIOLET, MARJORIE and DIANA MANNERS, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of RUTLAND, gave a capital variety entertainment at Rowsley in aid of local charities. We understand that their reception was so favourable that the family will now know what to do should the Budget become law.

* *

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN presented to Mr. JESSE COLLINGS last week, on behalf of the Rural Labourers' League, an album containing the signatures of more than 5,000 agricultural labourers and small holders. The long winter evenings will soon be upon us, and we can well imagine Mr. COLLINGS poring over the pages of this fascinating volume night after night.

At a demonstration at Edinburgh last week, five Suffragettes played the bagpipes. These, no doubt, are the deadly weapons in reserve which have been darkly hinted at for some time past.

* *

A prominent San Francisco doctor, *The Express* informs us, is collecting orphan babies of various nationalities with a view to rearing a perfect human being. This is a nasty hit at Lord CURZON.

* *

In order to encourage maternity the Mayor of Portsmouth, Virginia, has decided to give a medal to the mother of every child born in his municipality. The rumour that his worship has also

WORTH's epitomes of the World's Great Books. Sir FREDERICK should know something of surgical operations.

* *

The schoolmaster had been explaining to his boys the difference between a discovery and an invention. "Please, Sir," asked a member of his audience, "was the finding of the North Pole a discovery or an invention?"

* *

Lord CARRINGTON informed the Upper Chamber that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, according to his first Budget speech, hoped, by the development of National industries, to relieve the landlords to the extent of a quarter of a million a year. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has become more sanguine. He now hopes to relieve the landlords of a far larger sum.

* *

What claims to be the largest skating rink in the world has been opened at Earl's Court. There is a special annexe for beginners. This annexe, it is thought, will always be crowded with spectators, and the pantomimes are now faced with formidable competition.

"Dulce Oman.—Congratulations. I was very interested to hear that you are an ancestor of James Boswell."—*Woman*.

This lady, whom we take to be a relation of Miss Dulcie Domum, indeed deserves congratulations on her longevity.

"In order to encourage aviation, M. Santos-Dumont will make a present of his parents to the public."—*The Lahore Tribune*.

A kindly thought, though for the moment we do not quite see how it is going to help.

"The bubble of these extravagances was at once pricked by the lancet of Lord Crewe's irony."—*Daily Chronicle*.

So, you see, there are more ways of bursting a bubble than by stamping on it.

"This morning no flight was attempted owing to the hilly nature of the neighbourhood."—*Lancashire Daily Post*.

A good rain to-night and a nice drying breeze, and the neighbourhood may be all right by to-morrow.

"Antonio Nittaya and Guiseppe Castino were captured red-handed by detectives, while attempting to take blackmail."—*Ottawa Free Press*.

A clever disguise.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—VII.

LEONARDO DA VINCI BEING INFORMED BY HIS MASTER, ANDREA VERROCCHIO, THAT ONLY ONE EYE IS VISIBLE IN A PROFILE.

pointed out that twenty of these medals will make a charming necklace, lacks confirmation.

* *

"England is the country where the stage dominates fashion," says an actor who has just turned costumier. "The actress," he grants, "may overdress at times." Surely, she more often does the other thing.

* *

M. ROSTAND's announcement that the first performance of *Chantecler* will positively take place in December—he is cocksure at last—reminds us that a French contemporary, by a curious mistranslation, referred to our Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, the other day, as "Le Chantecler de l'Exchequer."

* *

Sir FREDERICK TREVES has written a glowing testimonial for Messrs. HARMS-

IDLE CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

19, Great St. Scott's St., E.C.
October 10, 1909.

To the Managing Director,
Messrs. Worpleton, Pipp and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.,
Great St. Scott's Buildings, E.C.

DEAR SIR,—Are you aware of the unseemly behaviour of your young gentlemen in the second-floor window directly opposite us? They keep making eyes at the young ladies under my control, and seriously interfere with their work. Please stop them! Yours faithfully,
LAVINIA MCTAVISH.

P.S.—One of them has just flipped a plum-stone at me!

II.

Reply. October 11, 1909.

DEAR MADAM,—We have your esteemed favour of the 10th inst., and in reply to same beg to inform you that our Mr. Grimley Scunderthorpe is away from town and will not be back until next month.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient
Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp
and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.

F. WIGGS.

III.

To F. Wiggs, Esq. October 12, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—The behaviour of your young men—I will not call them gentlemen—is positively disgraceful. Not only did one of them flip an orange-pip down the back of my neck as I was sitting by the open window, but when I expostulated they took to pea-shooters! I demand an instant apology, and this must be stopped immediately!

Yours faithfully,

LAVINIA MCTAVISH.

P.S.—One of them has just blown a kiss to our filing clerk!

IV.

Reply. October 13, 1909.

DEAR MADAM,—We have your esteemed favour of the 12th inst., and in reply to same beg to request that you will kindly fill in particulars on enclosed schedule and return same at your earliest convenience.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient
Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp
and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.,

F. WIGGS.

Schedule.

- (1) Name of young gentleman who flipped plum-stone and approx. time of same.....

- (2) Name of young man who flipped orange-pip and approx. time of same.....

- (3) Number of peas shot from pea-shooter and approx. age of same

- (4) Name of young man who blew kiss to your filing clerk and approx. age of same

V.

To Mr. F. Wiggs. October 14, 1909.

SIR,—I call it perfectly scandalous to allow such goings-on and then expect me to know their names! I only know they are a pack of impudent young monkeys and one of them has lobster eyes and a gray shirt and collar; that one is the worst of the lot. He is now trying to flash a mirror at our Miss Fluffles! I demand his instant dismissal!

Yours faithfully

LAVINIA MCTAVISH.

P.S.—He has just flipped a kiss at me!!

VI.

Reply. October 15, 1909.

DEAR MADAM,—We have your esteemed favour of the 14th inst., and in reply to same beg to state that we do not see how it is possible to flash mirrors from our window to your Miss Fluffles. If we are mistaken, however, please correct same by forwarding us at your earliest convenience—

(A) Elevation plan of Great St. Scott's Buildings, showing window and gentleman with lobster eyes at same marked with cross x

(B) Cross-section of street, showing direction of rays from mirror of same across to your Miss Fluffles marked with cross x.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient
Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp
and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.,

F. WIGGS.

VII.

To F. Wiggs. October 16, 1909.

SIR,—You ought to be ashamed of yourself and if you are not then I will come over and talk to your Mr. Grimley Scunderthorpe about you when he returns, which I hope will be soon. And I am now going out to call in the police at once and summons them for assault and battery if I don't at once get an instant apology for the scandalous behaviour of your shameless young libertines at the second-floor window just opposite us, for in this stuffy weather I can't close the windows as you know very well or we should all be suffocated!

Yours faithfully,

LAVINIA MCTAVISH.

P.S.—At once, mind!!

P.P.S.—Or I call in the police!!!

VIII.

Reply. October 18, 1909.

DEAR MADAM,—We have your esteemed favour of the 17th inst., and in reply to same beg to inform you that in default of receiving schedule and diagrams from you as we hoped, we have undertaken extensive enquiries *re* your complaint.

As a result of same we have pleasure in informing you that no offices of this firm look out on to the street on the second floor, and that in all probability the young men in question are in the employ of some other firm in the same building.

Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We are, dear Madam, your obedient
Servants, *per pro* Worpleton, Pipp
and Scunderthorpe, Ltd.

F. WIGGS.

P.S.—If we can be of any further service to you, pray command us.

A BLACK-LETTER STORY-BOOK.

In dingy binding dark with time
And stately centuries of grime,
An offspring of that early prime
When first Ambition
Set up, of minstrel's tale and rhyme,
A print edition—

This, the old volume that you'll find
Dozing on upper shelves, resigned
To modern manners, and the mind
That seldom heeds it
(Save as a marketable find)
And never reads it.

So dull it looks by tales to-day,
For here no artist's paints portray
In elfin fancy, gnome or fay,
Nor pencil stages
His light conceptions of the way
Across its pages.

Its day was earlier far, you see,
Than these—proved comrades though
they be—
Who fill a fire-lit "after tea"
From well-loved chalice,
With fairy, giant, and jinnée,
With Rip and Alice.

Yet if you plod and persevere
Along its leaded lines austere,
As an adventurer in drear,
Dark wildernesses,
You'll learn to love the spelling queer,
The antic esses,

And find therein a promised land,
Where friends of a robuster brand,
Monks, archers, and a jolly band
Of knights and dragons,
Will toast your advent to their strand
In brimming flagons!



THE SLUMP IN MANNERS.

MR. ASQUITH. "HE WOULDN'T HAVE STOOD THIS KIND OF THING. I WONDER WHETHER I OUGHT."



Ronald. "MUMMY, DO SPEAK TO ERIC. HE WON'T FORGET WHO THE LADY IN THE PICTURE OVER MY BED IS, SO THAT I CAN TELL HIM ABOUT HER ALL OVER AGAIN, AND WHEN I SAY, 'ERIC DEAR, SHALL I TELL YOU WHO THAT LADY IS?' HE SAYS, 'OH! I KNOW ALL ABOUT HER.'"

THE LITTERATEURS.

A LIFE of occasional virtue has been in my case rewarded by the gift of a typewriter from an easily deceived parent. Providence, on the other hand, has punished a number of pleasant mistakes by the infliction of lots of sisters, brothers, assorted relatives, friends and acquaintances. My enemies do not count. It is unlikely that they would ever claim the right of having just one try on my typewriter, and, if they did, I could refuse them.

Father evinced no desire to typewrite. He is a man of business, and to him these machines are neither the beginning of luxury nor the last word in jests.

The lady who has very kindly promised to marry me, for those same reasons which induced father to give me the typewriter, had something very, very sweet to typewrite. Unfortunately the machine would not write it.

All the sisters, female cousins, less intellectual acquaintances, and infants in arms wrote:—

"TH¹/₂ jLeSt i s veqqrqy =(

or words to that effect.

George (an acquaintance) occasionally contributes odd verses to the Press. He typewrote:—

"The boy stood on the burning deck
(A lime-lit deck)! He did not look
As if he wished to save his neck
Or cared what course the burning
took.

For 'All the world's a stage,' said he,
'This smoke in fact is only steam,
The flames are only scenery:
Things are by no means what they
seem.'"

This was alleged to be impromptu. It has since been discovered that the lines had been refused by six editors and manuscibed in six books of impromptu poetry belonging to six lovely but several ladies, who could not by any chance meet and compare notes, but did.

Uncle James, the leader-writer, typewrote:—

"Gentlemen, I have no hesitation in declaring against the vile policy of this present Government. 'Vile,' gentlemen, is a poor word for such base cheating, lying, immorality and criminality. True, I do not know what their policy is or is, indeed, intended to be, but it is sufficient for me that it is the policy of this present Government. Let us condemn it to perdition, gentlemen, and let its authors be sentenced to lengthy terms of imprisonment. Then, in that calm which must necessarily follow the

disappearance of these creatures from the political arena, let us look into the merits of the suggestions they have so wickedly made, and, if there be anything in them, let us quietly and unostentatiously adopt them as our own."

He did not take the trouble to write all that because he had any affection for typewriting machines. Simply, he wrote because he loves to hear himself writing.

George (the same George) insisted on having another go:—

"It is the schooner *Hesperus*!

A worthy barque, but not for us,
Who much prefer a motor-bus.

The skipper has taken his little
daughter.

One wonders had the skipper oughter?
Perhaps she does not like the water."

George said that that had just occurred to him. It appears that it had also previously occurred to one of George's writing friends.

Cousin Frank examined the machine with great circumspection, made some reference to "bally pianists," and then wrote with great difficulty:—

"DaM."

It is supposed that nothing but Cousin Frank's colossal ignorance and incompetence prevent him from being a thoroughly wicked man.

"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

[In discussing the "growing increase in the cost of living," an evening paper mentions that bacon now ranks with the best cuts of beef, and eggs for cooking cost 1d. more per dozen.]

The price of beef went up; I did not grudge it;
They said the loaf was dearer; what cared I?
The bristling leaders on a baleful Budget
Left me a mugwump still without a sigh:
Baccy and beer were blowed, but now I waken
To drain the teacup and its tannin'd dregs,
If dearth shall reave me of my morning bacon,
Topped by its two poached eggs.

Some deem the deathless birthright of the Briton
The football that he flicks with flying feet,
His Parliament, his Press; and some have written
Their sagas round his sirloins and his Fleet:
But not the bard: I know that breasts are oaken
Because (maybe by ÆLFRED's dying wish)
On ham and eggs their nightlong fast is broken—
(We need not note the squish).

Some Atheling, I believe, in bygone ages,
Cooked them before the fight, and gave his men
The courage of the boar-pig when he rages,
The blithe abandon of the farmyard hen;
And shall I shirk the furious fray (like ASHUR)
And not assail some party for its sins
When dearer grows the immemorial rasher
And rare the heavenly twins?

Hard by the open sweetness of the heather,
In taverns underneath the fir-crowned hill,
In every aspect of our glorious weather,
Have I not put them down, and paid the bill?
The yolk that gushes out, the grease that hardens,
They come with memories of the moor and lea,
Or linked with "wet, bird-haunted" English gardens,
Or lodgings by the sea.

Better to heed the siren voices singing
Of Socialism, and prices bound to drop,
Than lose our "*semper eadem*" by ringing
The matutinal change on fish and chop;
England is England still so long as morning
With plenishment of gold and crimson cheers
The platters of her hands and those adorning
The sideboards of her peers.

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

HISTORY.

In my memory the clouds roll back and dissolve a little,
and I see a pack of little boys trooping into a class-room.

"Why are we going in here?" says one to another.

"History," says the other.

"What's history?"

"Oh, I don't know: some rot or other. Dates and things."

"Dates? What are dates?"

"WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR and WILLIAM RUFUS and all that.
They told us to learn them. They're a frightful swot."

"Have you learnt them?"

"Some. Haven't you?"

"No; I don't know anything about them; never heard
we were to learn them."

"Then you'll catch it hot. Hammond's an awful chap.
He's sarcastic."

By this time the boys are settled into their places, and the
master is at his raised desk. A pale thin man he is, with

black mutton-chop whiskers and dark hair fading away from
a high forehead. I can see his hands now as if I had them
before me. Strong sinewy hands with long straight fingers
and nails beautifully polished and trimmed. He wears a
signet-ring on the third finger of his right hand, and he
has an uncomfortable habit of making dents with its edge
all over the thick skulls of the ignorant. How we came to
loathe that signet-ring!

"We will begin with the dates of the Sovereigns of England,"
says the master. "You were all told to learn them, and I shall
expect perfect accuracy. Dickson"—he addresses the boy
who hasn't learnt them—"you begin." The anguish of
Dickson cannot be described. Latin grammar had been bad
enough; dictation was a hateful torment; and now, on the
top of it all, came dates. Why must he learn dates? Did
his father know dates? Why had his father never mentioned
dates at home? Why had he been left in ignorance of this
fearful mystery? Nothing was any good at all! Some day,
very soon, he should die, and then, perhaps—"Dickson,"
says the smooth voice of the master, "I told you to begin.
We are all waiting your pleasure."

"There," says Dickson to himself, "he's begun his
sarcasm;" but he says no word aloud.

"Dickson," reiterates the master, "pray oblige me by
beginning at the beginning. It is generally considered a
good place to begin at. Now then."

"WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR," prompts a helpful small boy
under his breath.

Dickson catches the casual suggestion, and repeats it aloud,
doggedly and despairingly. "WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR," he
says, and pauses.

"Proceed, my Dickson," says the master blandly but
ominously. "Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once
more."

"What *does* he mean?" thinks the victim, and aloud he
says once more, "WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR."

"Ten sixty-six," prompts the helpful one, and Dickson,
about to sink as it were for the third time, snatches at the
straw, grasps it imperfectly, and in a loud clear voice says,
"Tens into six."

"Tens into what?" thunders the master.

"Into six," pleads Dickson.

"Tens into six never did go, and they won't go to-day.
Have you made any attempt to learn these dates?"

"No, Sir—I—please, Sir—I didn't—"

"I thought not. You'll be kept in next Wednesday
afternoon, and you can then apply your mind—ha, ha—
to them. And Stephens will stay in too for prompting so
feebly. Are you suffering in your throat, Stephens?"

"No, Sir, not much."

"Never mind, you'll be better after Wednesday."

At this point the clouds thicken and roll back again, and
I remember no more.

Yet stay—there is one more incident of the history lesson
that returns to me. It happened, I fancy, on a different
day, when there was reading aloud.

"That'll do, Oakley," says the master. "Go on, Hope."

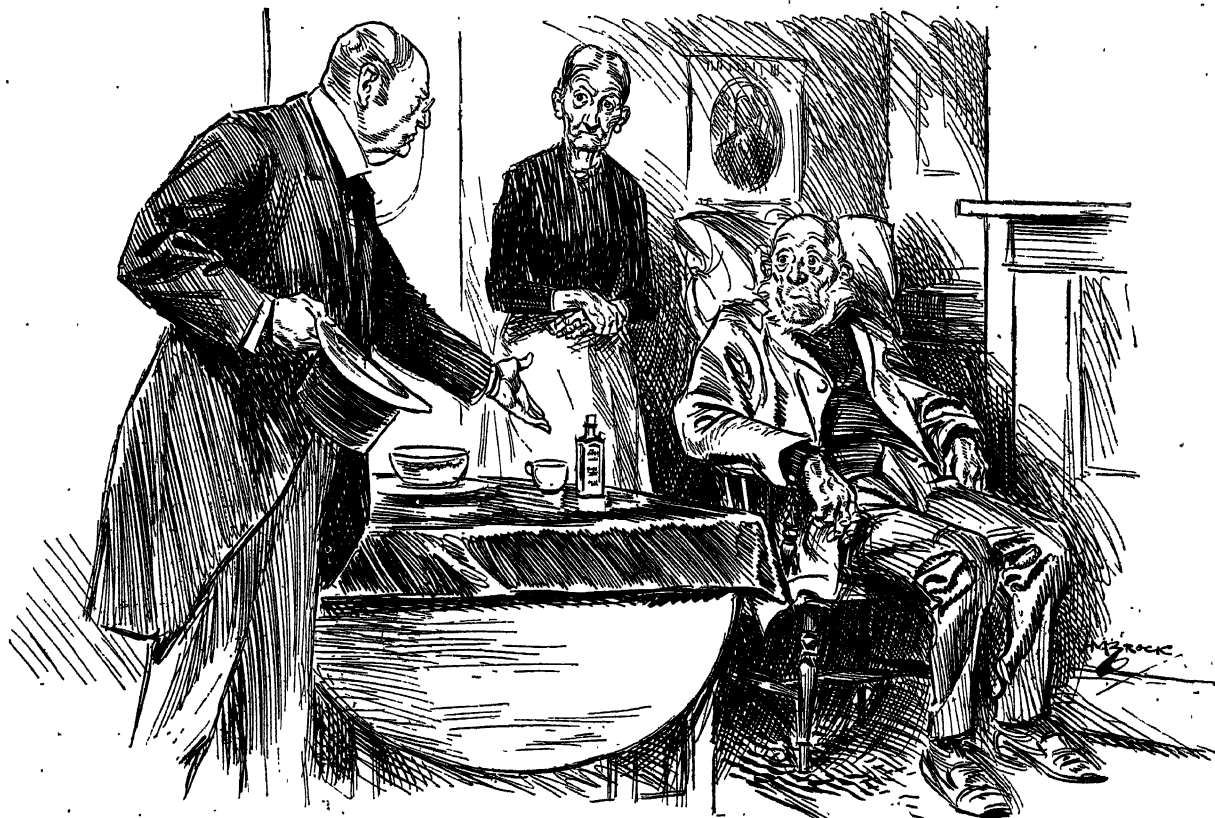
Hope is a small fat brown boy with a mop of most
rebellious hair. He rises in his place and begins very
gallantly: "Everything being now ready, the English fleet
set sail with a fair wind and arrived safely at—"

"Don't give it up, Hope. England expects every boy to
do his duty. Now for it."

Thus urged, Hope resumes: "set sail with a fair wind
and arrived safely at Bull—" Here he stops dead.

"Oh, Hope, a little courage."

"—arrived safely at—Bullogen."



Irate Doctor (finding bottle of quack medicine). "WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WERE TAKING THIS WRETCHED STUFF?"

Patient. "WELL, IT WAS MY MISSIS, SIR. SHE SAYS, I'LL DOSE YOU WITH THIS, AND DOCTOR HE'LL TRY HIS STUFF, AND WE'LL SEE WHICH'LL CURE YOU FIRST."

The master lies back and rocks with laughter: "An excellent rendering," he says, "but perhaps a little unusual. Bulloing would, no doubt, be more correct, wouldn't it, Dickson?"

"Please, Sir, I thought it was Boulogne," murmurs Dickson, who had once been there for some weeks.

The master looks darkly at the guileless Dickson. "Why is he glaring at me so?" thinks this fastidious pronouncer of French.

This was how some of us learnt history a thousand years ago.

POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BACKWOODS.—Take a cab from Euston. In all probability the driver will know the place. If he has any doubts, tell him that it is next door to the House of Commons. You can, as you suggest, do Madame Tussaud's on your road. You do well to take out an accident insurance policy. London streets have altered very much since you were here in '59.

J. B. (Battersea).—Congratulations! We shall have the greatest possible pleasure in recommending you for a Carnegie Hero Reward! If any man deserves one it is the still, strong man who has never made a speech about the Budget.

UNEMPLOYED.—We fear that no matter what becomes of the Budget you cannot count on being fed forcibly.

CHANCELLOR.—We are unable to give an exact definition of the phrase "small bottle." You don't say whether you mean an English, a Scotch, or an Irish small bottle. The racial differences are most striking. Keep to cocoa—it's safer.

LORD ADVOCATE.—Yours is a curious pseudonym. Which lord are you the advocate for?

LEO.—We think your suggestions as to the fate of the rest of the Cabinet admirable, but is it not a trifle hard to suggest that the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE be roasted at a slow fire? Why not be magnanimous and just string him up to the lamp-posts with the others?

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO EXPLORERS AND OTHERS OF THE NORTH,
SOUTH, OR ANY OTHER POLE.

The Advertiser has in stock an assortment of Complete Solar, Stellar, Lunar and Magnetic Observations, Notes, etc., sufficient to satisfy any learned society that the possessor has been to the North, South, or any other Pole.

With the above can be supplied samples of semi-worn-out Sledges, specimens of Arctic Flora and Fauna, geological curiosities and small quantities of variegated snow.

A few Hetookhishooks and Ah Welshers in stock.

The bearings given are the best of their respective kinds and guaranteed to last many years, fair allowance being made for wear and tear.

Sample of Poles—North, South, or Magnetic—can be supplied in soft or hard wood at per foot run.

Address—Boiled Apple, Beta, Greenland.

The Limits of Economy.

"The usual allowance for butter for eating purposes is 4lb. a head weekly, but as so little is used in the dining-room you might be able to make 2lb. cover your weekly supply. Blacking is usually provided for the servants, as it is cheaper."—*The Queen.*

THE REFORMED HOUSE OF LORDS.

ENGLAND UNDER SOCIALISM.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR having taken his seat on the camp-stool and the oath of allegiance to the Social Democratic Federation having been administered to all the peers present,

The Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND humbly drew attention to a question of Privilege. Since the Revolution of 1910, when their Lordships had been turned out of their House to admit of its being made into a smoking-room for the Commons, the disused shop in which their deliberations were now held had gradually become more dilapidated, and was now being used as a skating-rink in the evenings. To allow of this the House had to cut short its debates on such important matters as the Empire (*groans*), the Army (*indignant murmurs*), and the Church (*cries of "Talk of something sensible!"*). He moved to present a humble petition to the Commons to rent them a small flat somewhere in a suburb of some sort.

The Earl of CREWE warned the ignoble lord that any presumption would be sternly repressed by the leaders of the LABOUR PARTY. (*Here all the peers present rose and stood bare-headed.*) He must remember that the House of Lords was now purely an establishment to provide old-age pensions and outdoor relief for the senile and useless of the aristocracy. (*Subservient cheers.*) Their lordships would kindly confine themselves to the duties imposed upon them by the Constitution of 1910—investigation of the ventilation of houses, kitchen finance, door-scrappers, cleaning of the clocks and other matters not involving greater expenditure than twenty-five pounds.

The House having maintained a respectful silence for a few minutes,

The Duke of WESTMINSTER, who apologised for the shabby state of his personal appearance (due to his having been suffering from a great deal of unearned decrement of late), moved the second reading of the Dukes and Bankrupts Protection Bill. Speaking in both capacities, his Grace appealed to their Unfortunateships to support him in his assertion that a peer had as much right to consideration as any civil servant or poor law guardian. (*Murmurs.*) Their salaries of £100 a year compared very unfavourably with the £500 paid to all employees in the Post Office. If he might speak without sarcasm, he threw himself upon the honour and generosity of the Party in power.

The second reading was defeated without a division at the direction of the LORD CHANCELLOR.

Here BLACK ROD was announced and informed their Lordships that the House

of Commons was ready to hand them out their work for the day, and the House adjourned. Resuming,

The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, who spoke with a deep cough, introduced the Peerage Housing and Town Planning Bill. There was now an alarming infant mortality among the families of the nobility and landed gentry due to overcrowding, and rack-rents were wrung from these struggling classes to pay fancy salaries to Socialist politicians and pamper their children. He need only point to the congestion in Mayfair and Belgravia, the small size of the dwelling houses in Park Lane and their leaky condition. There should be no reason why the children of a peer should not grow up to be sober and honest citizens. Great Britain could never prosper if battered on the spoils of the helpless.

The Bishop of LONDON moved an alteration in Schedule 2 of the Constitution relating to stationery. It was degrading to their lordships to have to use paper and envelopes of the tea-bag type, while those supplied to the Lower House—(*Loud cries of "Order!"*)—he apologised deeply—to the Upper House—were gilt-edged and hand-made, and distributed in bulk to their most distant acquaintances.

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY on rising to second was ordered to resume his seat, and

The motion was placed in the waste-paper basket.

LORD MORLEY moved the first reading of the Votes-for-Peeresses Bill. These women had not had a very agreeable time of late, since the West End had been laid out in cheap blocks of flats and Polytechnics. Their only fault was that they had married Peers, and that should be sufficient punishment. The wives of working men had all of them votes—why not give them to Peeresses? The registration officials could easily make them useless (*laughter*).

Being a Government measure, the Bill was agreed to without a division, their lordships standing uncovered.

The Sixteen Hours' Day for Marquises Bill was read a third time.

The Two-Power-Standard in Workhouses Bill was read a third time, and

At the direction of the police the usual oath of submission to the Commonwealth was taken, and their lordships were searched and turned out for the night.

"For various reasons the important mutiny which should have been held last night in the Jockey Club has been postponed until next week."—*Buenos Aires Herald*.

There cannot be many vacant dates for revolutions and mutinies in South America, and the Club was lucky to find a convenient one so soon.

THE LATEST ABSURDITY.

To the Editor of *"The Westminster Gazette."*

Waily's Theatre.

You wicked man! Why have you done this thing? This is the first time in all his long career that Mr. Edward Georges has had to read an unkindly notice of a production of his. Every year the same pæan of praise fell to him as his just due. "Splendid," "marvellous," "unique," "sumptuous"—the noble words seemed to belong to him as by divine right; crowned each time by that majestic phrase, "Mr. Edward Georges has once more surpassed himself."

And now what has happened? What canker of spite and malice has eaten at the heart of yourself and your critic? "Splendid," "marvellous," "unique," "a dream of beauty"—yes, you applied these phrases to the scenery, the music, the dresses and the players of *The Tuppenny Duchess*, but of the book you dared to hint (how can I bring myself to repeat the word?) that it was "tiresome"! *Tiresome!*

If you could but see Mr. Edward Georges, even your stony heart would melt. He is prostrated. Just now he roused himself for a moment, and in a voice shaken by sobs, with great tears rolling down his cheeks, he commanded me to inform you that he had decided to withdraw all his advertisements from your paper. But the effort was too much for him. He sank back exhausted, and now unconsciousness has mercifully supervened. Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest what thou hast done!

Yours faithfully, THE SECRETARY.

To the Editor of *"The Westminster Gazette."*

SIR,—Our client, Capt. Riding Hood, informs us that you have had the temerity to describe certain words of his as "tiresome." Unless you withdraw your disgraceful insinuation at once, an insinuation which is bound to do him harm in his profession, we have instructions to proceed against you for criminal libel.

We are, Sir,

HIS SOLICITORS.

To Mr. George Edwardes and Captain Basil Hood.

DEAR SIRS,—Don't be so silly.

PUNCH

"Lost, between England and Channel Isles, probably in Sark, small gold locket."—*"Daily Mail"* advertisement.

Just the sort of thing that might lie unnoticed at the bottom of the sea for a long time.

FLAGGING FRIENDSHIP.

[The Eustace Miles Restaurant is to be the scene of a new experiment by the Round-About Club. Little silk flags will be obtainable at the door, and the donning of the flag will be an intimation that the wearer is prepared to speak and be spoken to.]

No longer shall it be my doom,
Thought I, to sit and munch
Alone amid a crowded room
My solitary lunch;
No longer need I glumly glower,
As stolid British phlegm does,
At faces that appear as sour
To me as mine to them does.

A new *régime* has dawned, said I,
When o'er the lentil bowls
Upon a signal souls will fly
To meet their sister souls.
So pondering I took my seat
And straightway bade the nimble
Young Hebe bring a steak of beet
And friendship's silken symbol.

Behind each proteid-laden plate
I sought to catch a sign
Of any mind that might be great
Enough to mate with mine;
But this one clearly would not suit,
And that one to the right of him—
The milk he poured upon his fruit
Had curdled at the sight of him.

But soon a glint of pearly teeth
Flashed on me where I sat;
Two eyes of hazel glanced beneath
An *Incredible* hat;
Two little curls of rarest red
Upon her forehead clustered,
And oh! the grace with which she spread
Her parsley chop with mustard!

Then fast and faster beat my heart
As I began to try
By every telepathic art
To catch her hazel eye.
At length—oh, bliss!—I saw her glance
In quite a friendly manner,
And filled with dreams of sweet romance
I hoisted friendship's banner.

But just when things seemed like to go
As they so seldom do,
The sour milk-curdler turned, and lo!
He wore a banner too.
He had me in his grip at once,
The points of nuts he mooted,
And ere I could escape the dunce
Dear Hazel Eyes had scooted.

THE "FAST" SET.

"A PERFECTLY healthy man," writes Mr. ESKOLME WADE, who has been conducting a controversy with Mr. EUGEN SANDOW in *The Daily News*, "might fast for six months or more without the slightest feeling of weakness, but, on the contrary, with extraordinary benefit to himself, physically, mentally and spiritually."



THE MAN AND THE MOMENT.

Not content with giving mere literary publicity to his creed, Mr. WADE has just opened (we are reliably informed) a charming *diversorium* in the neighbourhood of Chandos Street, W., and painted it a beautiful *eau-de-nil* colour. The staff of waitresses consists entirely of out-of-work Suffragettes, and votaries of the new diet are already loud in its praise. No material food of any kind is served within its doors, the sole charge being 1d. for the napkin. An inaugural luncheon, to which a number of distinguished guests were invited, was composed of the following menu:—

Potage à la bonne faim.

Jugged Air.

Mock Blancmange.

Café zéro.

Never before have the feast of reason and the flow of soul been enjoyed in

such undiluted purity. A few testimonials from some of the survivors of this ethereal orgie are to hand.

"The jolliest little luncheon I ever had," said Sacco; and Lt.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS was equally enthusiastic. "Never," he told our representative, "have I had less strain put upon my digestive powers."

"I can only compare the sensation," admitted Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, "to that experienced on the Wiggle-waggle at the White City, or during the sudden ascension of a Tube lift. I went home immediately afterwards and prepared a Tremendous Trifle."

"All the various grades of quality are on show in our Blanket Department. They speak for themselves."—From a Circular.

If only they would call us punctually every morning!



McGILP (PAINTER OF THAT CHARMING PICTURE, "HIGHLAND LASSIE CROSSING A BURN") PUTTING HIS IDEALS INTO PRACTICE

TO JOCK.

(On choosing a profession.)

WHEN, Jock, I saw you, debonair and bland,
Shin perilously up the cottage grand
Piano, with the bread-knife in your hand;—

When I observed your friendly little stare,
Your guileless baby face, your general air
Of "Golly, how on earth did I get there?"—

When I remarked how cheerfully you crashed
Down on the tea-things, not the least abashed
To see the same (*my* wedding present) *smashed!*—

Then, as we wondered (having wiped the tea
From off this waistcoat) "What's he going to be?"
I knew at once why Father thought, "The sea."

There are who sit and languidly dictate
Letters beginning "Yours of even date"—
Each one designed to rope in 6s. 8d.;

Wherefore each letter carefully postpones
The moment when the other party owns
His case is badly dished by "*Rex v. Jones.*"

There are who daily in the safe retreat
Of some Department gather round and bleat
Scandal and Art, until it's time to eat;

Return at 3, and, having written "Dear
Sir, Your communication of last year
Duly received and noted"—disappear.

There are who do not hesitate to shove
Their views of Babes and Budgets, Life and Love
On paper—as it might be, up above;

Who, fearless fellows, are not found to flinch
When some Proprietor essays to pinch
Their holiest thoughts at eightpence for the inch.

* * * * *

Such, Jock, as these are we who bear your name:
Content (well, almost) with the good old game
Of (moderate) Fortune unrelieved by Fame.

But there are Nobler Souls about the place,
Such Spirits as have built this Island Race,
Heroes who must, who simply must, have *space*.

'Twas not to serve the Pen that Nature gave
To these their love of all that's large and brave;
For Them an ampler Life upon the Wave!

So when your father (while I mop the tea)
Says that he rather thinks you'll go to sea,
Dear Jock, sweet Jock, your uncle *must* agree.

A. A. M.

Uncontrovertible.

MISS MARIE CORELLI at the opening of Harvard House:—

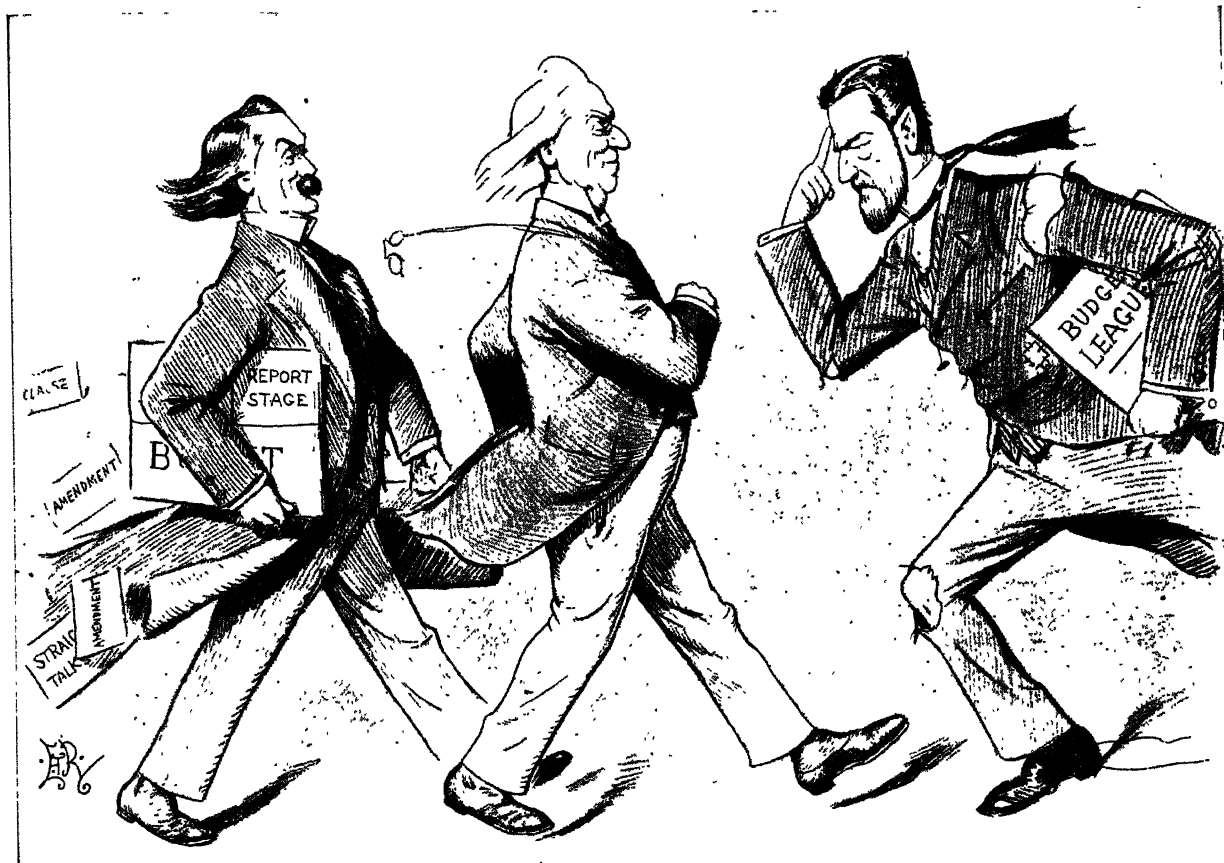
"No one could have imagined that the young girl just going forth as a bride, was destined to be the mother of John Harvard, the founder of the oldest college of learning in that great New World, the United States of America."

No one, except perhaps an American "persistent news-getter."



THE OPPORTUNIST.

PROF. REDMOND. "WHILE WE ARE WAITING FOR THE BIG EVENT, I WILL ENDEAVOUR TO AMUSE YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES WITH MY FAMOUS 'HOME RULE' TRICK. BY WAY OF A START, WILL ANY GENTLEMEN IN THE AUDIENCE OBLIGE ME WITH SOME MONEY?"



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

(SUGGESTED BY THE STATEMENT THAT THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER "HAVE NOT HAD THEIR HAIR CUT FOR MONTHS," AND THAT SIR HENRY NORMAN HAS "NO TIME TO GO TO HIS TAILOR'S TO TRY ON HIS CLOTHES." SIGNS OF THE COMING FRAY MAY BE NOTICED ALREADY ABOUT THE COSTUME OF SIR H. N.)

EVERYTHING MADE EASY.

I.

To the Editor of "The Daily Pail."

SIR,—With regard to your deeply interesting correspondence on the incompetence of the writers of murder mysteries, I think you may like to know that by a curious chance I have just completed a sensational story of crime which cannot come under this criticism, and it so happens that I have not yet arranged for its serial publication. It is competent from beginning to end, and so convinced am I of the success with which the crime is concealed that I am prepared to pay any Charity you may name £100 if before the publication of the last chapter any reader can name the murderer.

I am yours, etc., PAX MEMBERTON.

II.

Editor of "Daily Pail" to Mr. Pax Memberton.

May we read MS.?

III.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor of "Daily Pail."

Certainly. [Aside: Just as I hoped.]

IV.

Editor of "Daily Pail" to Mr. Pax Memberton.

May we print story as serial?

V.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor of "Daily Pail."

How much will you give?

VI.

* * * * *

VII.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor "Daily Pail."

Will take double.

VIII.

Editor of "Daily Pail" to Mr. Pax Memberton.

Right; but instead of Charity, £100 must go to reader of Pail.

IX.

Mr. Pax Memberton to Editor "Daily Pail."

Agreed. Charities banal.

X.

GREAT NEW CRIME NOVEL.
WHO CAN SOLVE MYSTERY?
FAMOUS NOVELIST'S SPORTING
OFFER.

MR. PAX MEMBERTON'S £100
PRIZE.

WILL IT BE WON?
&c. &c. &c. &c.

SPILT MILK.

AMONG the inventions on view at the Business Exhibition at Olympia is a contrivance for delivering the morning milk through a hole in the door. A milk-can is suspended just inside, and the milkman has a patent funnel which automatically unlocks the covering of the hole, so that the milk is delivered straight into the can. Incidentally, if a forgetful servant omits to hang up the can, the milk is delivered straight on to the floor.

We miss, however, some obvious developments of this invention. What is badly wanted at present is a self-

acting apparatus for unobtrusively introducing skilful or other nourishing fluid food into the interior of a sleeping "hunger-striker," so that she may wake up in the morning fed and refreshed. There should be no need to hang up the Suffragette behind the keyhole, while it should be rendered impossible for an inadvertent wardress to spill upon the floor either the patient or the beverage.

The milkman, too, himself, with his charivari of milk-cans at daybreak, might be abolished. With a little ingenuity, ratepayers and subscribers would have their daily supply laid on, like gas and water, from the main—or the municipal cow or chalk-pit. There should also be some means of rising to the occasion in case of a milk-burst or when the passage is in spate, owing to the negligence of the domestic above hinted at. Perhaps we may skim over the difficulty by suggesting an automatic churn that shall produce butter or curds or something for the breakfast table. We are not going to cry any further over spilt milk.

AN ORIGIN.

THE young man gathered his skins more tightly about him and walked out into the storm. He walked on and on, brooding on his own misery, until he came to the seashore. There he stood face to face with the furious elements, filled with their majesty.

After a while he picked up a flat piece of wood, and seating himself within the shelter of a cave, traced upon it with a sharp flint the rude record of his feelings. Not till the storm was exhausted did he return to the village again.

A day or so later another skin-clad figure walked that way gathering fuel. He picked up without examining it the flat piece scored by the young man and added it to his store. When he reached his hut his eye chanced upon the characters and symbols, and he scanned them with a hurried eye. He frowned as he threw it on the fire.

He was the first reviewer.

"Doncaster Aviation Meeting. Secure your rooms at the — Hotel. . . . Goodenough, Manager (late of Dover), Ici on Parle, Français." No; very nearly, but not quite good enough.

AT THE PLAY.

"DON."

Ann Sinclair was engaged to Stephen Bonington. Stephen (according to Mr. RUDOLF BESIER, who as his creator ought to know) was a great poet, but as he did not recite any of his pieces on the stage, I cannot say if it was indeed so. But what is a fact is that he was a chivalrous dreamer, an idealist who took in *The Daily News*, a man who was "interested in strikes." Ann called him "Don," short for *Don Quixote*, as she explains, not for *Don Juan*, as her mother suggests. Well, Don had be-

The situation was viewed in different ways.

General Sinclair believed the worst, was furious, and asked for an A.B.C.

Mrs. Sinclair laughed and laughed and laughed. It was too absurd. And of course impossible.

Ann was very sweet. She trusted Don implicitly, but had he not been unchivalrous to her?

Canon Bonington felt strongly that no man ought to come between a husband and his wife. He did not believe the worst, but he was shocked by Stephen's interference with a Heaven-made marriage.

Mrs. Bonington knew it was all that

designing minx, Mrs. Thompsonsett. How could they save Stephen from scandal? Surely they could invent some story. And if Mr. Thompsonsett called he was to be shown into the library and she would see him.

And, so, after we had wondered for two Acts what Thompsonsett was like and what he would do and how it could possibly end happily—when we had been worked up to the pitch (nearly) of screaming out, "We will have Thompsonsett, and we won't wait,"—then he did call and was shown into the library. And he was Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL—big, brutal, fanatic—with but one word for everybody, "I want my wife. Fetch my wife."

How does it end? I am not going to tell you. All through this splendid Third Act, I kept saying to myself, "It can't end. How can it end?" Yet it did, quite naturally and simply, by no stage trick of suicide or earthquake. You must go and see for yourself—I know you would not like to miss the finest comedy in London.

The acting is worthy of the play. Mr. CHARLES QUARTERMAINE had the most difficult task, of course, and perhaps he didn't quite pull it off; the others had parts more incisively drawn and well within the range. They all played perfectly. I congratulate Mr. HERBERT TRENCH on presenting, Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL on producing, and (chiefly) Mr. RUDOLF BESIER on writing one of the most finely humorous plays that have been seen for a long time. M.

What to do with our Bracelets.

"Very pretty 9ct. curb bracelet, set round wool; 10/6 to kind home only as pet dog." *The Lady.*



PORTRAIT OF A DOG ABOUT TO BE SHOT.

("Give me back my wife, or I'll shoot you like a dog.")

Elizabeth Thompsonsett Miss CHRISTINE SILVER.
Albert Thompsonsett Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL.
Stephen Bonington Mr. CHARLES QUARTERMAINE

friended a poor girl in a tea-shop, and had found her a situation as his mother's companion. After she left, she married Thompsonsett, a tradesman and a Plymouth Brother, hard, narrow-minded, and cruel, though with the best of motives—a man who had "found salvation." Mrs. Thompsonsett stood a year of mental and moral torture with him, and then in despair wrote to Don and asked him to help her. Quite naturally, as it seemed to him, he took her away from her husband, spent a night at Kettering (I think it was) by her bedside—she had collapsed in the train, and could not continue the journey without a rest—and on the next day brought her to his mother's house, where Ann and her people were staying.



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. 1.

The Story (as told in the fishing inn at night). "CAPITAL DAY—CAUGHT HALF-A-DOZEN, NOTHING UNDER TWO POUNDS WEIGHT. WHAT FLY? OH—ER—THEY TOOK ANY FLY WITH A BIT OF SILVER ABOUT IT, DON'TCHERKNOW."

THE REIGN OF LOVE.

["A delightful euphemism has just been invented by M. CAILLAUX, the Minister of Finance, in the course of the income-tax debate in the Chamber of Deputies. To arrive at a just estimate of a ratepayer's income there should, he thinks, be 'collaboration' between the public and the revenue authorities."—*The Globe.*]

GENTLE friends, my heart is broken
When your angry frowns I see
And I hear what words are spoken
As you vent your wrath on me.

When I bring my dainty blue
Billets doux
Round to you,
'Tis in love, not hate, I leave them,
Then in love, not hate, receive them!

'Tis, alas, an ancient story!
Hard has ever been our fate:
WAR the Tyler gathered glory
When he bashed the taxman's pate.
How is it that CADE can claim
Such a fame
For his name?

Why is HAMPTON crowned with laurel
Just for keeping up the quarrel?

Even by the ancient Roman
We were held in wrathful scorn;

Treated as a common foe-man,
Creatures scarcely to be borne.
Jew and Gentile to a man
Joined to ban

All our clan:
People know from their "Divinners"
Publicans were classed with sinners.

Thus from CLIO's storied pages
We collectors weep to find
That through all the vanished ages
We have always been maligned.
Much against our heart's desire

We inspire
Fear and ire:
People see some cruel spectre
In the kindly tax-collector.

But 'tis time this all were ended,
For we love you. Let us then
Be no more misapprehended
By misguided fellow-men.
Greet us when we call on you

With our blue
Billets doux;
Perish crude recrimination!
Let there be collaboration!

Modesty.

"The Countess of C— was in invisible
green velvet, with a black extinguisher hat."
The Standard.

THREE LETTERS.

A SKETCH FOR ETERNITY.

I.

Mrs. Carr-Amell to Mr. Fortescue.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am so glad you
can come to lunch on Wednesday. This
is just to say be sure to stay on after the
others have gone, as I want to have a
very particular talk.

Yours ever, E. C.-A.

II.

Mrs. Carr-Amell to Mr. Morris.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am so glad you
can come to lunch on Wednesday. This
is just to say be sure to stay on after the
others have gone, as I want to have a
very particular talk.

Yours ever, E. C.-A.

III.

Mrs. Carr-Amell to Mr. Crawford.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am so glad you
can come to lunch on Wednesday. This
is just to say be sure to stay on after the
others have gone, as I want to have a
very particular talk.

Yours ever, E. C.-A.

FROM OUR READERS.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily Georgie.")

Odious Comparisons.

I NOTE with pain that in a recent issue you say in a grudging spirit of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, "perhaps he comes nearest to ABRAHAM LINCOLN of any of the latter-day leaders of the Democracy." Could anything be more jejune and inadequate than this niggardly tribute to the splendidly human qualities of our adored leader? LINCOLN had all the defects of his qualities, the most prominent of which was a morbid moderation. The best that one of his biographers can say of him was that he was "fair and direct in speech and action." Indeed, so deplorably averse was he from plain speaking that it is said he would never allow the Confederates to be called rebels in his presence! Such a man, were he now alive, would probably show tenderness to dukes and courtesy to ground landlords. Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, on the other hand, has none of this pitiful compunction. He preaches the gospel of a newer and a nobler age for the common people. He inculcates the sacred duty of class hatred with the superb abandon of a HANNIBAL or a TORQUEMADA. He fears not the rage and the sneers of the Smart Set. We have had nothing quite like him in British politics before, and perhaps never shall again.

N. BOAKES.

16, Murdle Road, Wimbledon.

A Question of Colour.

I see that in your splendid description of the peroration of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's speech you say "a great gasp of emotion passed down the rows of white faces, like the souging of an autumn wind amid the trees." May I, as a coloured reader of your admirable and stimulating organ, venture to observe that the emotion was not confined to white hearers. No one could have souged more strenuously than myself.

POMPEY JETSAM.

Sierra Leone Gardens, E.C.

The Chancellor's Predecessors.

I am glad to see that you eulogise the delicious drollery of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's magnificent Newcastle speech. Other great orators have been pungent, have been extravagant, have indulged in a superfluity of ornamental invective, but surely no one before him has contrived to combine the spirituality of a MARCUS AURELIUS with the forthrightness of a THERSITES.—ALBERT POGSON.

[We fully endorse what our correspondent says of the bewitching humour of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, but is he not mixing up THERSITES with THESEUS or possibly THEMISTOCLES.—Ed. D.G.]

The Burglar's Plea.

No part of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE's fine speech was greeted with greater enthusiasm than his superb vindication of the rights of the poacher. Never before has a Cabinet Minister openly proclaimed the noble doctrine that the poacher has the same right to the game as the man who, besides being guilty of owning the land, has spent large sums in rearing and feeding his pheasants, etc. My only complaint against the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is that he omitted to say a word on behalf of that much-maligned person, the burglar. I trust that when Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE delivers his next great speech at Holloway or Wormwood Scrubs he will remedy this deficiency and speak up for a most industrious, precariously remunerated and tender-hearted class, for it should never be forgotten that the late Mr. CHARLES PEACE was an accomplished violinist and was extremely fond of children.—W. SIKES.

[Our correspondent appears to us to read more in the statement than was intended. The context shows clearly that the CHANCELLOR spoke in a more or less jocular vein. Still, the right of a burglar to the unearned increment of a duke has undoubtedly much to be said for it. The anecdote of Mr. PEACE is most touching.—Ed. D.G.]

How to Secure Peace with Germany.

Few things have contributed more happily to the establishment of a better understanding with our great neighbour, Germany, than the noble action of Herr Elzbacher in changing his name to Mr. Ellis Barker. Surely this is a precedent which cannot be followed too frequently or too thoroughly. But to be really effective it must not be confined to one side. If Germans are to take English names, Englishmen must assume German patronymics. I venture to subjoin the following provisional list in the hope that the persons mentioned will lose no time in carrying out the necessary formalities:

Mr. Lewis Harcourt	Herr Ludwig Horchhof.
Mr. Herbert Gladstone	Herr Frohstein.
Mr. Alf. Mond	Mr. Half Moon.
Mr. Spender	Herr Aufwender.
Mr. Winston Churchill	Herr Kirchübel.
Sir J. Brunner	Lord Springer.
Mr. Lyons	Herr Löwenherz.
Mr. Gluckstein	Herr Gladstone.
Mr. Asquith	Herr Mittragen.
Lord Courtney of Penwith	Graf Kniehof von Federmit.

In conclusion may I suggest that you should lend this movement a much needed impetus by re-naming your paper the *Tägliche Georg*.

HERBERT PLIMMER.

The Very Latest.

Rumour has it that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE

BLIGHTED HOPES.

[A country fire brigade has just resigned in a body because the people persisted in laughing at the members in their new uniforms.]

TIME was when visions filled my mind
Of rescues à la Christmas Numbers,
Strong men (I thought) will wake to find
The fire intruding on their slumbers,
And, when all hope of safety vanished
quite is,
I'll rush and save them, in their little
nighties.

I'll do whate'er my post requires
At divers times in various places,
Until some heiress leaves the fire's
And falls into my own embraces,
Then will I ask her hand in marriage,
and some
Day her papa is sure to come down
handsome.

But when I donned my fireman's gear,
(It pleased me well from boots to
bonnet)
The ribald crowd began to jeer
And crack their rustic jests upon it,
Such as the shouted question: "Where
did you nick
That belt, those trousers, and that beastly
tunic?"

Long time I scorned the gaping grin,
Then, minding him of Plaza-Toro,
I sent my resignation in
The "very first of all my corps O."
The fifth approaching urged me to
remember
The guise that vulgar wit wears in
November.

GREAT MINDS.

[We think the time has come to publish the following correspondence, which has very nearly occurred several times.—Ed. Punch.]

1, Balmoral Villas, Tufton.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a short contribution to your valuable paper. The idea occurred to me only this morning, and I have not communicated it to any other journal.

Question. "What will the country say when the Budget is put before it?"
Answer. "Budge it."

Perhaps one of your clever writers would be able to word it more crisply, but the idea is so extremely topical and up-to-date that I feel sure it would appeal to the large body of your readers.

I am, yours faithfully,

MICHAEL FAIRJOHN.

The Editor of *Punch* presents his compliments, and regrets that he is unable to use Mr. Fairjohn's contribution. He has a vague idea that he has heard the joke before somewhere, though he cannot remember where.

DEAR SIR,—I am at a loss to understand your note. The only person to



Golfer. "THE DAY I GET ROUND THESE LINKS IN UNDER A HUNDRED, I'LL GIVE YOU A SHILLING, SANDY!"
Caddie. "HOO WILL I WANT IT WHEN I'M DRAWIN' ME AULD-AGE PENSION?"

whom I repeated this joke was the Rev. Canon Letts of this town, and I have his word for it that he has neither repeated it to anybody else nor forwarded it to your paper. Unless you are prepared to doubt the assurance of a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England I do not see how you can persist in the attitude you have adopted.

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you are right. Would you prefer your joke to be illustrated or unillustrated?

Yours faithfully, THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I feel that the joke would make more of a stir if suitably illustrated in the form of a cartoon. You could either get one of your clever artists to do this, or I would mention the matter to Mr. Thomas Pipp, the drawing instructor at our schools. Should you decide to leave the matter in the hands of one of your clever cartoonists, I should not desire any fee for my suggestion, but would be content to receive the original of the drawing which illustrated my idea.

DEAR SIR,—I think that, perhaps, we had better leave it in the hands of one of our clever cartoonists. When would you like it to appear? By the way, do you know Mr. William Gosport, of 5, The Albany, Southend? He asks us,

to-day, upon a post-card, "Why did the Budget budge it?" Though not so neatly constructed as yours, this joke has in idea something in common with it.

P.S.—My letter should have been posted yesterday. I wonder if you have ever met a Mr. Alfred Selly (or Selby), of Leamington?

DEAR SIR,—I do not know Mr. Gosport or Mr. Alfred Selly—though I once met a Mr. John Selby who lived at Grange-over-Sands. I consider that Mr. Gosport's joke has nothing in common with mine at all, though he certainly seems to have stolen my idea. The sooner my joke appears the better for the country.

DEAR SIR,—The idea of a joke about the present financial situation may have occurred to Mr. Gosport independently. I wonder if you know any of these:—

Mr. Timothy Wells, The Thatched House, Truro.

Canon Bletchley, of Aberdeen.

Mr. Walters, Wavcrest, Commercial Road, Leicester.

Lt.-Col. John Adams, Naval and Military Club, W.

I cannot help feeling that we have not yet got the best out of your joke. Can you not word it slightly differently, so as to bring out more gradually the

subtle contrast between "Budget" and "budge it"? At present you seem to me to get to the point too quickly.

DEAR SIR,—How would this do?

"The electors' reply to LLOYD-GEORGE—*Budge it!*"

Please use this immediately, while the subject is still topical.

DEAR SIR,—By an odd chance you have hit upon the very form in which Mr. Cyril James, of The Bungalow, Cromer, puts it this morning. Though not quite satisfactory yet, it is much more incisive than that of the Rev. W. R. Tonkin, of Little Beldam, who writes upon a letter-card:

"History repeats itself. The joke current in 1831 that the only reply to the Budget was 'Budge it,' is as true as ever to-day."

This, you will agree with me, is rather laboured.

DEAR SIR,—I am withdrawing my joke from your paper and am sending it to *The Times*. Yours disgustedly,
 MICHAEL FAIRJOHN.

The Latest Unique Performance.

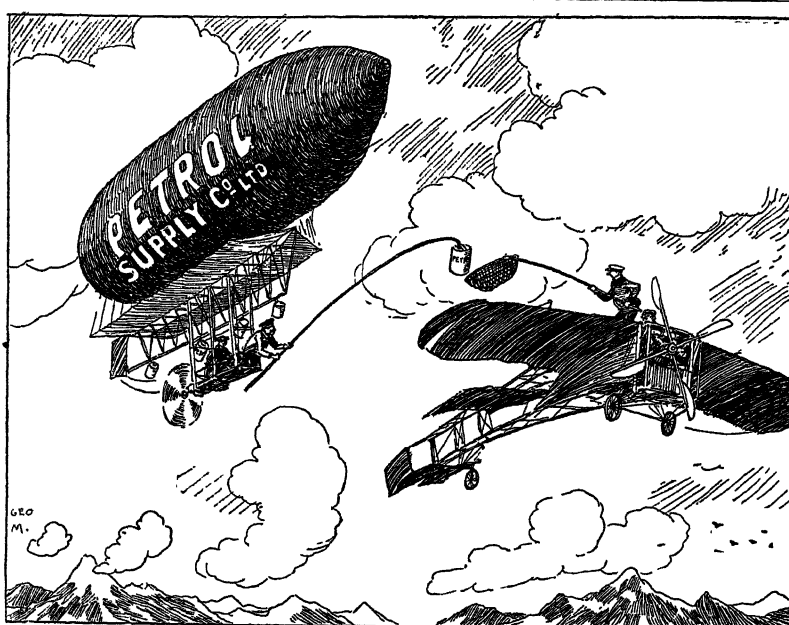
"The ordinary stock occupies the unique position of standing at the highest price of the year."—*The Scotsman*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Ann Veronica (FISHER UNWIN) is a remarkably clever book about rather unpleasant people. I think Mr. H. G. WELLS wrote it (particularly the love scenes) with his head rather than with his heart, and it is my head and not my heart which consents to all he has to say. *Ann Veronica* is a modern girl, full of vague longings for some vague kind of freedom, who runs away from her suburban home to try life on her own in London. Mr. WELLS has observed the type very carefully, and has described it minutely; not often have we been allowed to see so deep into the soul of a girl. After an adventure with a City bounder called *Ramage*, who lends her money and expects the only repayment which a man of his type can appreciate from a woman (an episode excellently done) she falls in love with *Capes*, a man separated from his wife. *Capes*

I never quite saw; he was so indeterminate that in the great scene between him and *Ann Veronica* I almost lost her too. However, I am glad to say I recovered her on p. 319—a wonderful page which I had not suspected of the author. Mr. WELLS has written a real novel at last, whose story progresses unhindered by discursions into Socialism. Yet in one sentence he gets extraordinarily close to the truth of both Socialism and Suffragettism, when he makes *Ann Veronica* say that the idea is all right but the people are all wrong.



THE CHIEF DIFFICULTY TO BE OVERCOME IN AVIATION IS THAT OF RENEWING SUPPLIES OF PETROL WHILE IN THE AIR.

Paths Perilous, by SIDNEY PICKERING,
Is lighted with a vastly brighter flame
Than that suggested by the flickering
Alliterative brilliance of its name.

It pictures France's wild democracy
Who, having lost their own heads (just *pro tem.*),
Rounded upon the aristocracy
And did the same (but lastingly) for them.

The tale the author has to tell us is
Knit of the many threads of human life—
The loves, ambitions, schemings, jealousies,
That failed or flourished in that time of strife.

An ancient theme, you think? You've heard of it?
Yes, but he puts new force into the job.
Buy it, I say, and read each word of it—
(CHAPMAN and HALL, six bob).

Though much of Mr. PHILIP GIBBS's story, *The Street of Adventure* (HEINEMANN), is a love comedy, the oldest form of comedy extant, the great incident in it is a very modern tragedy. It tells of the death of a big daily paper, which it

is not difficult to identify. Mr. GIBBS calls it *The Liberal*. It is run by a young millionaire who, having lost two or three hundred thousand pounds through the recklessness of his helpers in the early stages, determines suddenly to cut his losses, when, in the opinion of his staff, success is in sight. Five hundred men are thrown out of employment, having received notice with a request for secrecy lest the negotiations which are pending for a reconstruction should be prejudiced. It is thus impossible for them to utilise the period of notice in searching for new berths. This, in so notoriously overstocked a profession as that of the journalist, is a very real tragedy, and Mr. GIBBS writes bitterly of the callousness of the proprietor. He puts his case so vigorously that in reading the novel one is bound to take his view, but in actual fact there is obviously another side to the picture. I think I am not mistaken in saying that not a few men threw up good berths to enter the better paid service of the original of *The Liberal*, and a rather harsh, though strictly poetic, justice frequently

follows such desertions. Mr. GIBBS, however, tempers justice with mercy. He either finds other jobs for those of his out-of-works who have excited our interest (no small number), or else he consoles them with matrimony, or prospects of it—an infallible panacea for all trouble in novels (excepting, of course, when the ceremony is performed in the opening chapters). This is all very jolly, but the real interest, as I have suggested, lies in the journalistic "shop." Incidentally, since Tory newspaper proprietors have been pretty well roasted of late

on the stage, it is pleasant to find someone having a whack at the other side. Particularly as neither side is much the worse for it.

Great Englishmen.

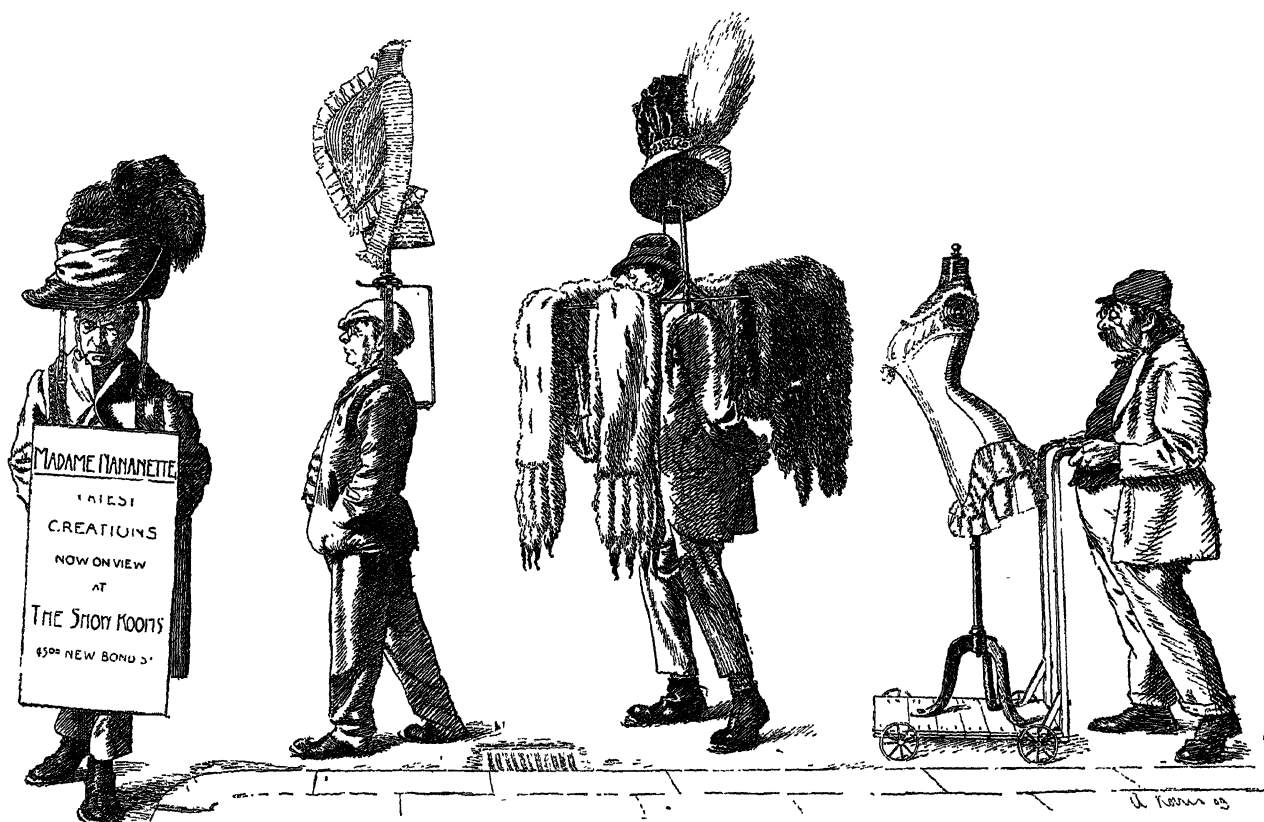
"One inch, in addition to one-and-a-half inches which was added by a recent Army Order, has been added to the chest measurement of recruits of the Rifle Brigade, and the standard is now 5 ft. 5 in."—*Naval and Military Record*.

"Then the draw for stations was not in their favour, for they were left behind at the start and so lost the only advantage of their station. They would probably not have won from either of the other stations, but we doubt whether either of the other crews would have won from theirs."—*Eton College Chronicle*.

What a race that would have been, though.

Never let it be said again that we do not appreciate American humour. In the *Chicago Daily Tribune* we find the following among hints on "How to sleep well":—

"A few crackers or a glass of milk should be kept inside the bed." Well, anybody can see the joke in that.



SLAVES OF FASHION.

AN INVITATION.

DEAR TOM, I hear you're back in Town
Bronzed as an Iroquois with brown
Of sunshine and adventures;
I wish you'd come and dine to-night
Ere stream and hill have faded quite,
And Mammon's dipped you out of sight
In shares and dull debentures!

You won't get much: my cook of old
You know is not (though gold, pure gold)
A culinary show thing;
That lady's very utmost word
Is first a sole, and then a bird,
And, if she ventures on a third,
It's toasted cheese—or nothing!

Forgive my menu its misdeeds,
At least you'll find a Beaune that needs
No bush's vain adorning,
And when its vinted balms ascend
You'll think, 'Tis thus, though good
times end,
Their sunny memories stay to blend
With fog and Monday morning!

So come. I want to hear about
The Islands,—were the big sea-trout
As big this year as ever?
And has your brown retriever pup
(Son of old "Shot" who won the Cup)
His father's nose at picking-up?
He promised to be clever.

You got a stag, I heard from Bee;
The island heads are small, but she
Says yours is simply ripping;
I want the details of it all,
His points, the ground, the wind, the
crawl,
And, flushed with triumph at his fall,
What sum you spent in tipping!

Our talk shall slip by braes and brooks,
Through several tomes of salmon hooks,
And on by easy stages
To other works of worthy lore,
Picked from the bookshelf's golden store,
Till round our chairs the very floor
Is carpeted with sages!

We'll smoke and watch the embers
glow
And read the lines we like and know,
The old, the wise, the witty;
While on the curtained window-pane
You'll hear the patter of the rain,
And down the Knightsbridge Road again
The roar of London City!

From a calendar:—

"Austen Chamberlain, born 1863.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
Wordsworth."

This looks like the base work of a Free
Trade Unionist.

One of the Bhoys.

From a report in *The Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"The great principle to be learned in every noble life was that whatever others might do or say, they, as individuals, must be good, and that was the principle of one with whom they could not see eye to eye. He referred to Marcus O'Reilly."

"Novo . . . We have never heard of any connection between the seasons of the year and falling of the hair, except in poetry, and that is only because the two words rhyme."

Sunday Chronicle.

Even if "year" and "hair" didn't rhyme they might occur at the end of consecutive lines in blank verse, and a connection would still be established.

From a programme:—

"Vocalist

MME. KIRKBY LUNN

(who has kindly consented to sing)."

Not to roller-skate, as was the management's first idea.

From a review in *The Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"The book sparkles with trite sayings and exquisite characterisation."

We recommend the publisher to withdraw all his advertisements (consult Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS).

TWO OF A KIND.

["Months ago we heard of the baby christened Budget. And now follows another enthusiast's infant, who has been named Lloyd George."—*The Daily Chronicle*.]

If noble names can launch a child along a great career,
When at the font of sprinkling you dab the little dear,
No infants started better on the route to high renown
Than Masters Lloyd George Jenkins and Winston Churchill
Brown.

To pious inspiration the fancy may be traced
Which overtook their parents (being Radical by taste),
And prompted them to label their respective babes at birth
With what their wits conceived to be the noblest names
on earth.

These twain grew up together and shared the youthful spree,
Twin minds with but a single thought, as like as pea and pea;
Or, say, as two-and-sixpence compared with half-a-crown,
Just so was Lloyd George Jenkins to Winston Churchill
Brown.

They seldom mixed with other boys because they held the
view

It's best to hunt in couples, and a couple's only two;
But some, they saw, were useful when it came to heaving
stones,

And such were Budget Billingsgate and Ure Another Jones.

On raiding expeditions our two behaved as one,
Together pinched the orchard and raked the poultry-run;
And answered all objections about these little tricks
With repartees consisting mainly of mud and bricks.

And so the pair (but oh, alas! how outward form deceives!)
Remained to all appearance as close and thick as thieves;
But, underneath a smiling air, this thought they couldn't
smother—

That some day one of them would have to swallow up the other.

For when you hunt in couples, though things go smooth as oil,
There's apt to come a question of who shall take the spoil,
Of who's to be the top-dog that pins his partner down:
Would it be Lloyd George Jenkins or Winston Churchill
Brown?

Well, on a day they started, both smiling, on the track
Of quite a big adventure, and only one came back!
For in the hour of triumph there arose a horrid hitch,
And one had wiped the other out; I shan't say which was
which. O. S.

From *The Morning Leader*:—

MOTOR-CAR DANGERS.

Sir,—Cannot some effective measures be taken to stop the frightful rushing of motor-cars through our streets? The speed at which the majority of them travel, especially through crowded thoroughfares, is terrible. Yours, etc., A. E. L.

We understand that this letter has been travelling abroad during the last few years; hence the delay.

A Conservative candidate as reported in *The Cambridge Chronicle*:—

"It had been suggested that the House of Lords could reject this Bill, provided that they had an agreement with their Party in the House of Commons to bring forward a Referendum Bill. . . . He personally believed in the Referendum, but he did not think they were ready yet to pass judgment on the Budget, through the means of the Referendum Bill."

You see one of the difficulties straight away.

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

THE BUTCHER'S SON.

I SEEM to remember that there was once a little boy. He lived with his father and mother and his brothers in a large house midway between two villages, and there in a simple way he enjoyed life a great deal. There was a garden; there were favourite dogs and cats, there was a pond for fishing or skating, as the season ordained, there was a stable with a complement of horses and ponies, and there were woods and green fields lying about the house. It was a fairy palace of delight and, like other fairy palaces, it has long since passed away. Villas and shops, this Crescent, that Avenue, and the other Rise reign over the spot where there were fields and trees, and young delight and laughter. Does the uneasy ghost of Neptune, the Newfoundland, or Sturdy, the grey pony—how he hated to be laughed at!—ever roam distraught through these busy little villas?

In one of the villages, distant about a mile from the large house, there was a school, and in this school the little boy was a student, submitting himself, somewhat carelessly, I fear, to the grand old fortifying classical curriculum which has made Englishmen what they are. It was an old school, founded far back in Tudor times, and it differed very little, I suppose, except, perhaps, in one point, from hundreds of other homes of learning scattered throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. The point of exception was that there were generally more day-boys than boarders amongst those who sucked wisdom from it. From the village in which it stood and from the neighbouring villages and homes a great many boys used to trudge to it in the morning, and then back home again for the midday dinner, then once more to school, and so finally home again in the evening. The little boy was one of those jolly trudgers.

I have often been told that day-boys are, on the whole, an inferior class, not to be encouraged in the life of our great schools. It seems that in the demoralising companionship of their parents and amidst the unmanly surroundings created by their sisters they waste precious hours, hours that should properly be devoted to the acquisition of tone and *esprit de corps*. The genius of public-school life, they say, demands that at the tenderest age a little fellow should be withdrawn from every influence that tends to make him gentle and prevents him from becoming barbarous and brutal—his mother's society is above all others injurious—and that he should be subdued to all the petty little conventions of dress and manner and general behaviour which the servility or the roughness of a mass of other boys has established in a sacred and immutable code of respectable rules. I don't dogmatise on this point, but I am not sure that there may not be much to be said on the other side. At any rate my little friend was for the time a day-boy.

Now one of the fields bordering the little boy's home belonged to the butcher of the village, and in that field the butcher's son John was often to be seen. Sometimes John looked through the hedge and sometimes the little boy looked through it from the other side, and sometimes they both looked through it together, and in the end they became acquainted and exchanged confidences. The hedge soon ceased to be an impenetrable barrier, and eventually John, who was a cheerful, plump, well-mannered, red-cheeked boy, came through it and was made free of the pleasant mysteries of the garden. The two boys became fast friends. John could perform marvellous feats with little lumps of clay discharged as missiles from the top of a stick, and he was more skilful with a catapult than any other mortal boy.

On the afternoon of a certain day the little boy—let me



FORCED FELLOWSHIP.

SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING PARTY. "ANY OBJECTION TO MY COMPANY, GUVNOR? I'M AGOIN' YOUR WAY"—(aside) "AND FURTHER."



School Medical Officer (examining child's eyes). "Now, LITTLE GIRL, CAN YOU SEE MY FINGER?"
Child (cooly). "I SHAN'T TELL YOU."

call him Harry henceforth—had arranged to meet a school friend in a shady retreat in the woods. I rather think a bird-nesting expedition had been planned. As John happened to be about when the time came for setting forth to the tryst, Harry took him with him, not dreaming any wrong. When they arrived the other boy was there. Harry was punctilious in his manners, and made a ceremonious presentation. "Let me introduce you," he said, "Mr. John Lumsden—Mr. Thomas Chappell. Now then, where shall we begin?" Mr. Thomas Chappell, however, looked darkly uncomfortable. "I'm afraid," he stammered, without seeming to see John's extended hand, "I'm afraid I've left something behind. I'll just go and fetch it." And away he ran. "Mind you come back quick!" shouted Harry after him; and he and John waited and waited. But Mr. Chappell never came back.

On the following morning, when Harry arrived at school, a knot of boys gathered round him, all hostile and determined. "So you're the friend of a butcher!" shouted one. "Yah, you little butcher-boy!" cried another. "Send me home a shoulder of mutton," yelled another, "and mind, I don't want too much fat!" "Oh, you dirty little cad, hadn't you got a proper cheek introducing your butcher boys?" Then they danced round him, sharpening imaginary knives, making the sounds of oxen in distress, and altogether behaving like demons in the pit. The torture continued for days, until finally the lesson was burnt into the little boy's heart. Who was he that he should set himself to abolish those noble distinctions of class upon which the safety of society depends?

Commercial Candour.

"5 new 4-barrel Repeating Pistols, 22 bore. Cannot repeat. To clear, 19s. 6d. each."

THE EXTINCT CROCODILE.

["The imagination of schoolmistresses and their pupils recoils nowadays from the idea of a return to the Noah's Ark promenade which was their grandmothers' winter exercise."]

WHEN I was young, in fact a callow ass,
Of idle brain and fancy volatile,
Before our office window used to pass
Miss Proctor's animated crocodile.
Ah! how my neck I'd crick to catch a view
Of those young damsels walking two by two.
Thick chestnut pigtails, fluffy flaxen curls,
Delicious peeps from shyly lowered lids—
In front, a vanguard of the bigger girls,
Rearward, the ranks of lively little kids—
I knew your time of coming to a tick
And thought your pace in passing far too quick.

No more our youngsters' hearts do you disturb
As when, diurnally, you used to trail
Your undulating length along the curb,
A drift of maidenhood from head to tail.
The academic crocodile is dead;
To hockey fields its vertebrae have sped.

I am too old to carp at such a change
Or criticise the frenzied female rout
Who up and down the muddy meadow range
Where "Hack it through!" and "Bully!" is the shout;
And so upon the poor departed's bier
I simply shed a crocodilish tear.

From an advt. in *The West Ham Teachers' Journal*:—

"UP-TO-DATE METHODS OF TEACHIN."

And of spellin, to say nothin of printin.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.

"Why don't you sit up?" said Adela at dinner, suddenly prodding me in the back. Adela is old enough to take a motherly interest in my figure, and young enough to look extremely pretty while doing so.

"I always stoop at meals," I explained; "it helps the circulation. My own idea."

"But it looks so bad. You ought——"

"Don't improve me," I begged.

"No wonder you have——"

"Hush! I haven't. I got a bullet on the liver in the campaign of '03, due to over-smoking; and sometimes it hurts me a little in the cold weather. That's all."

"Why don't you try the Hyperion?"

"I will. Where is it?"

"It isn't anywhere; you buy it."

"Oh, I thought you dined at it. What do you buy it for?"

"It's one of those developers with elastics and pulleys and so on. Every morning early, for half an hour before breakfast——"

"You *are* trying to improve me," I said suspiciously.

"But they are such good things," went on Adela, earnestly. "They really do help to make you beautiful——"

"I *am* beautiful."

"Well, much more beautiful. And strong——"

"Are you being simply as tactful as you can be?"

"—and graceful."

"It isn't as though you were actually a relation," I protested.

Adela continued, full of her idea.

"It would do you so much good, you know. Would you promise me to use it every day if I sent you mine?"

"Why don't you want yours any more? Are you perfect now?"

"You can easily hook it to the wall——"

"I suppose," I reflected, "there is a limit of beauty beyond which it is dangerous to go. After that either the thing would come off its hook, or——"

"Well," said Adela suddenly, "aren't I looking well?"

"You're looking radiant," I said, appreciatively; "but it may only be because you're going to marry Billy next month."

She smiled and blushed. "Well, I'll send it to you," she said. "And you try it for a week, and then tell me if you don't feel better. Oh, and don't do all the exercises to begin with; start with three or four of the easy ones."

"Of course," I said.

* * * * *

I undid the wrappings eagerly, took off the lid of the box, and was confronted with (apparently) six pairs of braces. I shook them out of the box and saw I

had made a mistake. It was one pair of braces for MAGOG. I picked it up, and I knew that I was in the presence of the Hyperion. In five minutes I had screwed a hook into the bedroom wall and attached the beautifier. Then I sat on the edge of the bed and looked at it.

There was a tin plate, attached to the top, with the word "LADIES" on it. I got up, removed it with a knife, and sat down again. Everything was very dusty, and I wondered when Adela had last developed herself.

By-and-by I went into the other room to see if I had overlooked anything. I found on the floor a chart of exercises, and returned triumphantly with it.

There were thirty exercises altogether, and the chart gave you

(1) A detailed explanation of how to do each particular exercise;

(2) A photograph of a lady doing it.

"After all," I reassured myself, after the first bashful glance, "it is Adela who has thrust this upon me; and she must have known." So I studied it.

Nos. 10, 15, 28 and 30 seemed the easiest; I decided to confine myself to them. For the first of these you strap yourself in at the waist, grasp the handles, and fall slowly backwards until your head touches the floor—all the elastic cords being then at full stretch. When I had got very slowly halfway down, an extra piece of elastic which had got hitched somewhere came suddenly into play, and I did the rest of the journey without a stop, finishing up sharply against the towel-horse. The chart had said, "Inhale going down," and I was inhaling hard at the moment that the towel-horse and two damp towels spread themselves over my face.

"So much for Exercise 10," I thought, as I got up. "I'll just get the idea to-night, and then start properly to-morrow. Now for No. 15."

Somehow I felt instinctively that No. 15 would cause trouble. For No. 15 you stand on the right foot, fasten the left foot to one of the cords, and stretch it out as far as you can . . .

What—officially—you do then, I cannot say . . .

Some people can stand easily upon the right foot when the left is fastened to the wall . . . others cannot . . . It is a gift . . .

Having recovered from my spontaneous rendering of No. 15, I turned to No. 28. This one, I realised, was extremely important; I would do it twelve times.

You begin by lying flat on the floor roped in at the waist, and with your hands (grasping the elastic cords) held straight up in the air. The tension on your waist is then extreme, but on your hands only moderate. Then taking a deep breath you pull your arms slowly out until they lie along the floor. The tension becomes terrific, the strain

on every part of you is immense. While I lay there, taking a deep breath before relaxing, I said to myself, "The strain will be too much for me." I was wrong. It was too much for the hook. The hook whizzed out, everything flew at me at once, and I remembered no more . . .

As I limped into bed, I trod heavily upon something sharp. I shrieked and bent down to see what had bitten me. It was a tin plate bearing the word "LADIES."

* * * * *

"Well?" said Adela a week later.

I looked at her for a long time. "When did you last use the Hyperion?" I asked.

"About a year ago."

"Ah! . . . You don't remember the chart that went with it?"

"Not well. Except, of course, that each exercise was arranged for a particular object, according to what you wanted."

"Exactly. So I discovered yesterday. It was in very small type, and I missed it at first."

"Well, how many did you do?"

"I limited myself to exercises 10, 15 and 28. Do you happen to remember what *those* are for?"

"Not particularly."

"No. Well, I started with No. 10. No. 10, you may recall, is one of the most perilous. I nearly died over No. 10. And when I had been doing it for a week I discovered what its particular object was."

"What?"

"*To round the forearm!* Yes, madam," I said bitterly, "I have spent a week of agony . . . and I have rounded one forearm."

"Why didn't you try another?"

"I did. I tried No. 15. Six times in the pursuit of No. 15 have I been shot up to the ceiling by the left foot . . . and what for, Adela? *'To arch the instep!'* Look at my instep! Why should I *want* to arch it?"

"I *wish* I could remember which chart I sent you," said Adela, wrinkling her brow.

"It was the wrong one," I said . . .

There was a long silence.

"Oh," said Adela suddenly, "you never told me about No. 28."

"Pardon me," I said, "I cannot bear to speak of 28."

"Why, was it even more unsuitable than the other two?"

"I found, when I had done it six times, that its object was stated to be, *'To remove double chin.'* That, however, was not the real effect. And so I crossed out the false comment and wrote the true one in its place."

"And what is that?" asked Adela.

"*'To remove the hook.'*" I said gloomily.

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT chance," asks a contemporary, "has Mr. SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES of being mistaken for a representative of the working classes, when everyone in Bermondsey sees him, day after day, driving round in his blue-ribboned state carriage, with two horses and a liveried coachman on the box?" We agree that the placing of the two horses on the box is a fatal mistake of policy.

**

The appropriate conveyance for Bermondsey would, of course, be a Tanner Cab.

**

Those ill-informed Continental newspapers! where will they stop? Could anything be less felicitous than to refer to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as "Sir Lord Geoyge?"

**

Dr. Cook has been presented with the freedom of New York City by the Board of Aldermen. Tammany's point of view, we understand, is this:—If Dr. Cook's story is true, then we respect him; if he is a fraud, then we still respect him.

**

The Illustrated London News describes Dover Harbour as "A harbour into which Hyde Park could be put." Personally we hope that the Park will not be moved. We like it where it is, and fail to see that it is in anyone's way.

**

The L. C. C. has now decided to contribute £200,000 towards the cost of widening Fleet Street, and it is hoped that before long this somewhat dismal thoroughfare may be brightened by ladies wearing fashionable hats.

**

It is sad to hear that the Crystal Palace has fallen on evil days. We read in the report, just issued, of the L. C. C. Asylums Committee that during the winter large parties from the Colney Hatch Asylum visit the Alexandra Palace. Surely some of these could be attracted to the Crystal Palace if its claims to their patronage were brought before them?

**

While the suggestion made in *The Daily Telegraph* that the contents of the Zoological Gardens should be removed to the purer air of the Crystal Palace has not been found practicable, is there any reason, asks a correspondent, why the animals should not in the summer be taken in relays to the seaside, where they could be boarded out on the system adopted by the Children's Country Holiday Fund? Many country folk are quite fond of animals.

**

Canon INGLES advocates that, to prevent migration to towns, boys should



Matron. "MRS. FAULNER IS SO FOND OF POETRY."

Visitor. "INDEED? I HAVE SOME SIMPLE BOOKS OF POETRY AT HOME—SHALL I SEND YOU SOME, MRS. FAULNER?"

Mrs. Faulner. "THANK YOU, MUM—WHEN I WANTS POETRY, I MAKES IT."

be sent to work on farms at the age of ten. We are surprised to find a clergyman on the side of the baby farmers.

**

In an interesting article on "The Weather" in *The Westminster Gazette*, Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON tells us that "when once we reach as far north as the Moray Firth the country falls under the tempering influence of the Gulf Stream, with the result that . . . the grouse of so northern a shire as Caithness show tameness which permits of their shooting over dogs during a large part of the season." The italics are ours: the cleverness is the birds'.

**

The Institute of Oil Painters has become the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, and its official abbreviation is to be the R. O. I. And its official toast, we take it, "Vive le R. O. I.!"

**

According to the late Dr. LOMBROSO,

the criminal is a creature whose characteristics approach those of the anthropoid ape. But apes have enormously long arms, while some investigations made in France have shown that the majority of prisoners have arms which are rather shorter than the average. On the other hand, as a criminal points out, the arm of the Law is notoriously long. This reminder has re-created a painful impression in the Temple.

**

"— washes white things white," says an advertisement. This sounds easy. What we really want is a specific which will undertake to wash black things white.

**

It was stated at the annual conference of the Sea Fisheries Association that, at a modest estimate, the sea gulls round our coast eat at least one hundred million fish every day. But what can you expect under a Free Food Government?

TO MARS IN OPPOSITION.

The strings had ceased, and with their strain

(MOZART, the ever fresh and tender)

Still ringing sweetly in my brain

I stole into a Sussex lane,

A much-refreshed week-ender,
When suddenly there met my sight

A scene so excellently bright

As made mere musical delight

Its sovranly surrender.

I never saw my friend the Bear

Or any other starry cluster,

The Pleiads in their tangled lair,

Or Cassiopeia in her chair,

Shine with a larger lustre.

But dwarfing all the other stars,

As PETER dwarfed the other Tsars,

The sanguine disc of mighty Mars

Outshone the astral muster.

Portentous planet, on whose face

The telescope of SCHIAPARELLI,

Through myriad myriad miles of space,

Enables us canals to trace

Minute as vermicelli,

Thanks to your enervating spells

The Sociologist who dwells

At Hampstead, of the name of WELLS,

Grows lyrical as SHELLEY.

Although not usually prone

To harbour vulgar superstitions,

To see you on a sudden grown

To such prodigious bulk, I own,

Excites my worst suspicions.

Are you encouraging LLOYD GEORGE

Fresh fiscal instruments to forge

To make unhappy Dukes disgorge

Their dearest acquisitions?

In ages past you stirred the feud

Of Fatimite against Abassid,

And co-religionists imbrued

With gore, although their attitude

Was previously placid.

And now you turn poor Mr. URE,

Who formerly was quite demure,

Into a perfect stream of pure

Financial Uric acid.

Your baleful influence is the fons

Of recent female revolutions,

Transforming Sylphs to Amazons

With hearts of steel and brows of bronze

And iron constitutions,

Who wrestle with the men in blue

(A thing that I should hate to do)

And harmless Ministers pursue

With endless persecutions.

Sleek HALDANE, mildest-mannered sage

That e'er translated SCHOPENHAUER,

Now pores on CLAUSEWITZ's page

And, goaded by a martial rage,

Bears witness to your power.

And smug McKENNA, spurred to roam

In fighting kit across the foam,

Now never feels himself at home

Save in a conning tower.

All classes by your lurid lamp

Are led astray, from dukes to tinkers;

You aggravate the common scamp

And force philosophers to ramp

Like dissipated rinkers.

Who shall escape your deadly glare

Which causes panic ev'rywhere

And strikes us pink, unless he wear

Perpetually blinkers?

Bulcombe, Sept. 18th, 1909.

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

An attempt to rewrite Lady Cardigan's Recollections to suit some of her critics.

SITTING down at the age of eighty-four to write my reminiscences, I wish to make it clearly understood that I am a happy woman. And why am I happy? Because during my long life I have known none but sweet and good Christian men and women; and because I have all my faculties left. I am still capable of entertaining my pious friends in both town and country. I can amuse myself with singing and playing hymns; I have a good digestion and can enjoy my dinner, heedless of any new-fashioned fads about food; I can read *The War Cry* without spectacles.

Thinking over the many noble aristocratic persons I have known, I am amazed at their simplicity and purity. One hears so much of the fast ways of the Smart Set; I have seen none of them. My father was a deeply pious man, but he had the not unnatural foible to wish to disguise some of his love of spiritual things, and affected sometimes to be quite a man of the world. I remember when I was a mere girl that I wanted very much to hear a famous preacher who had just come to London. I asked Papa to take me. He was very sorry, but it was, he said, quite impossible. "Quite impossible," ADELIN. I am dining to-night with General CAVENDISH at the Club—a long-standing engagement; but," he continued, "even if I were disengaged I should hesitate to take you, for you are not just now very strong, and this preacher is too emotional." However, I felt that I could not stay away, and I therefore went with my maid, and sent word to Lord CARDIGAN, who also dearly loved a good sermon, to come to our pew.

The moment he arrived he insisted that I must leave. I naturally asked why. "Well," reluctantly answered CARDIGAN—"well, Miss DE HORSEY, your father and General CAVENDISH are in the pew opposite with"—(he looked at me apologetically)—"with two clergymen. It will never do for you to see them; your father would be so ashamed to be caught at church like this. Do, I implore you, permit me to escort you home at once."

I was seized with an uncontrollable

desire to laugh. So this was the long-standing engagement, this Papa's parade of worldliness! Of course I could not give up the sermon, and I remained; but, owing to a cab accident, I did not reach home till late. Papa was reading his Bible and he asked me where I had been. "I've been to church, Papa," I said demurely—(he started)—"and I saw you and General CAVENDISH there. I thought you were dining at the Club . . . and I saw . . ." "Go to bed at once, ADELIN," interrupted Papa, looking rather sheepish; "we'll talk about your disobedience later." But he never mentioned the subject to me again.

I was not Lord CARDIGAN's first wife. She, poor lady, died young, after a life of perfect unity with him. I remember very vividly the day on which Lord CARDIGAN finally proposed to me. He had, of course, given me Prayer-books and so forth, but that was all. I was awakened by a loud knocking at the front-door. I looked at my watch and saw that it was not seven o'clock. The knocking continued. I heard the bolts drawn, the door opened, and a voice I knew well called impatiently for me. It was Lord CARDIGAN. I dressed carefully, even to my mackintosh, before I received him. Taking me in his arms he said, "My dearest, my first wife has now been dead six years this morning. Enough time has elapsed for all the conventions to be satisfied. Will you marry me, and will you allow me to arrange for our wedding to be solemnised without further delay?" I felt I could do nothing but agree. Pressing another gold-mounted Prayer-book into my hand, he rushed away.

Lord HERTFORD was at bottom an Evangelical. I think THACKERAY did very wrong to malign him as the *Marquis of Steyne*. There is, of course, no doubt that he looked a *roué*, while the society he lived in and his great wealth combined to make him noticeable. But as a matter of fact he was, like Papa and CARDIGAN, at heart a little child, and of a deeply religious nature. He always, however, looked a great nobleman, and never forgot his manners.

Lord HERTFORD was *persona grata* at Court; every one visited him, and his breakfast and luncheon parties were considered delightful. There were, of course, since this is a cruel and scandalous world, all kinds of rumours about the orgies after the Opera, when closed carriages were said to take the prettiest members of the *corps de ballet* up to the Regent's Park house, so securely hidden in its lovely sylvan grounds. Scandal said that once there the ladies discarded the conventional attire of the ballet and waited on Lord HERTFORD and his friends at supper wearing less than what is now con-



MORE FOOTBALL RESULTS.

Jock. "Th' Sco'sh ha' woon, lassie."

Jean. "So I see!"

sidered good form to appear in as *Salome*. But it was scandal and nothing else; for as a matter of fact the closed carriages contained only the clergy and choir from St. Dunstan's, who were frequently summoned in this way to hold spiritual vigils with this kindest of noblemen and titled saints.

Not long after CARDIGAN'S death I was much exercised in my mind about a proposal of marriage I had just received from DISRAELI. My uncle, Admiral Rous, had said to me, "My dear, I think it is on general principles undesirable for a Christian woman to marry an Israelite, even though he be the virtual ruler of England," but I had known DISRAELI all my life, and I liked him too well to harbour such exclusive feelings. Are we not all members of the great human family? He had, however, one drawback so far as I was concerned, and that was he would put *peau d'Espagne* on his pocket-handkerchief.

Others who wished to marry me were more than one Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. MOODY, Mr. SANKEY, and the Editor of *The British Christian*; but I had to say No. They were either not sincere enough or I did not love them.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

[Adapted, without exaggeration, from a book written more than two thousand years ago.]

Dost thou love thine offspring dearly?
Wouldst thou save him future pain?
Beat him on the sides severely,
Beat him till he roars again.

Whoso pets his child and coddles
Turns him to the walks of sin;
He that spares the knickerbockers
Surely spoils the child therein.

If the colt remain unbroken
Hast thou profit in his vice?
So thy son; and, more by token,
Thou thyself wilt pay the price.

Wherefore, lest he prove a rover,
"Teach" him ere the chance be gone;
Take him up and turn him over;
It shall profit thee anon.

Laugh not with thy child and play not;
Wink not on him if he fall;
Bow his neck lest he obey not,
And thou gnash thy teeth withal.

Short the curb and strong the fetter,
That his feet be not misled;

Is he good? He might be better;
Is he naughty? Smack his head.

Be thou tireless in correction
Hour by hour and day by day,
Diligent in thine affection
Till his youth has rolled away.

Thus by fond paternal chidings
Goodly shall he wax and wise,
Purged of juvenile backslidings,
Perfect in thy fellows' eyes;

And for all thy pains and labours
He shall make thee full amends,
As a boast before thy neighbours
And a bragging to thy friends.
DUM-DUM.

First Steps towards Aviation.

"Considering the necessity which all fliers are under of carefully turning up before ascending, I should doubt whether M. Sommer can do much before Saturday morning."
Manchester Guardian.

But surely this necessity is not confined to flying. Even people who want to go by a train have to turn up at the station first.



Conductor. "VY ISS DER FLUTE MORE SOFTLY DAN IT CAN?"

Flautist (pointing to score, ppp.). "PECAUSE DEY DOES."

POLITICS FOR THE PETS.

OR, NURSERY RHYMES WITH NEW READINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT (whose remarks we print under protest) writes as follows:—"My small nephew, aged six, said to me the other day, 'Uncle, what does Tariff Reform mean?' Naturally I was unable to answer him. It struck me, however, that, considering the increasing interest taken in politics by the younger generation, the nursery rhymes of our childhood might be revised to some purpose. My idea is that each rhyme should teach the child the meaning of some political phrase. May I give you a few examples?"

I.—The Land Taxes.

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden* grow?"
"Oh, they taxed it as undeveloped land,
So it's houses now—all in a row!"

* The garden was, of course, over five acres.

II.—Unearned Increment.

Poor Old John Bull
Sat on a stool
Eating his humble pie;
He pulled out a plum,†
LLOYD GEORGE exclaimed, "Come!
That's unearned increment! Hi!"

† The plum was clearly there owing to the "action of the community."

III.—The Importance of being Bermondsey.

Ride, dear, with us
On a Bermondsey 'bus,
To see some white whiskers ‡ make
Radicals cuss;
We shall have speeches wherever we go,
For this is a "vital" election, you know.
‡ The only thing about the Conservative
candidate that his opponents can get hold of.

IV.—The "Revolutionary" Budget.

Sing a song of sus-pense,
The country all awry,
Waiting for the verdict
On the Budget Pie!
Should the crust be broken,
Will the people sing,
"Destruction to the House of Lords!"
Or—the other thing?

V.—Woman's Suffrage.

Little Miss Suffragette
Sat on a tuffragette §
Eating a purple ice,
When by came LLOYD GEORGE—
The sight roused her gorge—
"Votes for Women!" she screamed
at him (twice).

§ A diminutive cushion made of patchwork.

Commercial Candour.

"Nearly 300,000 of the intelligent readers of Great Britain would not miss its Special Articles."—*Advt. of "Morning Leader."*

A GASTRONOMIC GUIDE.

[A lecturer, treating of colour in food, has recently stated that while a chocolate tint appealed most to the highly educated, among the poorer classes yellow was most favoured.]

AH me! I dearly loved the maid,
And did my litt'e best to court her
With choicest chocolates (through the
trade

At fivepence halfpenny the quarter).
The colour of her favourite sweet
Proclaimed how cultured was my
Nellie,
And I rejoiced to watch her cat
And, with her mouth full, quote from
SHELLEY.

But yet there rose, to bid me pause,
One question which would brook no
shunning,
Had she the wherewithal to cause
My creditors to stop their dunning?
Her family vouchsafed no hint,
Until, as if to meet my wishes,
A jelly with a lemon tint
Appeared one day among their dishes.

I watched her at the festive board,
And scarce could I forbear from yelping
Right out aloud when my adored
Embarked upon her second helping.
Convinced I dared not call her mine,
I left her with extreme velocity,
Who gave this dietetic sign
Of obvious impecuniosity.



DECKED FOR THE SACRIFICE.

SHEPHERD LLOYD GEORGE (*having given finishing touches to his pet lamb*). "YOU'RE TOO BEAUTIFUL TO DIE!"
BUDGET LAMB. "BUT PERHAPS THE BUTCHER WILL THINK SO TOO, AND THEN HE WON'T KILL ME."
SHEPHERD. "HUSH! HUSH! DON'T TALK NONSENSE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Oct. 18.

—Members back again after week's holiday. Lords, meantime hard at work, take a night off. Sort of *Box and Cox* business, as SARK says.

Attendance limited. PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR defer arrival. Would never guess, glancing over half-filled benches, that we are preparing another Revolution. A poor thing, but our own. Bill before House on Report stage means unification of Metropolis, with intent that all elections shall take place on same day. RUTHERFORD pointed out how, in manner familiar with present Government, this strikes ruthlessly at heart of important, just now, struggling trade. What is to become of the hansom cabman, not less poor and honest than a Duke, accustomed to receive handsome fares on election days for driving the Plural Voter from poll to poll?

CLAUDE HAY, taking closer view of situation, discovered in Bill insidious attempt to deprive London working man of one of his votes. Why should not the working man, having two town houses in London, have two votes?

Wonderful how concern for working man is quickened by approach of General Election. Only the other day there was touching plea for establishment of principle of one working man two public-houses. That mocked at by mechanical majority, who now laugh at idea of working man with dual town establishment.

BANBURY, coming back after hunger strike patriotically undertaken in connection with Development Bill, is so impregnated with influences of this iteration of duality that he sees two SAM EVANSES on Treasury Bench. Didn't know t'other from which. In striking passage pictured embarrassment of polling clerk asked to determine on election day which was SAM EVANS of Mile End and which he of Paddington.

Case of KIMBER, Bart., touched fringe of tragedy. Had looked forward to Report stage of London Elections Bill as great opportunity. Prepared to rise to occasion in stupendous speech. Started off by seconding REMNANT's motion to re-commit Bill. In accordance with order ruling debate, Member bent on this errand must confine remarks strictly to argument showing cause why such course should be adopted. Must not discuss provisions of measure, already settled on Second Reading.

"And now," said KIMBER, having got into stride and settling down to steady pace, "I will show hon. Members that the measure will not, as the FIRST COMMISSIONER hopes, make London as Birmingham."



"SAM EVANS OF MILE END AND HE OF PADDINGTON."

"Ho! indeed! *Sir Sam-u-el* Hevans, har yer?! Well, I could do wiv a bit o' hincement myself. Got a 'arf-crown about yer, eh, ole pal?"

SPEAKER.—"Order! Order! The time is past for showing that. The opportunity was on Second Reading. The hon. gentleman must set forth some arguments for re-committing the Bill."

This awkward. KIMBER dolefully turned over pages of manuscript which demonstrated futility of LOULU's dream. With one eye on SPEAKER, the other on manuscript (of itself a disconcerting position), he went on. At end of half-a-dozen sentences, SPEAKER up again.

"The hon. gentleman," he said, "is resuming his speech at the point at which he was called to order."

And this a free country, the home of unencumbered speech! After painful pause KIMBER made fresh start.

"On the Second Reading," he observed, "the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS admitted that the Bill would abolish the dual vote in London."

KIMBER conscious of the chilling of blood in his veins. An icy stream coursed through his spine. Without looking up was conscious of fact that the Dread Figure in the Chair was upstanding. Through the haze born of tear-dimmed eyesight, above the buzzing stillness that followed on pause of his own voice, he heard the SPEAKER ordering him to resume his seat; which he gratefully did.

Alas for those who never sing,

But die with all their music in them.

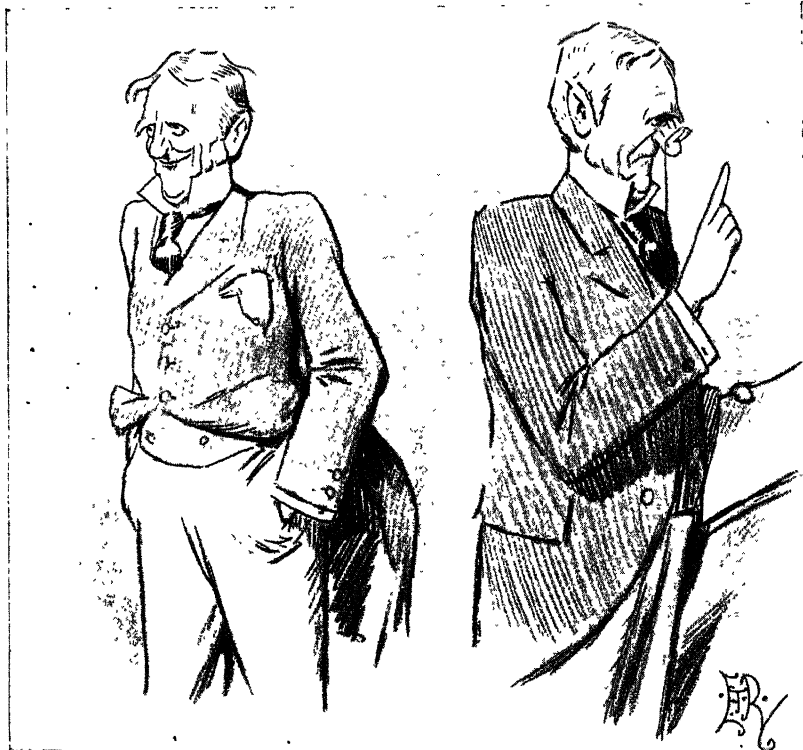
Business done.—London Elections Bill

carried by majority exceeding two to one. Read a third time without division.

Tuesday.—After weeks' absence, Mr. WEIR comes back, bringing his sheaves with him in form of bulky bundle of questions addressed to LORD ADVOCATE. Yesterday he had a dozen, all in a row. To-day submits supplement of four.

In an assembly problematically capable but indubitably dull, Mr. WEIR is a precious possession. Verily his price is above rubies. A drawback to perfect enjoyment of his presence is the impossibility of communicating its subtle essence to outsiders. *Nous autres* look upon his hairy countenance, recognise its supernatural gravity, hear the voice drawn up from his boots by hydraulic process, the stream passing by the way through roomy harbours of bagginess about the trouser-knees. We delight in the uniqueness of the rare aggregation; are in despair when attempt is made to convey to outsiders a sense of its incomparable charm.

An additional attraction is the uncertainty that ever haunts the looker-on as to whether Mr. WEIR is really an unconscious humorist. Occasionally, when his eye falls on the LORD ADVOCATE, a wicked light gleams under the shaggy eyebrows, suggesting he is not quite so simple as he looks. However it be, the comedy, simple in unpremeditated art, rich in quality, never palls. Towards the close of a Session that has lingered



THE TWO URES.

"A gay young dog" throwing off a few fancies about dukes.

"A dour Lowlander, implacably matter-of-fact."

through eight months, the constant observer grows weary of the steely sparkle or the flashing light of parliamentary stars. Never of Mr. WEIR.

The little comedy completed by collaboration of LORD ADVOCATE. On the public platform Mr. URE presents himself in the form of a gay young dog who delights in barking at the heels of dukes, making feints to nip the calves of millionaires. He is what Lord HALSBURY would describe as "a sort of" cross between LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON. In the House, replying to shorter catechism administered by Mr. WEIR, he is a dour Lowlander, implacably matter-of-fact, doling out ounces and half-ounces of information in response to categorical enquiry. Some men in Ministerial position would attempt to thrust Mr. WEIR aside with friendly joke. LORD ADVOCATE treats him with profoundest gravity, reading replies of prodigious length.

"Will the right hon. gentleman let me have a copy of that reply?" says Mr. WEIR in deep bass notes that subtly hint at criminal proceedings for wilful perjury, or at least malversation of facts.

"Certainly," replies the LORD ADVOCATE.

Mr. WEIR, casting upon him a sidelong glance, eloquent in expression of surprise that moral turpitude of unexampled degree should escape the instant intervention of thunderbolts, remarks: "Ques-ti-on 55; the same right hon. gentleman."

Business done.—Budget Bill comes up on Report stage.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Before, and immediately after, *Pip* realised his "Great Expectations" he suffered greatly at the hands of *Uncle Pumblechook*, who had unpleasant habit of dragging him up from his stool set in a quiet corner of the forge kitchen, putting him before the fire as if he were going to be cooked, and observing to *Mrs. Gargery*, "Now, mum, here's this boy which you've brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be for ever grateful unto them which so did do. Now, mum, with respections to this boy."

Then he rumbled his hair the wrong way.

Recall this domestic scene when looking in on House of Lords through week. Taking House of Commons as *Pip*, regarding the hereditary Chamber as *Uncle Pumblechook* (whom in other aspects it occasionally resembles) there has been a succession of hair-rumpling processes. Budget is a thing apart, slowly approaching hour of crisis. There are other matters—Irish Land Bill, Development Bill, Housing Bill, to wit—in respect of which *Pip's* hair has been sorely dealt with.

To-night Development Bill taken in hand. By comparison with others mentioned it has been tenderly treated. It forms one of succession of Government measures that have fared badly at the

hands of *Uncle Pumblechook*. As soon as Budget Bill is out of the way in Commons we may look out for wigs on the green.

Business done.—Development Bill further developed in Committee.

FIRST PRINCIPLES FOR BABES.

WHAT TO SAY ON TRYING OCCASIONS.

THE average baby, born to find itself the unhappy possessor of a body and mind with which it has only the barest idea what to do, is always open to receive directions for use. The average author, finding himself the possessor of unlimited paper and pencils, always welcomes a permanent subject for his lucubrations. This series will appear, therefore, week by week until the crack of doom.

[See conclusion.—Ed.]

Forgive us, dear infant, for calling you "It," and turn your attention to the necessity of saying the right thing on the right occasion. The hair on your head (or the lack of it) may seem to you to be a grievance crying out for more immediate attention. That, however, age will remedy; not too much age, for that tends to baldness. Again, before we start I should like to ask you if you have yet read *The White Prophet*? No? Well, please yourself, of course; but I do not think they will give you much peace until you have. And now for the conversation.

Though you will have but the merest acquaintance with words and their meanings, you will find yourself from the beginning of things the centre of admiring crowds, who will address many unanswerable remarks to you in a quaint, foreign-sounding tongue, and will probably look to you for some response. Though goodness knows this language of ours is intricate and difficult enough to master, yet I am sorry to have to inform you that every step will be taken during your first years to bring you up in a form of speech which is understood by no one and is only addressed to yourself, the cat, the dog and that unfortunate bird, the canary. I only know one word of it myself, and that is "Diddums." That word has no meaning, but it has a multitude of uses. It may express pleasure, surprise, approval, invitation and refusal. It may be used as an oath and more especially as a last resource, when something has to be said but nothing intelligible offers. Ignore it, dear child, from the first, and, if it is hurled at you *ad nauseam*, protest by tears and bites. I for one shall hold you entirely justified.

The most trying circumstance with which you will have to contend in early life is a course of perpetual kissing. Ladies, whom you have never met before



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. 2.

Quotation from horse sale catalogue:—"FOR SALE, BAY HORSE, A GOOD HUNTER, FAST, WINNER OF GREAT BLANKSHIRE TALLHO STEEPLECHASE, 1909."
[On referring to this Calendar we find there were two starters for this race.]

and trust never to meet again, will insist upon a sticky embrace and refuse to leave you until you have addressed some word or sign to them. Small children, who in later life will rob you; spread intolerable scandal about you and even collect income-tax off you, will insist upon being clutched, and elder sisters who will come to refer to you as "that imp" will be for ever mauling you about and demanding conversation of you. What then are you to say?

Young thing, you are doomed from the first to disappointment. I cannot tell you what to say; in fact, I must strongly advise you not to worry yourself about the matter at all. At the moment any sound or even motion of the arms or legs will suffice, and, if you do go to the trouble of introducing yourself to the art of conversation, you will find that the more you are ready and willing to talk the less they will care to listen. Three years at least are necessary for becoming an accomplished linguist, and by that time they will be informing you that "little boys should be seen and not heard." The same remark is applied to little girls, with the added restriction, according to the views of the bitter majority, that they should not even be seen. When you arrive at

the complete age of sixteen and feel that you really know all about everything, you will find your conversation less popular than ever. In fact, the only words which will then be required of you will be such as will present little difficulty either in the pronunciation or the spelling. They are: "Yes," "No," and "Indeed." Take my advice, and, if you may not join in the conversation at table, do not listen to it, but keep your eye on the food. You will not miss much. If they talk about themselves (as they probably will) their words will be neither very true nor very interesting. If they talk about you, it will be either to correct or to prohibit.

They may even expect you to learn a lot of dead languages, but never, I trust for your sake, Esperanto. That is a form of speech invented for the easy use of all the world on all occasions. It is, as a matter of fact, employed by about ten persons twice a year, and then without an audience. Probably by now most people cannot so much as remember what the word "Esperanto" itself means. Personally, I never knew. At any rate, if the Editor has any remark to make at the end of this article, let us hope that he will be man enough to make it in English. Probably he will want

to remind you that there are going to be lots more of these articles. Anyhow, let us hear what he has got to say.

[I do not think that this series will be continued.—Ed.]

Under these circumstances I have only one more thing to say to you, dear child. If among your professed admirers there is an editor, for once let him nurse you in his arms. This would be punishment enough for ordinary persons; but remember what he is and pull the short hair over his ears with all your little might. You will never forgive yourself in later life, if you let this opportunity go by.

[This series will not be continued.—Ed.]

"Both entered the ring professing supreme confidence; but Ketchell, after receiving one smashing blow behind the ear, followed by a severe uppercut and a couple of sledgehammer effects on his heart, began to show signs of nervousness."—*Sportsman*.

One of those inexplicable cases of neurasthenia which defy the skill of the medical profession.

Support Home Products!

"In the town hall during the morning Mr. Ker Seymer announced two new British entries. They were those of Mr. Eugene V. Gratzke and Mr. Diderich."—*Daily Mail*.

WHY I HAVE CEASED TO BE A NOVELIST.

THE fault was mine, so I blame nobody. I made my characters too life-like—that was the trouble! I made them live, and some of them were very nasty over it.

It seems that mine is a vitalising pen—one that endows the most subordinate characters with life, and after what happened last Thursday night I see that I shall have to confine its use to diaries and correspondence.

I was writing at home rather late, and I had just put aside my half-completed novel to outline a fancy trifle—a little by-product—which had come into my mind. This dealt with an imaginary club or green-room to be provided by authors for the use of their puppets when off duty. In a light-hearted yet scholarly vein I was making good capital out of the way in which, during the production of a novel, the characters off the page might amuse themselves at this symposium, when something very disquieting happened. I have said just now how my pen gives life to my characters. Well, in describing places it has an equally graphic and animating touch, and before I quite knew what was taking place this Puppets' Club had become an actuality, with a membership drawn entirely from the characters of my own novel! I found myself entrenched behind my little writing-table in a corner of the Club's largest room, and as I was not immediately observed I had the listener's usual luck of hearing myself freely discussed.

Margaret Deane, my heroine's bosom-friend, came by talking in animated tones to Norah, my heroine's youngest sister.

"Candidly, Norah, how do I strike you? I don't feel a bit well drawn."

"Why, you're just sweet," said Norah, and my heart went out to her. "But look at me! The stupid man's given me a 1905 gown and last year's coiffure. I do wish male novelists would talk about things they understand." (My heart came back from her.)

"They both suit you admirably," said Margaret, "and there are worse troubles than dress. Do you know I believe I'm going to be paired off with that fatuous noodle, Teddy Boskins, just because Mr. Beverton has such a craze for tidying up in the last chapter."

Tidying up in the last chapter! Why, my last chapters are little masterpieces! Even reviewers relax their severity when they come to my last chapters.

"Well," said Norah, "I'm supposed to be something of a grown up *enfant terrible*, and, there, I'm just a conventional English miss. I haven't said

a smart spicy thing since the book opened."

"Well, but Teddy's a real nuisance," continued Margaret. "Why, see, there he is! He even pesters me now when we're off duty. But perhaps the time's come round for another of our silly dialogue interludes. I must go."

There was a slight commotion near the door, and Philip Vandale, my six-foot hero, strode down the room. He had an ugly contusion over his left eye.

"It's more than human nerves can stand," he cried. "This old idea that one hero can rout half-a-dozen hooligans

a subtle stroke, and Philip had the grace to blush.

"Ah! selfish brute that I am, I—I was forgetting," he stammered. "I cannot desert Margaret. No, I shall see the game through."

Would he? I had had about enough of Master Philip, and of them all. Even the old vicar presently spoke out in a manner ill befitting his cloth or the character with which I had endowed him.

"One more year," he said, "of visiting the people I have to visit, and I go mad—stark, staring mad. The villagers at Herbdale are like nothing that ever was on land or sea. They're fifty years behind the times. We're all fifty years behind! As for me, I'm swathed in the conventional restrictions of 1840."

"I know I'm tired of being swathed in the conventional shawls," said a querulous voice—it was that of Margaret's invalid mother, "and of always being house-bound. Two pages ago I was left at home from the river picnic."

"But I thought your health—" began a sympathiser.

"Health! Why, if I hadn't the constitution of a horse do you think I could have lived through all these years of cheap fiction? But I'm tired of it, and the next time Philip brings his motor round for Margaret I shall go with them. They won't like it, and Mr. Beverton won't like it, but I'm going, so there!"

Here a little band of people moved towards me, its motive-power and centre of attraction Hilda Verity, my regal and imperious heroine. Her eyes were flashing and her ringing tones were charged with anger and scorn. From her words I thought she had seen me, but I found this was not so.

"Who is this petty scribbler," she cried, "that we should all abase ourselves before him? rush to do his lightest bidding? Are we slaves? Are we school children? Are we marionettes? A strike—I vote we have a strike!"

"He would get others in our place," said Probes, the old family lawyer.

"Never!" said Hilda; and I began to regret that I had given her such a high spirit and so ready a tongue. "No, he could never get another set of dupes to play the dull, conventional rôles that we play. The deadly routine would stifle their souls—if they presumed to have souls."

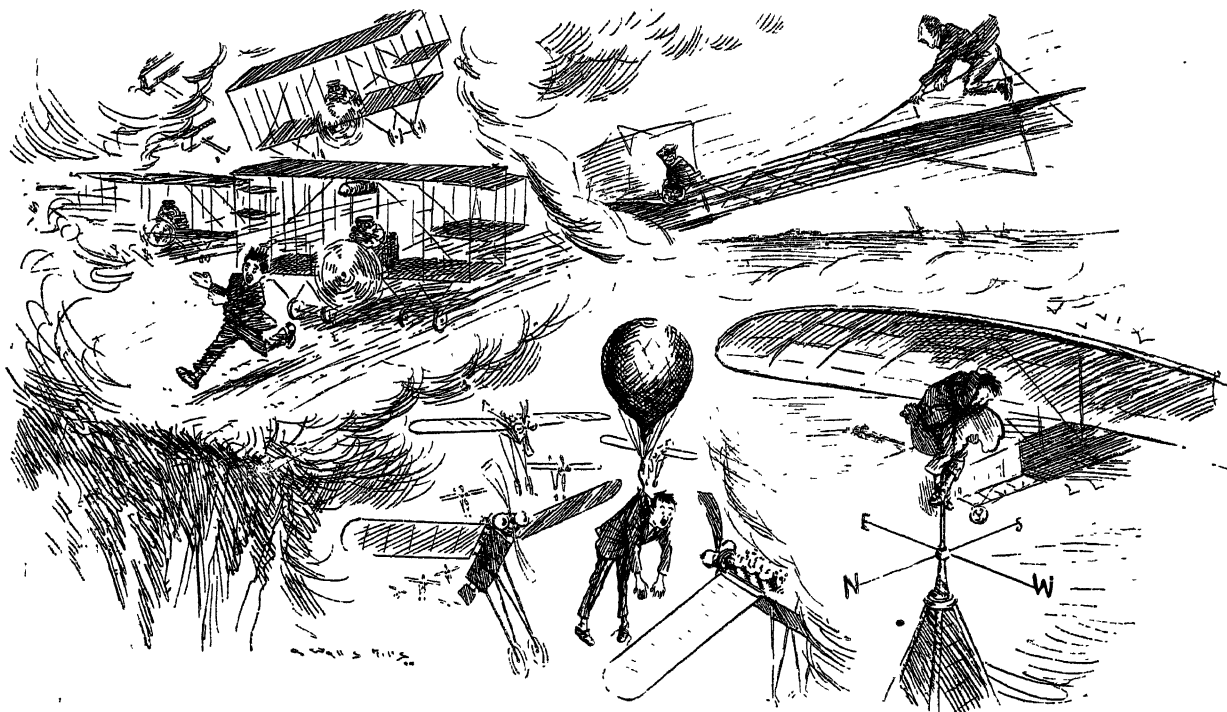
Dull! Conventional! The girl was crazy. Her daily round was one of extravagant romance! And she could never speak but, like the child in the fairy-tale, jewels fell from her lips.



Golfer (reading from Weather Report). "OWING TO THE CONTINUED DISTURBANCE OVER THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE THE PRESENT RAINY WEATHER WILL BE PROLONGED." CONFOUND THOSE FOREIGN ANARCHISTS!"

has got to go. Of course I know I've muscles like steel bands, and a compelling eye, and a way, too, of hitting from the shoulder that knocks even the best out of time, but it's not always going to act. Only yesterday I was set upon by five navvies—five! Of course I came out top-dog, but it can't last. It's a dreadful thing for a hero to say, but I'm losing my nerve. I shall be giving out at a crucial moment and letting brute force win the day. Besides, I'm sick of it—I never settle down. If things don't cool off in the next chapter—and I know they won't—I shall just walk out of old Beverton's pages and never return."

"And Margaret?" queried his uncle, my white-haired country vicar. It was



NIGHTMARE OF A NEGROPUDLIAN AFTER THE BLACKPOOL FLYING WEEK.

If this represented the general feeling towards me I felt that I had better gather my papers and retire before I was observed. Just, however, as I made a movement to do so, Detective Pierce entered the room, and I knew that I was too late. No other detective in all fiction has the quick eyes or mental grasp of a situation that my Pierce has, and in a flash his glance had encountered mine, and he was pointing a rigid finger at my crumpled front.

"Ah, there he is—that's our man!" he cried. "He thinks I am *his*—that we are *all* his, but he is grossly mistaken. He is ours!"

In a moment they were all surging about my small table. The heroine seized and tore into fragments the loose pages of my precious manuscript. (Misguided girl, she was to have married a lord in the next chapter!) The hero towered over me with clenched fists. (Coward, to attack a single opponent!) The vicar snapped his fingers in my face (and snapped his chance of a deanship at the same moment). A more graceless set of people, or one more blind to its own interests, I had never encountered.

"So much for this trash!" cried Hilda, and with the torn pages of my novel crumpled in her hands she turned to the fire-place. (It was July and there was a good fire in the grate.) I rose to stop her, but she had flung the script into the blaze ere I could reach her.

"You suicide—you murderess!" I cried, and, realising what she had done, her face blanched. As the fire caught and destroyed the pages, the figures in the room grew fainter and fainter; in less than a minute I was alone and back in my own room.

* * * * *

I shall write no more fiction; ingratitude is a quality I cannot forgive. Nor shall I personally feel the loss. On the contrary, I shall be in pocket, for, curious to say, the world has never seized upon my productions with avidity. I am afraid its intellectual side ripens slowly.

-3-

[A discourse intended to entertain and instruct during the half-hour immediately following Sunday tea, when one is digesting one's last meal and preparing one's appetite for the next.]

It started as a fractional
Amount, a vulgar third.
By divers mathematical
Malpractices, to which you shall
No further be referred,
It ended as a decimal
Which, so it said, recurred.

In front you will observe a dot,
And, if you look, you'll find
Above its little apex what
Might seem to be a lucky spot
Of ink. This is designed
To indicate an endless lot
Of other threes behind.

That what might seem a speck of dust

Should have so much to say
Seems to the mind of laymen just
A trifle stiff to take on trust;

It tells you anyway
That that annoying figure must
Repeat itself for aye.

Ourselves were tempted to suspect
That little dot of lying;
But all our efforts to detect
The falsehood were without effect.
Indeed, there's no denying
We found its tale the more correct
The more we went on trying.

So 'tis our duty, we conceive,
To tell you that this 3
From sunny morn to dewy eve
Repeats itself, till it achieve
A grand infinity.
And if you say you don't believe . . .
Well, frankly, nor do we.

"Deign, great Apollo" ('Ruins of Atkins')
Beethoven."—Advt. of a Queen's Hall programme in "The Daily Telegraph."
A last appeal to the gods to save the British Army.

"Debt repaid in 1906	£914,102
Debt repaid in 1908	£941,078
Increase of repayment of debt a year	£27,024

These are certainly striking figures."

Daily Mail.

They are. Perhaps the third line is our favourite.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF all the stories in *Actions and Reactions* (MACMILLAN) had been as delightfully human as the first of them, or as delightfully doggy as the second, RUDYARD KIPLING would have deserved much better of his many friends. He knows it as well as I do, or he wouldn't have given the place of honour to "An Habitation Enforced" (one of the best things he has ever done), and the next place to "Garm—a Hostage." But he cannot bring himself to resign his position as Prince of Cataloguers. He crams up all the special terminology of a bee-house or a flying machine, and we must endure the appallingly brilliant results in the shape of "The Mother Hive" and "With the Night Mail." In the rest of the stories—"The Little Foxes" is the best—we are spared technicalities, but cannot quite escape from a sense that the author has been striving after effect, or at least never meant us to be at our ease, and excused from the disturbing obligation to admire his cleverness. "The House Surgeon," which brings up the rear, is not even clever. It is, indeed, one of the poorest pieces of bogey work that I have ever seen produced by so great a craftsman.

After reading *The Paladin* (SMITH, ELDER), "as beheld," so Mr. VACHELL says, "by a woman of temperament," I cannot help thinking that *Harry Rye* was a kind of Aunt Sally propped up so that missiles might be unerringly thrown at him. Hopelessly disqualified as I am for a paladinship, I can still wish to shield myself from such a ruthless gaze. Once granted, however, that it was worth while to dissect *Rye's* character, I admit that the operation has been triumphantly accomplished. Both as a cautious and as a hasty lover *Rye* was unfortunate. First of all he marked time with *Esther Yorke*, and when she was tired of his way of counting the cost (and there was a cost) he found consolation with *Alice Godolphin*. She, we are told, "was the seventeenth young lady who, beginning her career at the Jollity Theatre, had soared into the peerage." In this rarefied atmosphere she dwindled away so rapidly that she had to take a rest-cure. And the result was not a good advertisement for rest-cures. Clever and brilliantly analytical as the book is, it leaves me cold; but I have to thank Mr. VACHELL for introducing me to a charming lady with the uncharming name of *Miranda Jagg*.

"Clean and wholesome danger" is one of the phrases that stick in my mind after reading *Dragon's Blood* (CONSTABLE). It exactly expresses the matter of Mr. H. M. RIDEOUT's book. The danger—the Yellow Peril, on a small scale and at close quarters—arises in a Chinese trading-village, first from the

plague, then from the natives, who, as the result of an anti-Christian riot, besiege the handful of European settlers, English, French and German, in the house and compound of the latest-joined member of the little community, a raw young German merchant. When at last they escape in a boat down the river, the young German is no longer a raw "griffin." He has been educated into manhood, partly by the common danger, partly by the inspiring example of what I hope and believe we may consider a typical Englishman of about his own age. If only all Germans, while they are young—but that is another and a less probable story. And my business is to say what I think of Mr. RIDEOUT's. Well, I think this, that STEVENSON would have revelled in telling of the discovery of the plot and the siege of the Nunnery, and that Mr. RIDEOUT, without being STEVENSON (he is, in fact, peculiarly himself, with his pidgin English and the staccato, elliptical style of his white characters), has made his men and women, good and bad, very much alive, and his clean, wholesome danger delightfully thrilling.



EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF THE GREAT.—VIII.

BEAU BRUMMEL BUYS A CRAVAT.

The Tragedy of the Pyramids (HURST AND BLACKET) is at once a professed counterblast to *The White Prophet* and an individual romance. When Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN says "counterblast," he does not mean that he has blown his own trumpet louder than Mr. CAINE, but that he has taken the postulates of *The White Prophet* and drawn an entirely contradictory but more accurate deduction from them. Certainly his forecast of British behaviour in an emergency bears that semblance of probability which the other's military and administrative ab-

surdities altogether lacked; and his use, for the purpose of his Nationalist revolution, of an Irishman's ferocity and a casual Labour M.P.'s spite against everything English has been largely justified in fact by the Young Egyptian Congress at Geneva. As a romance, however, the book imitates too slavishly the methods of Mr. CAINE, for whom Mr. SLADEN in a wordy preface pronounces unlimited admiration. The many who share that admiration will be satisfied with this narrative, for they will miss none of their accustomed sentiment nor be denied their paragon hero and heroine, who overcome by their own unremitting virtue all the wickedness of mankind and the perversity of circumstance. But the mistaken few who have even less regard for Mr. CAINE's "psychological treatment of elemental questions" than for his political judgment will probably wish that Mr. SLADEN had omitted altogether his romance and confined himself to his admirable counterblasting.

Admiral Sir W. H. FAWKES is announced to speak at a meeting at the Church House on November 5th, "if engagements will allow." There is, of course, a family anniversary to be celebrated on that day.

CHARIVARIA.

"I AM convinced," said Miss ELLEN TERRY, "that a national theatre has for ages been established in Mars." This raises an interesting speculation. Is it not possible that what astronomers have declared to be lengthy canals in Mars may actually have been queues of play-goers waiting to enter the pit?

The Court Circular informs us that Mr. HERBERT SIDNEY has had the honour of submitting for the KING's inspection the picture he has painted entitled, "*Spartan mothers witnessing their sons, at the festival of the Diastigosis, undergoing a trial of courage by whipping before the Altar of Artemis.*" But what we would like to know is this: Have we here the full title of the painting, or only a *précis* of it?

A certain philosopher, now dead, promised that after his demise he would place himself in communication with a Continental Society for Psychological Research. The Society has not yet heard from him, and it is feared that the deceased must either have met with a fatal accident or lost the address of the Society.

Mr. VICTOR GRATSON accuses Mr. LLOYD GEORGE of having stolen his speeches. It is difficult to imagine a more mean and petty theft.

In explaining the alterations in his Budget, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE began his exposition with the words, "I take land." That sums up his position very succinctly.

The CHANCELLOR frankly calls his favourite imposition, "The Undeveloped Land Tax." We tremble to think what the Tax will be like when it is fully developed.

These indeed be revolutionary days. One by one our most cherished ideas are being taken from us. "A husband," declared Mr. Justice BARGRAVE DEANE in the Divorce Court last week, "has no right to strike his wife."

Suggested motto for his Lordship:—"I forbid the bangs."

The new prison for habitual criminals at Parkhurst is fast approaching completion, and, now that their profession

has been officially recognised, habitual criminals are talking of founding a Trade Union to guard their interests.

Meanwhile his Majesty's prison at Springfield, Chelmsford, is so full that the infirmary quarters and punishment cells have had to be utilised for the reception of ordinary prisoners, and it may be necessary to open a waiting list.

The Army authorities are searching for a new biscuit for our soldiers, and the men are said to be getting nervous. They do not mind being called dogs of

he was being eaten by lions must have been a masterpiece of hypocrisy.

The London branch of the Historical Association, at a meeting held at University College, decided that children below the age of eight ought to be taught entirely by stories. At the same time we fancy that many parents will hesitate to place some of our modern newspapers in the hands of children of such tender years.

The experiment of getting lonely but garrulous persons to wear little flags as a sign that they are willing to talk to other persons is being tried at a certain restaurant with no pronounced success. "Conversation flags," in fact, sums up the situation.

As folks are now taking their cats out of cold storage *The Daily Mail* publishes a timely article on the choice of pets. "Few people realise," we are told, "how much joy is to be got out of an ordinary squirrel. . . . One of these dainty little pets used to run along the writer's arm when she was painting, and find great satisfaction in nibbling the end of her paint-brush." We are of opinion that the writer does not make out such a strong case for the squirrel as she imagines she does.

On the subject of the breeding of cats for sale this same writer calls attention to the fact that the price obtained will depend on the position of the ears. This is quite true. A cat with ears each side of its tail will fetch a fabulous sum.

We must, however, respectfully challenge the statement that "cats like to have their separate saucers, which should be of blue-and-white enamel." Given the right sort of fish we have known cats eat off red-and-white enamel without flinching.

Socialism at work; or the nationalisation of wealth:—

"MR. KEIR HARDIE'S WATCH STOLEN."

The Polygam.

"Matrimony.—Young Man Wishes to Meet Respectable Servant or others (about 20); Genuine."—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

A new company has been registered under the title "Eggs, Limited," just in time for the General Election.



A PARDONABLE ERROR.

Dear but short-sighted Old Soul. "WHAT A WONDERFUL GUY, BOYS! SO LIFELIKE! IT SEEMS A PITY TO BURN IT!"
Boys. "THAT AIN'T A GUY—THAT'S FARVER!"

war, but they have no wish for the idea to be carried further.

The visit of the TSAR to Italy has set the Italians thinking once more of the advantages of joining Russia, France, and Great Britain. After all, four's company, three's none.

With a view to increasing the population the KAISER, according to a circular issued by the Minister of the Interior, will stand as godfather to the eighth child in any German family. The parents' fee is to be £3.

The Moorish Pretender who, we all thought, was killed the other day, is now reported to be alive. What a fellow he is for pretending! His conduct when

THE LULL BEFORE THE STORM

As, when the still air bodes a tempest coming,
Life is at pause and not a feather stirs;
Nature abandons her habitual humming
And hardly anything at all occurs
(Except that in this rotten Isle
It goes on raining all the while);—

The rabbit's gone to bed, foreseeing trouble;
The fox has couched within his private earth;
The partridge-bird has scooted off the stubble;
The cockatoo has checked his impious mirth;
All, save the fishes down below,
Have modified their *status quo*;—

Not thus do we, before the burst of thunder
Fixed in the programme for a nearish date,
Adopt an attitude of speechless wonder
While we attend the Budget's doubtful fate;
That's where we differ from the brutes,
Awestruck and shaking in their boots.

Pending the storm's preliminary tucket
There is a noise of talkers not a few
Crying, "They must," "They daren't," "They're bound
to chuck it,"
"To h—— (perdition) with them, if they do!"
Is there a man that can't say what
Should be the issue? There is not.

Only in one group scarce a tonsil budges,
Only on one peculiar type of brow
Sits the repose of high impartial judges
Scorning to join this passionate pow-wow;
Let others urge the fierce dispute,
Our Peers remain superbly mute.

In hall and castle, hunting-box and backwood,
Over the Bill they spend the midnight oil,
Asking their pilot consciences what tack would
Best suit the wishes of the Sons of Toil.
Hush, hush your clamour! sheathe your swords!
Do not disturb the noble Lords! O. S.

AT THE SIGN OF THE DUKES' ALMS.

THE Anti-Socialist Union is appealing to the public for one million shillings. We understand, on the authority of a well-known Tariff Reformer, that the following letters have been received by the Treasurer:—

From the Duke of B-df-rd.—I enclose 1s. for your fund. It is a great cause. I hope to send another next week.

From the Duke of D-v-nsh-re.—Enclosed please find 2s.—one from me and one from a guest staying at Chatsworth, who wishes to remain anonymous.

From the Duke of N-rth-m-b-rl-nd.—Have pleasure in enclosing 9d. in stamps. Shall hope to send the other 3d. on Saturday.

From the Duke of B-ccl-ch.—Herewith order on the Bank of Scotland for 2s. 6d. Please send me a collection-box. I think I could get a nice little sum for you.

From the Duke of P-rtl-nd.—I am sending you 3s. It has been a bit of a strain, but every shilling given away means something off these accursed Death Duties. I am having your collecting card gummed into the Visitors' Book at Welbeck.

From the Duke of R-ab-rghe.—Please accept my mite—from a working man.

From the Duke of W-stm-nst-r.—Sorry I cannot send you 1s. This awful Budget!

From the Duke of M-nch-st-r.—Please send me a shilling to send to you.

SHADOWS FROM THE PAST.

THE DANCE.

THERE was a good deal of excitement when the invitation arrived. It was on a card, and it announced that Miss Harmer was to be at home on a certain day at The Elms. In the corner was the statement that there would be dancing from 8.30 to 11. It was the most grown-up thing that had ever happened to the particular boy to whom the card was addressed, and his fifteen-year-old soul glowed with pride at the prospect of a real dance, at which he could wear his swallow-tailed coat, his white tie, his new enamelled studs, and his patent-leather shoes. Only one thing troubled him, and that was the anticipation of having to conduct conversations with his partners, especially with Miss Harmer, who was twenty-six years old and very beautiful. She had a lot of fair hair, and she had a bold way with her. Should he ever dare to ask her to dance, to put his arm round her waist and actually to attempt a waltz with her? And what could he talk to her about? The mere thought filled him with bashfulness and blushes.

The *optata dies* came inexorably, and at 8.30 to the minute he was set down at The Elms and was received by Miss Harmer. Before he knew what had happened he had said, "Good evening, Miss Harmer," and she had said, "Good evening, Ronald. So glad you've come." He had meant to stay and chat lightly with her for a moment, but something had swept him on, and he was now standing aimlessly in the middle of the room with a painful consciousness of his hands. He felt, too, that his smile was becoming fixed, and he got rid of it by a sort of dead lift.

There were a great many other guests in the room, boys, girls, young men and young women. Some of them he knew, but he had eyes only for the supreme goddess, Miss Harmer. A man with black whiskers and an eye-glass was standing beside her and talking to her familiarly with great ease and composure. Why were men with black whiskers so detestable? and what wouldn't he, Ronald, give to be able to talk like that, and to bring those bright and fascinating replies from the divine Harmer? However, he must nerve himself to ask her for a dance in the orthodox manner. He did so, brought his programme forward, and advanced.

"May I have the pleasure of the next dance, Miss Harmer?" Was that his own voice, so prim and formal and unfriendly? No, it must be some one else's. He had intended to put any amount of warmth into the phrase, so that he might show her with what respectful longing he was yearning to lead her forth. "My dear Ronald," she laughed, "the next dance is the first dance. I can't dance that or the next two or three, because I've got to receive my guests, but I'll give you the fifth—it's the Lancers."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Harmer; and may I have a waltz too. I can dance the *trois-temps* all right, and I——"

"There's nothing like asking," said Miss Harmer. "If you're a very good boy you shall have the seventh too. That's a waltz."

"And that's my foot," said the black-whiskered man, removing it from under Ronald's. "Don't apologise. I like it. Everybody treads on my foot."

"There, there," said Miss Harmer, tapping the black-whiskered man with her fan, "we won't bother about a mere foot."

Clearly the black-whiskered man was abominable. Something painful and disgraceful ought to happen to him



Bernard Partridge. =

A SUDDEN DETACHMENT.



HERO WORSHIP.

Archie. "BY JOVE, YOU JOHNNIES, I SEE HERE'S SOME JOHNNY DIVED INTO A MINE OR SOMETHING, AND SAVED THREE OTHER JOHNNIES—
(No reply; then, with some indignation)—MUST SAY I THINK IT WAS RATHER DECENT OF HIM!"

publicly. "Shake hands with Major Arkwright, Ronald," continued Miss Harmer. "He isn't as fierce as he looks."

Major Arkwright! A hero of whose prowess Ronald had read! His world was turned upside down.

The Lancers came and went successfully enough. Conversation during the Lancers is happily almost impossible; but when they were over Ronald's troubles began.

"Shall I take you to the refreshments?" he began.

"Oh, we won't bother about refreshments yet. Haven't done anything to deserve them."

"I'm sure"—he hesitated and then plunged—"I'm sure you deserve them, Miss Harmer."

"Don't be a complimentary little boy," laughed the lady; and the conversation died down to nothing till the blessed moment came for the music to strike up again.

The waltz was a series of minor disasters. It had been easy enough to dance the *trois-temps* at the dancing school, but here there were scores of gyrating couples, and they were always in the way. Finally Miss Harmer's dress was torn. "There," she said, "I knew that would happen. Let's sit down for the rest of the dance"—and they did. Having, so to speak, pumped up from the soles of his shoes the Academy, the bad weather, the curious behaviour of his head master, and other topics of conversation, Ronald had come to the end of his resources.

"I'm not much of a hand at talking," he said, desperately. "Oh, you're much better than Major Arkwright," said Miss Harmer.

"But he can fight," said Ronald.

"Pooh," said the goddess, "what's the good of that in a ball-room?"

Thereupon the Major came up and claimed her for the next dance.

These violent conversational efforts had so grievously discouraged Ronald that he resolved to fly. He didn't wait for the carriage which had been ordered to fetch him, but dashed for liberty and home on foot. So ended his first dance. Last week it was his privilege to meet Mrs. Arkwright with her three grandchildren, and he reminded her of their dance a century or so ago.

Some Emotions and a Moral Victory.

END OF THE BUDGET.

BERMONDSEY'S VERDICT.

THE "POOR MAN'S" ANSWER.

Daily Mail.

BERMONDSEY.

SUBSTANTIAL MAJORITY

FOR THE BUDGET.

Daily Chronicle.

This ought to give the Lords a clear lead.

Ure's Faithfully.

We understand that an admirer of Mr. URE, having reiterated the statement that, if the Unionists were returned at the polls, they would abolish the system of Bank Holidays, now desires to offer an explanation. It seems he simply meant that he could not see how a Ministry which promised so much employment for the country could afford to allow these days to remain idle.

Optimism.

"BOURNEMOUTH.—An incessant downpour of rain prevailed yesterday, and all outdoor attractions were suspended . . .
Now is the ideal time for Bournemouth."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE ORGANISERS.

THERE were six of them: Miss Blagworthy, Cecile, Dorothea, Mary Merton, Kate, and Mrs. Travers. They were all thinking deeply—except Cecile, who was busy smoking a cigarette and wondering why the smoke didn't get into Men's eyes.

They all wanted a vote.

Miss Blagworthy (34, *organiser*) wanted it because Taxation without Representation is Tyranny.

Cecile (27, *organiser*) wanted it because Men are Beasts.

Dorothea (18, *organiser*) wanted it because for forty years we had asked for it by peaceable methods, and now the time had come for—

"My dear," said Mary Merton, "that's hardly a reason for wanting a vote, though it's an excellent reason for—"

"This isn't a question of Reason," said Dorothea, laughingly. "It's a question of Justice."

Mary Merton (22, *organiser*) wanted it because of the poor girls in the factories.

Kate (19, *organiser*) wanted it because if Men had it, why shouldn't—

"My dear," said Mary Merton, "the fact that—"

"Dolly darling," said Kate quickly, to Dorothea, "can you reach the biscuits? You pig, you've eaten all the sugar ones."

And Mrs. Travers (35, *organiser*) wanted it because the Women in Finland had it. Besides, when you were her age—

"Bother!" said Dorothea, under her breath. "Hope I never shall be."

* * * *

"We must think of something new," said Miss Blagworthy, striding up and down the room. Cecile looked straight in front of her with wide-open eyes, in the pretence that there was no such thing as cigarette smoke. The others thought deeply.

"What about going into a Cabinet Minister's meeting and saying, 'Votes for Women'?" said Mrs. Travers at last. "In the very middle of the speech, you know?"

"They won't let us in now," said Mary Merton, "and if they do they throw us out."

"Men are beasts," said Cecile, pressing the red end of her cigarette on to the ash-tray in order to remove the ash.

"Besides," said Dorothea sarcastically, "we want something new."

Mrs. Travers thought again.

"We might go to a football match," she said at last, "what men would call a very important match, and in the middle of the over we could all rush on to the field saying, 'Votes for Women.' Men don't like having their games interrupted."

"Ugh!" said Cecile with a shudder, "we should be killed. Beasts."

"I want to be killed," said Miss Blagworthy in a hollow voice.

"Let's inval—invali—validate another election by pouring stuff over the ballot-box," suggested Dorothea. "I should love to do it. Shouldn't you, Kate?"

"It's no good. Men don't play the game. They would pretend that the election hadn't been invalidated."

"It isn't cricket," coughed Cecile, "the way men retaliate on us. I shouldn't mind, even though they are beasts, if only it was cricket."

"Why won't they give us the vote?" cried Mary Merton.

"It will be bombs next time," said Cecile languidly.

Miss Blagworthy stopped suddenly in her paces.

"I have a plan," she announced gloomily.

"Oh, what is it?" asked everybody else.

"We will all go into the House of Lords when they are discussing the Budget and cry 'Votes for —'."

"Yes, but how?"

"There will be peers there who have never been in the House of Lords before—unknown even to the policemen. We will go disguised as them."

"Disguised as men?" said Kate excitedly.

"No!" said Mrs. Travers and Mary Merton firmly.

"We must remember our sex," said Cecile gracefully, from a cloud of cigarette smoke, "even though men are beasts."

"My dear," went on Mrs. Travers, "when you are my age—"

"How ridiculous," said Dorothea to Kate, "she's twice as old."

"I should say she was forty, shouldn't you? It would be rather fun, I think."

Miss Blagworthy bowed her head.

"The sense of the meeting is against me. Very well. Then I have another plan."

"That's better, dearie," said Mrs. Travers.

"In future there must be one of us in attendance at every wedding in London, to cry 'Justice for Women!' in the middle of the service."

There was a pause for apprehension.

"Ernest wouldn't have liked that," said Mrs. Travers thoughtfully.

"Must we?" said Mary Merton sadly. "I don't like doing it, but if we must—"

"You know, I'm not at all sure that I approve of the marriage service," said Cecile.

"Nobody would marry her, I should say," said Dorothea to Kate. "She's too—well—you know."

"And then when we are arrested—"

"Ah!" said Mary eagerly.

"Could they arrest you for that?" asked Mrs. Travers doubtfully.

"Obstructing the vicar in the execution of his duty," said Kate. "Or bawling. They'd think of something."

"Well, then we would refuse to open our mouths at all—not for anything or anybody."

"How about breathing?" said Dorothea.

"Through your nose, silly," said Kate.

"I mean, of course, that we wouldn't say a word in court—not to answer the magistrate, or give our names, or anything."

"I should like just to tell him that I refused to be judged by man-made laws," said Mrs. Travers wistfully.

"No. It must be absolute silence . . . And now let us go out and begin."

"It's five o'clock," said Kate. "Nobody can get married after three."

"There you are!" said Cecile. "Look at that."

"We can get arrested," said Miss Blagworthy, "and begin the Silent Treatment at once. To Parliament Square!"

* * * *

Miss Blagworthy (34, *organiser*), having been told twice by a police sergeant to go back to her husband, knocked his helmet off and cried, "Men of England, what are you going to do for the women?" The sergeant (speaking chiefly for himself) sketched out the immediate programme.

Mrs. Travers (35, *organiser*) chained herself to the railings, and cried, "Votes for women!" They got her loose just as it was beginning to rain.

Mary Merton (22, *organiser*) pleaded with a policeman to arrest her, and when he simply said, "Lor-bless-yer-pretty-face-no-Miss," she proceeded to rescue Miss Blagworthy. This had the desired effect.

Cecile (27, *organiser*) stood in the middle of Parliament Square and brooded upon the scene. "Cowards!" she muttered to herself. "It is to the death now," she added. Then she took a cab to her club and said, "Bring the cigarettes, waiter."

Dorothea (18, *organiser*), who was new to London, lost her way and found herself in Victoria Street. She had a cup of tea and half a scone and butter at an A. B. C., and left a penny under the plate for the waitress. It was quite an adventure.

Kate (19, *organiser*) was ordered by a fatherly policeman to go home. She went.

* * * *

An inconclusive story, you say? Not at all; there are two conclusions.

One is, "The Ladies, God bless 'em!"

The other is, "Votes for Women!"

A. A. M.



THE RE-ASCENT OF MAN: INSIDIOUS EFFECTS OF A NUT DIET.

AT THE PLAY.

I. THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE.

I DOUBT if Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN would have had the hardihood to present the new Adelphi play if it had not been for the success of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, to which it bears a sort of bastard family likeness. This is not to imply that Mr. CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, who wrote *The Servant in the House*, owes anything for his idea to Mr. JEROME. "I have waited three years for this evening," he told us in a first-night speech; adding, in a burst of confidence, "and, by G—, it was worth it." Notwithstanding this pious asseveration I cannot altogether agree with him. Perhaps he is more easily pleased. Anyhow, I think him over-sanguine if he anticipates a success like Mr. JEROME's, though you can never gauge the hearing powers of a theatre audience any more than you can guess beforehand the acoustic properties of a new building. In Mr. JEROME's play you had to accept a miracle, it is true, but, once you had got over that, the rest was logical and consistent enough. But *The Servant in the House* is a veritable medley of unthinkable prodigies. It seems an extraordinary thing that, when the author



The Bishop of Lancashire Mr. J. H. BARNES.
Robert Smith Mr. HENRY MILLER.

wants to inculcate a great Biblical truth, it should be necessary to employ the machinery of farce; to introduce a Bishop, for example, disguised as a native Indian butler, and another Bishop with an ear-trumpet, and as blind as a bat, sitting at breakfast with a scavenger whom he mistakes for a clerical brother-in-law. I don't know which figure was the more grotesquely improbable—this second Bishop, who apparently had amassed a lot of bullion by shady processes and frankly

advocated the principle that you should give as little as possible, and grab all you can get, or the drain-man, seized with a sudden passion for making the acquaintance of his little daughter, though he might have given himself this treat any time during the last thirteen years if the idea had crossed his mind. Indeed the only characters that I could get myself to believe in at all were the comic page-boy and the very natural snob that was his mistress. With the former I found myself in close agreement when he complained, "I never see such a lot of improbabilities agoin' on in any house"—or words to that effect. A very sensible boy.

Mr. KENNEDY was right when he attributed his triumph—for the house was very good to him—chiefly to the merits of the actors, and Mr. HENRY MILLER in particular. It was, indeed, a remarkable performance throughout. Constantly by sheer force of sincerity they saved the situation when the sentiment threatened to be mawkish, or the melodrama too glaringly Adelphic (old style).

The author has gifts of humour and irony, and even in a play so crude in construction and so noisy in its contrasts one might catch many subtleties of thought; but no moral purpose is likely to be achieved among thinking people, or indeed deserves to be achieved, by such means as are here employed.

As for his reckless ridicule of the clergy—two out of the three either are or have been a disgrace to the cloth—there are black sheep in every profession, though not, I hope, in such lavish proportion to the whole. But I am not greatly concerned about the Church; the Church is strong enough to look after itself. I am more concerned about the Stage—a much weaker institution. It cannot afford to play this kind of game, for ridicule that is obviously unfair is apt to recoil.

I must not end without saying how sorry I was for the villain of the piece, the Bishop of Lancashire. By some extraordinary oversight no place was found for him in the scheme of Universal Love and Brotherhood; yet, being so uncharitable, he of all others stood most in need of charity. O. S.

II. THE LITTLE DAMOZEL.

Have you ever (dear reader) pulled out your cigarette case, planked it on the table, and said to your friend, "Have one of these—my own brand?" Probably. But little did you realise then that, seven years ago, the girl you were in love with smoked one of them with you and remembered the aroma so well that in the next Act she would recognise, in the husband of the girl who had been jilted by the man she was about

to marry, no less a person than you, her old lover.

If you don't realise this now—after I have put it so plainly—it is because you haven't been to see *The Little Damsel*, by MONCKTON HOFFE. The Little Damsel was *Julie Alardy*, and she played the harp in the orchestra of the *Café Angélique*. Her relations with *Captain Neil Partington* were quite innocent, but the latter had written some very foolish letters to her, and when he discarded her and made up to *Miss*



Captain Neil Partington Mr. LYLE.
Recklaw Poole Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY.
Julie Alardy Miss MAY BLAYNEY.

Sybil Craven (of Craven Hall, Craven, Cravenshire) he wanted these letters back. It was not simply that he had said, "I love you" in them—*Sybil* would have forgiven that; not that he had added vaguely, "I am not worthy of you, darling"; but that (apparently) he had explained in full detail, with names and dates attached, why he was not worthy of her.

Julie was dangerous, for she refused to part with the letters. But *Partington* thought of a plan (which never would have occurred to me). He bribed *Recklaw Poole*, the cigarette smoker, with £15,000, to marry *The Little Damsel*. They were already fond of each other, and the fact that *Recklaw* had suddenly come into money would weigh with *Julie*. Once married, she would forget her grudge against her old lover.

But [Act II.] *Partington* had forgotten the cigarette (as I should have done). *Sybil* meets *Julie*, the latter lights up one of the old brand, and *Sybil* says, "Where have I heard that cigarette before? Yes . . . it is . . . You have married the man I loved seven years ago. His name then was *Recklaw*." "Yes," says *Julie*, "but he changed it to *Poole* when he was warned off the Turf." And so it all comes out. *Julie*, in frenzy at the plot that was played on her, leaves her husband for ever.

You see what a jolly lot they are. But *Recklaw* has still one card up his



THE ABSENT-MINDED BEGGARS.

Extract from the report of latest French duel.—“— ON THE WORD BEING GIVEN M. CHEVASSU SHOT OVER M. BERNSTEIN'S HEAD. M. BERNSTEIN, INSTEAD OF FIRING, PLACED THE PISTOL BEHIND HIS BACK. ON BEING ASKED WHY HE DID NOT FIRE, M. BERNSTEIN SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS AND REPLIED, 'I FORGOT.'”

[The above is a fancy picture of the next French duel.]

sleeve. With his last few thousand pounds he insures his life in five companies and prepares to commit suicide, so that *Julie* shall have his money. (Even Mr. MONCKTON HOFFE seemed to think that this was a perfectly honest thing to do; but perhaps I do him an injustice. In any case I can understand that some months in the company of *Poole* and *Partington* would dull any author's conscience.) *Julie* hears of this, realises that *Recklaw* really loves her (“I could not love thee, dear, so much,” etc.), and forgives him. (And presumably herself for her blackmail of *Partington*, her mercenary motives in marrying, and so forth.)

Much of the dialogue is delightfully fresh and natural; it is a pity that it should be partially spoilt by such a theatrical setting. But Mr. HOFFE takes his plot quite seriously, and there are scenes of the utmost pathos in the Third Act; alas that they should leave our withers absolutely unwrung. I hope Mr. HOFFE will write a plain straightforward comedy some day, for he has the gift of easy dialogue.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, as *Recklaw Poole*, was all that Mr. HAWTREY always is; Mr. VANE TEMPEST was beautifully himself as himself, and Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR was particularly excellent as the Café proprietor—he, at any rate, had stepped straight from life on to the boards. Miss MAY BLAYNEY gave a very promising performance as *Julie*, but in trying to be natural was too conscious of both herself and us. In moments of passion and pathos she was much more at her case.

M.

“It was publicly said of him that he was notable . . . as having given a pledge at one place to go to the poll and not having gone, and not to go to the poll at another and having went.”—*The Westminster Gazette*.

But we have all went like this in our time.

The Times Engineering Supplement on the new Cunarder:—

“The rudder and both sets of steering-gear are below the water-line.”

Why did nobody think of putting the rudder there before?

In an advertisement of GEORGE BELL & Sons' publications, we are glad to see, under the head of

MASTERS OF LITERATURE,
the following announcement:—

CHESTERTON. By G. K. Chesterton.

[November.

We shall now know, for the first time, what Mr. CHESTERTON thinks of himself. Only a few more days to wait.

The author of *Boom!*—a new novel published by GREENING—is Mr. WILLIAM CAINE, and not Mr. HALL CAINE, as you might think from the title.

“The West, by fine forward rushes, made headway from the drop out, and the ‘Sonians’ were called on to defend a fine trick. Davidson found a duet at the corner flag.”—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

How very technical the game is getting.

“His height, weight, and strength make him a useful player in any company, and amongst schoolboys he is a trident among minnows.”

The Australasian.

Or, as one might say, a “hairpin among winkles.”



Sentry (fiercely) "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"—(Pause, then mildly)—"I SAY, YOU MIGHT 'ALT WHEN I ASKS YOU."

THE LITTLE BACK NUMBER.

I WAS glad to see Werradale again, but I could not help being sorry at the evident signs of his estrangement from prosperity. Three years had made a lot of difference.

We talked for half an hour about the weather, the old school, and so forth; then we came to the point.

With my well-known presence of mind, I explained that by an irony of fate, while it was the one thing I would like to do, it was also the one thing I could not do.

"A fiver would just tide me over," he continued, ignoring my attempt to close that channel of conversation. "I have had a disappointment this week which has made me a bit short. I have been rather unlucky over Prince OLAF."

"Prince OLAF?" I said. "Oh, yes, the little Swedish Prince."

"Norwegian," he corrected me. "He has just come over to England."

"Indeed! I didn't know."

"You would have known if I had had any luck; but the papers have been so full of URE and DUMPHREYS and the weather that I haven't had a chance. I make the incidents about Prince OLAF, you know; and beyond one or two lines about his greeting the KING on his arrival I haven't placed anything this time. I made over £20 on his first visit; my story of how he had a Guardsman led to his nursery each morning to play with was very popular, and his salute at the sound of the National Anthem—do you remember?—that went down splendidly. And I did fairly well out of his other visits. But this time, after I have spent the last ten days getting stories ready, the papers won't look at a thing. It is very unfortunate for me."

"And the stories that the papers published, and that went straight home to the nation's heart, were not true?" I asked, with indignation.

"Oh, they may have been. I kept quite close to the

probable, and anyway they were just the things that a nice Prince like that would do. I suppose I shall have no chance with OLAF until he is old enough to play pranks in his regiment. I've done pretty well from time to time along that line with the German Princes. But it will be some years yet, and I can't wait until then. Could you manage just half-a-sovereign?"

MOTHER SHIPTON ON THE CRISIS.

[Mr. BERNARD SHAW has astonished the literary world by contributing a preface to the new edition of Mr. HALL CAINE's last novel.]

WHEN SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
Sperm-whales will spout in Mincing Lane.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
MILES will devour cold mutton raw.

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
MAX BEERBOHM will imitate WALTER CRANE.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
All camels will cry, "This is the last straw."

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
The Censor will come by his own again.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
Wild asses will joyfully murmur "Hee-haw!"

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
There will be waterspouts in Spain.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
The Merry Widow will cease to draw.

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
LLOYD GEORGE will fill the Round Pond with champagne.

When CAINE shall hunt in couples with SHAW
Mr. FLOWDEN will cease to excite a guffaw.

When SHAW shall hunt in couples with CAINE
The British Lion will shave his mane.



A PLEASURE DEFERRED.

THE BUDGET (as GUY FAWKES). "THEIR LORDSHIPS NOT AT HOME? THEN I'LL CALL AGAIN."
HOUSE OF LORDS FLUNKY. "ANY MESSAGE?"

THE BUDGET (as GUY FAWKES). "NO, NO! I JUST WANT TO BLOW THEM UP."

[The Commons propose to finish with the Budget Bill on Guy Fawkes Day. The Lords are to consider it on the twenty-second.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, Oct. 25.—Deathless originality of our hereditary legislators, their lofty contempt of the commonplace, illustrated afresh to-night. Scorning delights, they have spent laborious days with Irish Land Bill. Have so cut it up in Committee that SAINT AUGUSTINE, regarding the completed work, does not know his own child. In genial effort to assist paternal recognition, noble lords give it a few more hard knocks.

To-day it comes up for third reading. Agreed to without discussion; and there an end on't, you suppose. Which shows you don't know our House of Lords. LORD CHANCELLOR, having put question, "That the Bill be now read a third time," and declared "The Contents have it," up gat DONOUGHMORE and moved quite new amendment. One of a dozen that stood on the paper. Had something to do with arrangement by which payment of purchases under Act was to be made in cash, in stock, or partly in each.

MAYO, with characteristic directness and candour, went to root of matter in couple of sentences.

"Landlords," said he, "do not look with favour on payment by means of stock. They look with very great favour on cash payments."

A murmur sounding uncommonly like the smacking of appreciative lips approved this noble sentiment.

CREWE sat forlorn, conscious of arid waste on benches behind him. Pointed out that amendment would endanger basis on which provision was made for payment of purchase money. But what would you? What use any more walking through lobbies, one of a maximum of thirty, returning to await arrival of ultimate Peer in jubilant throng of five score or more coming back from Aye lobby? So amendment after amendment was patched on travesty of Bill that left Commons a few weeks ago in buoyant vigour.

With respect to one of them CREWE pointed out how it would hamper operation of Act, plaintively adding: "But as the noble Earl sets great store by it I will not detain your Lordships by discussing it."

Bang went another chunk of original Bill. In the end motion made and agreed to "that the Bill do pass."

Business done.—Wreck of Irish Land Bill towed out on its way back to Commons.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Whilst Questions went forward, uneasiness manifested on faces of peaceful Members seated by Mr. REMNANT. Learned Member, with foot



"Talk of remnants," said Winterton, "if he got hold of Ure——"

crossed over knee, was rapidly passing hand backward and forward upon upper leather of boot as if sharpening a knife. His lips moved; echo of refrain



REMARKABLE PERSISTENCE OF TYPE IN LORD CHANCELLORS.
(Lord Loreburn or Lord Halsbury—which?)

was heard. As far as it could be caught it sounded like

Fee Fi Fo Fate;

I smell the blood of Lord Advocate.

Explanation forthcoming when REMNANT, jumping up, asked PREMIER "if he would put some curb upon the LORD ADVOCATE?" Picture of Mr. URE with bit in mouth, led about by PREMIER, bridle in hand, tickled fancy of House. ASQUITH made no response to tempting invitation. REMNANT not to be disposed of on such terms. As everybody knows, LORD ADVOCATE, least emotional-looking man on Treasury Bench, been going to and fro saying things about Old Age Pensions, Dukes and other folk, poor but honest. REMNANT thirsting for opportunity to be at him. The late Earl CHATHAM's earnest desire for closer contiguity with Lord STRACHAN, a desire reciprocated by his noble friend, was nothing compared with Mr. REMNANT's yearning to have his fingers in the LORD ADVOCATE's flowing locks.

"Talking of remnants," said WINTERTON, regarding with admiration his bench companion, "if he got hold of URE, the fragments would not fill anything like six baskets."

Receiving no encouragement from PREMIER, REMNANT appealed to SPEAKER. Asked if he would be in order in moving adjournment of House in order to discuss LORD ADVOCATE's "scandalous utterances."

By strange coincidence, FIENNES, seated on benches opposite, equally anxious to discuss the subject. Has placed notice of motion on paper. Doesn't mention a day for bringing it on. Practical effect the same. Other Members desiring to hurry up the matter find the way blocked. Thus the SPEAKER ruled.

So REMNANT dropped back in his seat, comforting himself with resumption of chant and of the little by-play with the top-leather of his boot.

Business done.—Licencing Clauses of Budget Bill dealt with in Committee. FABER draws blood-curdling picture of Ministers on Treasury Bench—a black-bearded, high-booted, many-pistolled crew, who have run aloft the Jolly Roger on which in blood-stained letters (fluid said to be drawn from willing veins of LORD ADVOCATE) flaunts the legend "Revenge, not Revenue."

Thursday.—House learns with pained surprise that at meeting of Council of Northumberland Miners Association BURT and FENWICK have had notice to quit. Association, captured by Independent Labour Men, requires that henceforward candidates whom it supports at the polls shall pledge themselves to vote



AUTHORITIES ON THE INGRATITUDE OF THE LABOUR PARTY.
(Messrs. Fenwick and Burt.)

and act with the I. L. P. In other words, instead of continuing the service to their constituents and the British Workman, conspicuously and successfully rendered, in BURT's case for thirty-five years, in FENWICK's for nearly a quarter of a century, they shall become automata, toeing the line where DON'T KEIR HARDIE chalks it.

As might be expected, the sturdy Northumbrians decline proffered position. By overwhelming majority dominant wire-pullers of the Association BURT founded and has given the best years of his life to nurture, bade them be gone.

Familiar axiom that there is no gratitude in politics. Latest testimony to its truth goes far beyond modern experience. BURT was the first genuine working man to take his seat in House of Commons. The MEMBER FOR SARK, returned in same year (1874), and like the Member for Morpeth since uninterruptedly representing same constituency, well remembers sensation created. To the working man it was of inestimable value that the experiment should have been initiated by such individuality. What might have happened was later suggested by return of another Labour Member sent to Westminster by a Staffordshire town. A vain windy person, he represented the class of tub-

thumpers who occasionally (happily only temporarily) enthral the guileless working man, nobbling Trade Associations, using their machinery for displacement of worthier men.

From the first, as unto this last, BURT habitually kept himself in the background, though missing no opportunity of coming to the front when interests of his fellow-workmen were at stake. He gradually won the esteem and confidence of all sections of the House. There is to-day no Member whose rising in debate would be more warmly welcomed, whose counsels would have weightier effect. When Mr. G. formed his last Ministry he amid general acclaim made the Member for Morpeth Parliamentary Secretary of Board of Trade. Coming into his inheritance four years ago, one of C.-B.'s first acts was to add the name of THOMAS BURT to the roll of Privy Councillors.

Thus, in Parliamentary debate and on postal address, he became Right Honourable. A proud distinction, sufficient for DIZZY in his prime, serving PEEL and GLADSTONE to the last. For BURT it was confirmation by royal grace of habitual circumstance. He was right honourable when, at the age of ten, he began to work as a pit-boy. Right honourable he has remained



A TRIUMPH OF ANTIQUITY.
The Winged Victory of Tariphraze. (Mr. Dumphreys, M.P.)

in every phase of public or private life.

In FENWICK he found a comrade who stands only second to him in personal esteem of House. For nearly a quarter of a century these two have worked together in the best interests of Labour. Now for all reward they are ignominiously cast forth at the bidding of an alien Trades Union.

Glad to know they mean to fight it out. Northumbrian miners may be counted upon to see the thing properly through.

Business done.—Nearing end of Report Stage of Budget. Shall finish to-morrow.

From a catalogue:—

"Mycenaean Pottery.—Ten Pieces of Mycenaean Pottery of Extreme Age . . . These interesting relics are probably fully three hundred years old."

How time flies! It seems only yesterday that Agamemnon was laid to rest, yet it is "fully 300 years ago!"

Commercial Candour.

From an advt. of a café (in the programme of the Gaiety Theatre, Toronto):
"OPEN TILL MIDTIGHT."



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. 3.

Lady (who has jumped on the top of another). "STUPID WOMAN! CAME DOWN JUST IN FRONT OF ME, AND NEARLY GAVE ME A BAD FALL."

THE JULIA BUREAUCRATS.

MR. STEAD's conversation with DISRAELI, in the course of which the august shade advised the Lords to pass the Budget, is but one of many of his dialogues with the dead which, if not so happy as LUCIAN's, are at any rate more startling.

As a matter of fact, the spirits spring up in Julia's Bureau with such rapidity that even Mr. STEAD has difficulty in keeping pace with them.

Of what COBDEN said to W. T. S. with regard to the Bermondsey Election it is too late to speak; but he knew to a T the precise position on the poll of the genial JACK DUMPHREYS, and the rumour that his last words to W. T. S. were "Tell him on no account to shave" is inexact.

Another recent visitor was ROBESPIERRE, with views on the future of the House of Lords. We have translated the sea-green incorruptible's French.

W. T. S. Mr. DISRAELI, who was here the other day, advised the Lords to pass the Budget. What do you think?"

ROBESPIERRE. I think (*je pense*) it will be very dull if they do.

W. T. S. Why dull?

ROBESPIERRE. Because a very interesting (*intéressant*) struggle will be avoided.

W. T. S. You refer to that between Lords and Commons?

ROBESPIERRE. I do.

W. T. S. What do you advise?

ROBESPIERRE. I advise nothing. It is too late. Events must take their course. But I hope (*j'espère*) for a conflict.

W. T. S. And then?

ROBESPIERRE (*rubbing his hands*). Then the tumbrels.

Following upon a terrific double knock under the table—two blows that would have felled an ox—in romped the ghost of TOM SAYERS, the prince of prize-fighters, with some very pointed comments on the coming JEFFRIES-JOHNSON fight.

W. T. S. You observe, Mr. SAYERS, that a meeting has at last been arranged between the American and the Herculean Negro.

TOM SAYERS. Say that again.

W. T. S. Between JEFFRIES and JOHNSON, the Sable Southern Champion.

TOM SAYERS. You mean the Bounding Black. Yes.

W. T. S. Could you tell me which will be the victor?

TOM SAYERS. Not much, Mr. STEAD. What do you take me for? If anyone is going to profit by such foreknowledge as that, it's a better friend to me than you look likely to be.

Soon after TOM had disappeared, in walked LEONARDO DA VINCI, with stately tread.

W. T. S. Just the genius I wanted! You have seen *The Times*?

LEONARDO. I have begun to take it in.

W. T. S. Well?

LEONARDO. Well?

W. T. S. Have you no sentiments?

LEONARDO. Too many Cookseys spoil the broth.

W. T. S. Are you not anxious that the praise for the bust should be rightly given?

LEONARDO. It amuses me more to wait and watch.

W. T. S. I have no patience with such an attitude.

LEONARDO. You are out of sorts, man. Try RICHARD COCKLE's pills.

JULIA, the world will be glad to know, is hoping momentarily for a visit from WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; although HERRICK sounds more in her line.

BACON, it is said, has refused to attend unless a higher fee is offered.

MORE ESSAYS IN EULOGY.

[Suggested by Mr. Lloyd George's magnificent panegyric of Mr. Balfour as one of the greatest assets and luxuries of the House of Commons.]

SPEAKING at the Annual Banquet of Amalgamated Pianola Players, at which Miss Carrie Morelli was the principal guest, the toast of the evening was proposed by Mr. Allcane in a speech of extraordinary eloquence and effusion. He said that the blind and doddering tribe of reviewers, whose fatuous imbecility would be contemptible if it were not so malevolent, had always sought to misrepresent the mutual attitude of Miss Morelli and himself and to make out that one or other or both were animated by a spirit of internecine rivalry. So far was this from being correct that he was the first person, many years ago, to lend his sister artist a helping hand and assist her in planting her dainty but tottering steps on the ladder of fame. He never repented that service; indeed he was proud of it. He and Carrie—might he call her Carrie?—(*Terrific applause, during which Miss Morelli signified her assent with a bewitching inclination of her tiara-crowned head*)—did not always see eye to eye. There had been occasions on which she had not spared his feelings but had castigated him with the lash of a severe but salutary criticism. But that did not prevent him at this harmonious feast from expressing with a full heart his sincere conviction that Carrie Morelli was one of the most remarkable women who had ever lent additional lustre to the solar system. In the words of the hymn:—

Imagination's widest stretch
In wonder dies away

in the vain attempt to render justice to her sumptuous intellect—(*cheers*)—her mellifluous mentality—(*Kentish Fire*)—her gorgeous and supra-tropical imagination—(*prolonged and enthusiastic plaudits*).

Miss Morelli, rising with a swanlike stateliness that greatly added to the impressiveness of her reply, observed that seldom, if ever, had a famous authoress occupied a more embarrassing position. But she was not going to pretend to a mock modesty which she did not possess. Praise to the face was trying, but when it was laid on with the trowel of merit to the *mens conscia recti* of genius, there were few more

delicious experiences. In conclusion she expressed her grave doubts whether there was any country in which such a speech could be delivered on such an occasion and on such a subject except this country; and whether any man could have made such a speech who was not a Manxman.

THE NEW GAMES.

THE long evenings being upon us, an emissary of the P. M. G. has been enquiring into what has been done to help kill them by the ingenious brains that make the nation's pastimes, and he has discovered at least one treasure, entitled



"AVE, CÆSAR! MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS."

"Temperanzo," which has been devised for temperance people "anxious to combine moral instruction with entertainment. Played with a numbered dice (*sic*) and black balls, after the manner of most board games, the ultimate goal is either 'the happy home' or 'the workhouse'; much on the lines of 'The Boy: What will he become?' showing the various stages."

Another game, called with equal wit "Racecorso," which has been devised by Mr. Punch, is on similar lines; and together they are calculated to sow the most valuable seeds in whatever nurseries they are played in.

An excellent topical variety of "Fox and Geese" is now ready, in which the Fox bears a resemblance—sufficiently

near to satisfy the artistic conscience of makers and players of games—to Mrs. PANKHURST, and the Geese are Liberal politicians. There is also a "Fox and Geese," in which the Fox is labelled the Censor and the Geese are the Dramatists.

"Families," that admirable friend of our childhood, also breaks out in several new forms. There is, for example, the "Cabinet Family," in which each member of that body is supplied (purely for festive purposes and entirely without prejudice) with a highly-coloured helpmeet of grotesque appearance and three comic children. To complete as many of these apochryphal families as may be is, of course, the object of the players.

The old "Family Coach" has been brought up to date under the title of "The Family Aeroplane," and no one can emerge from the rigours of this pastime without a considerable knowledge of aerial engineering. Each child having assumed his or her part—one being the motor, one the lifting rudder, one the steering rudder, one the left wing, one the right wing, one the lever, and so forth, the narrative is read out and the trencher spun exactly as in the "Family Coach."

Among the new puzzles, without the diverting assistance of which it would be practically impossible to get through such a world of frustration and bad weather at all, are some with such attractive names as "Pop-Wuzzle," "Inky-Winky," and "Solbobs." "Pop-Wuzzle" is a convex board with four depressions at each end and four steel balls. The thing is to get the balls from one end to the other without touching them, merely by raising and depressing the board. As it is highly polished and has no raised edge, the

player spends most of his time on the floor picking up the balls; and thus the dreary day passes.

And Germany? What are they doing there? What form does the strenuous life take with which we are thus frivolously occupied? Well, many of these games are made in Germany.

"But it was a hopeless matter to try to drive the camel of landlordism through a needless eye."

The humps of unearned increment would stick in the least uncalled-for eye.

Horrible Tragedy in Private Life.

"ASTRAL BODY.—Of course, the treatment prescribed was meant for the hips and would not do for the lips at all."—*Hearth and Home*.



Candidate for part of Juliet (to Manager of Shakespearean company). "Oh, YES, MR. STORMER, I'M AWFULLY GONE ON SHAKSPEARE'S STUFF. D'YOU KNOW, I THINK HE'S A MAN IN A THOUSAND!"

AN INDEX EXPURGATORIUS

For Mrs. Beeton's Cookery Book.

[Dr. CHARLES HEYDEVANN maintains that human character is transformed by the food consumed, e.g., that the piggishness of the Englishman's morning grunt is traceable to his breakfast of bacon. We have thus a fresh illustration of the old proverb that he who drinks beer, thinks beer.]

SAYS the Teuton, "Man ist was er iszt"—

If you *are* what you eat, have a care!
There are dangers that lurk in the list
Of the dishes your *chef* may prepare.

If sober behaviour's your *rôle*,
"Topsy cake" you should utterly
spurn;

Don't dally with "toad-in-the hole,"
Or a snob you will certainly turn.

"Hasty pudding" will teach you to scold;
You'll be silly with "bubble-and-squeak";

"Devilled kidneys" will make you too bold,
And an "angel-on-horseback" too meek.

"Apple hedgehog" will cause you to fret;
"Spotted dog" with a snarl you'll deplore;

"Half-pay pudding" will drive you to debt,
And with chestnuts you'll rank as a bore.

Think twice ere you let a *menu*
Transmute you to items you munch!
One exception we'll make—you may brew
A jovial jorum of Punch!

PETTICOAT PRINTS.

[Mrs. J. R. GREEN has asserted that women form the majority of newspaper readers, and complained that journalists, in the preparation of newspapers, thought only of men.]

SAY not the fair has been forgotten
By all that broach the midnight ink;
Though half the morning press be rotten,
The "ha'p'nnies" know how women think:

If they despise the hand that holds the cotton
Then strike me pink.

Lo! how the careless eye meanders
From news of statesmen and police
To boudoir tips and toilet candours,
And remedies for facial crease,
And, interspersed with stuffing for the ganders,
The sauce for geese.

Here shall you find what arts demolish
The pimple (o'er your breakfast cup);
What fashion's latest whims abolish
And what demand, and where to sup;
The way to peel potatoes and to polish
Tiaras up.

Here is the nymph's delight, the
"shocker,"

Telling how Guy, the baleful Bart.,
Stole papers from Lord Edwin's locker,—
And (oh, be still, poor panting heart!)
Virtue shall triumph yet, beneath the
soccer,
In Monday's part.

Nay, when I contemplate the leaders,
The foreign items planned to thrill,
The interview that tells our readers
How Mr. Tubbs (that lion quill)
Welcomed our young reporter at "The Cedars"
On Streatham Hill,

Showed him his sanctum and his kitten,
Revealed his dietetic rules—
I sometimes wonder if they're written,
These papers, not for trousered fools,
But solely for the demoiselles of
Britain
At boarding schools.

The record for the splittest among infinitives has just been broken in a lease granted by the Australian Government to two gentlemen "to bona-fide and to the satisfaction of the Colonial Secretary for the time being in office commence the industry of a turtle farm." Wake up, England.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

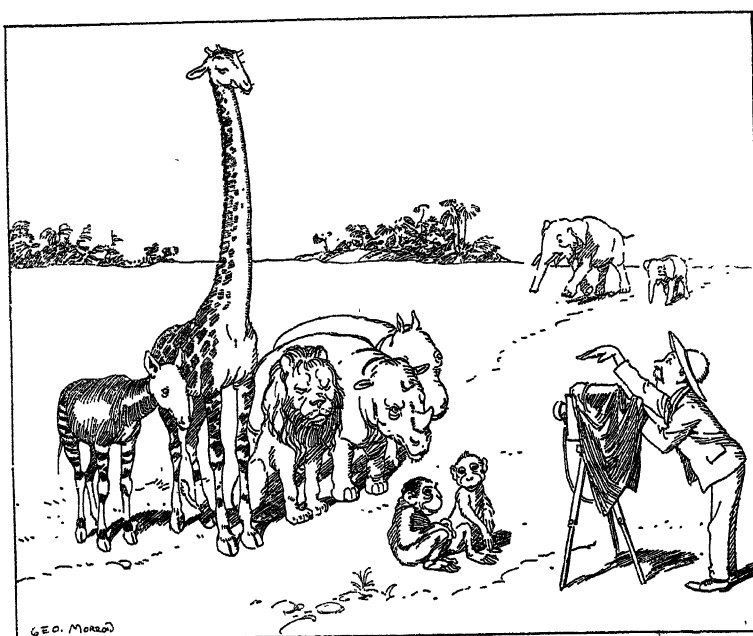
MESSRS. HUTCHINSON, who publish it, are confident that Mr. W. B. MAXWELL's new book, *Seymour Charlton*, "will be recognised as one of this popular author's finest efforts." That, for a publishers' announcement, strikes me as unusually modest. They might have said much more without going beyond the mark. *Seymour Charlton* is a powerful satire on contemporary life in high places, which combines the grand manner of better days with the keen insight and extensive and peculiar information which is the boast, but not always the possession, of the modern journalist. It is all about shams, political shams, social shams, business shams, and, generally speaking, the futilities of life, in whose temple *Seymour Charlton*, a lord, an Under-Secretary of State, and almost a Cabinet Minister, serves religiously as an imposing but sham and futile high-priest. There are times when he badly wants kicking, and at last, I rejoice to say, fate does succeed in "catching him bending," and abruptly brings him to his senses and the arms of his neglected but forgiving wife. There are over two hundred thousand words and a very large number of characters in the book, but it is not a line too long.

I suspect Mr. J. E. PATTERSON of not only writing his books within earshot of the brine, but of reading them out loud to the waves, for nothing else could explain the looseness of his construction and the frequency of his hanging nominatives. He has to get in as much as he can, you see, in a breath before the breaker crashes on to the beach. Any way, there is no denying that he has caught the "surge and thunder" of his foreground, and is quite as much at home on (or just off) the East coast as a herring would be. *Watchers by the Shore* (METHUEN) is a novel of primitive emotions and uneducated people, whose story has value because it is touched with the rude grandeur of their surroundings. The author has sternly resisted the temptations of conventional melodrama, for the betrayer of his heroine, a man with some very contemptible moments, turns over a new leaf and marries her in the end, whilst her "adopted" father, who threatens to murder the villain (and very nearly does murder his brother as the supposed offender), becomes finally his friend and boat-mate. The character of *Joan* is a little colourless, but those of *Gideon*, her protector, *Huldah*, his superstitious wife, and *Knut*, the "wise man" (I am glad there are really people called "Knut") are excellent studies. For the most part, too, Mr. PATTERSON's fishermen do not unduly philosophise, and their verbal "dialectic" is very plausible. This makes it the more surprising to me that the words "ripping," "bounder" and "rot" are all put into their mouths. I should like to know whether there is authority

for this, for I should feel far more confidence in using slang myself if I were certain that it was not merely the language of decadence, but the natural effervescence of these hardy Suffolk salts.

In the tale of *Denis Yorke's* school life—which is not the least impressive part of *The First Round* (METHUEN)—Mr. Sr. JOHN LUCAS starts "one up" on most writers of school stories, and wins the realistic medal by about seven up and six to play. Unfettered by the thought that he is writing for boys to read, he has not attempted to gloss over the unpleasant side of school-life. Here, as he sees it, is a faithful picture of a public school, and parents possessing boys of artistic instinct may be advised to study it carefully. For a few moments I suspected that *Denis* was going from school to Oxford—and I quivered. But Mr. LUCAS avoids all bunkers in *The First Round*. *Denis*, a boy with music bubbling out of him, does not go to Oxford, but (after a brief and depressing time in the office of a local solicitor) to

London, where after many experiences bitter and sweet, he ultimately learns his lesson. "One against the world will always win" was his motto, and estranged from his narrow-minded father his egotism increased until he was almost a prig. He realised himself, however, just when success in the world of music was assured to him, and abandoning his fame and his selfishness he returned to the home which he had left and to the father who needed him. To some readers this may seem an inadequate finale to an unusually brilliant book, but to me it is at once artistic and true. Mr. LUCAS is a master in the expression of temperament, and he



Jungle Photographer (to Giraffe). "Yes, YOUR EXPRESSION IS ALL RIGHT, BUT YOUR FACE IS OUT OF THE PICTURE."

treats Bohemian London with both love and justice. *The First Round* is by no means a short one, but I was far from being tired at the end of it.

Richard Noy "divided women roughly into those who had and those who had not 'It.'" (He didn't really do it roughly, of course; that is merely a figure of speech). "It" was something indefinable yet quite perceptible. The women he felt he could be in sympathy with had It, and yet he deliberately married one without. *The Intruding Angel* (HURST and BLACKETT), by Mr. CHARLES MARRIOTT, is his story, and whether because of his selection of the wrong girl, or because of his rather tedious habit of introspection in which the author encourages him, it failed to excite my very deep interest. "The intruding angel" is the lady he ought to have married, only she doesn't intrude until too late, and then she is rather too soulful (though common sense is her strong point), and a little bit of a nuisance. I found both her and *Richard* unconvincing. Each is so terribly good at answering the other's questions before they have been uttered that I couldn't help suspecting that the author gave them the tip.

CHARIVARIA.

A NEW club is being founded, the members of which are to be known by numbers. The idea, we believe, is borrowed from our prisons, which for cheerfulness and sociability compare so favourably with some of our clubs.

"One of the tragedies of the fight against property," says Mr. KEIR HARDIE, "is that the lower you get in the scale the less people seemable to help themselves." This comes rather ungraciously from Mr. HARDIE so soon after one of the class referred to had helped himself to his watch.

A meeting of the members of the Duma has decided to invite a delegation of the British House of Lords and House of Commons to visit Russia next spring. These ignorant foreigners evidently do not know that there will be no House of Lords next spring.

"I have not sold so much whiskey as I anticipated," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. This is not the only sign that his Budget has sobered people.

It does not seem to have been generally noticed that with a quaint sense of fitness the portrait of Mr. STEAD which appeared in *The Daily Chronicle* on the date of the publication of one of his spook interviews was drawn by a COFFIN.

It is thought, by the way, that one effect of the enterprise of *The Daily Chronicle* will be that many distinguished persons, before passing away, will issue an authoritative statement cautioning the public that it is not their intention to grant any interviews after death, and stigmatising any that may be published as mere journalism.

We are glad to hear that Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON is making satisfactory progress. He is, we understand, of the opinion that, had he not been ill at the time of the Bermondsey election, Mr. DUMPHREYS and his whiskers would not now be in the House of Commons.

The Inglesham Rate Book has been destroyed by a couple of puppies. We understand that the excuse given by the

delinquents was that, not being proficient readers, they thought the title was "Rat Book."

The announcement that a French *savant* has invented an instrument which renders it possible to see microbes which have hitherto been invisible through ordinary microscopes, has caused no little annoyance to the germs concerned, who only ask to be left alone. We are

terrorising a district near Marseilles wear masks of crape, as a token, we take it, of *considération respectueuse* for their victims.

Mrs. ALFRED LYTTELTON has written a miracle play. This should prove a great success, for we understand that it needs a miracle nowadays to make a play pay.

Dr. BODIE would like it to be known that he is not connected in any way with Dr. BODE, who is alleged to have been bested in the matter of a bust.

In Great Britain, it is said, there are 1,250,000 superfluous women. A correspondent writes to know if this figure comprises all the Suffragettes.

The ground floor of a building in the Strand which is decorated by a number of nude figures has been opened as a hatter's, but those persons who objected to the statuary are still crying out that this hardly meets the case.

A contemporary announced that its next issue would, "in addition to its many attractive features, contain a coloured cartoon of Mr. F. E. SMITH." The introduction of the word "other" before "attractive" would perhaps have been more tactful.

"History is useless if we do not learn from it the lesson that the advanced wing of a party always hustles the moderates out of their place, or, in colloquial language, 'the tail wags the dog.'" — *The Times*.

But why is it more colloquial to be wagged by a tail than to be hustled by a wing?

Commercial Candour.

A firm of tailors, talking in a circular of the "tradition of reticence in our class

of trade" (*sympathetic cheers*) says:—"Customers have told us that it was some time before they discovered that we were tailors at all."

Great Thoughts.

"DEATH-KNELL OF THE BUDGET.—Mr. R. S. Horne, the prospective Unionist candidate for Stirlingshire, speaking at Bannockburn last night, said that Bermondsey had signed the death-knell of the Budget."

Edinburgh Evening News.

We know nothing of this signature, but the sounding of the knell (if any) may safely be left to a HORNE.



Despondent Individual (to the penny which he has thrown into the Serpentine after tossing "Heads I bathe, tails I don't"—the result being heads). "THERE! NOW YOU CAN SEE 'OW YOU LIKE IT THIS WEATHER!" [Saunters off.]

sorry, little microbes, but this is an age of publicity, and we fear you will have to go with the stream.

Berlin, we are told, possesses a black taxicab driver. This surely is the ideal colour for a chauffeur, enabling him to emerge from an examination of the underneath of his car with unimpaired complexion.

Frenchmen are nothing if not sentimental, and we are not surprised to read that a gang of highwaymen who are

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

[It is rumoured that the better class of women are in revolt against the "turban" style of coiffure, and desire to revert to the old system of pin-curles.]

LET Liberals sing (or even roar
While I am still upon my feet)
The praise of Members who ignore
Fair Play when suffering from the heat;
Let Tory minstrels intimate
Whose was the shield that wanted cleaning
When Scot met Scot in grim debate
With yet a third Scot intervening;—

For me I loose a loftier theme,
Shall live when Lethe's tides obscure
(Like memories of an ugly dream)
The episode of Mr. URE;
To wider issues I am wed,
Less crudely banal, less suburban,
And ask, Shall Woman have her head
Swathed in a horrid hairy turban?

Shall Woman take it lying down,
And cringe to Fashion's dumped decree,
Taught how to titivate her crown
By *mannequins* from over-sea?
What! shall our sisters take their tone
From stuff that France decides to sell 'em,
Reckless of what becomes their own
Peculiar style of *cerebellum*?

I hear the hoarse appeal go out:—
England! how long before we tire
Of twists and twiddles roped about
A sketchy scaffold-work of wire?
Put off, put off your alien "swirls,"
Resume the arts that better fit you—
Those little inexpensive curls
With pins to keep 'em stuck *in situ*.

O. S.

AN INTERESTING LITTLE COUNTRY.

GREECE, a country which has been much in the public eye of late, is a land of no little interest, with quite a history of its own.

Long before you and I were born, dear reader, its inhabitants evinced an intelligence which, considering the remoteness of their time from our own day, with its intellectual advantages, must be designated as little short of remarkable. Greece, in fact, is a veritable home of song and story, and its artistic achievements might put to the blush even the works of some of our modern artists.

This rugged little country, whose shores were then lapped by the blue waters of the Mediterranean just as they are to-day, had its poets, its authors, its philosophers, its artists its orators, its dramatists, and its military geniuses literally thousands of years ago (this is no exaggeration), many of whom would have compared favourably in their own particular callings with our own Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, Sir HUBERT HERKOMER, Mr. URE, Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, and Sir ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

The Greeks were not only a remarkably intelligent people, they were physically a fine race of men. Although golf, cricket, football, and other of our popular games were not known to them, they devoted much time to athleticism, and it is no secret that our own word Marathon had its origin in Grecian legend.

If they were not altogether orthodox in their theological outlook, they were distinctly religious, their multiplicity of

deities keeping them ever on the alert for the complete performance of their devotional obligations. Certainly in the temples that they reared they were not wanting in a sense of the dignity that befits the building in which one's public religious duty is performed. The Parthenon is the name of one of these temples, and, all things considered, it does great credit to the somewhat primitive people that erected it. It is a question whether many of our building contractors of the present day, with their mortar-mixing machines, steam cranes, and other modern inventions, could greatly improve upon this structure.

Finally, in all matters of taste, the Greeks of old came very nearly up to the standards of our day.

A STUDY IN LIGHT GREEN.

IN connection with the rumour that Mr. GLADSTONE is to be appointed first Governor of United South Africa, *The Westminster Gazette* has been rebuking *The Times* for its "partisan attack" upon that gentleman. To the perfect partisan, of course, all things are partisan, and it may not have occurred to *The Westminster* that *The Times* might, in considering this rumoured appointment, have conceivably criticised Mr. GLADSTONE on his actual merits. It would be instructive to apply *The Westminster's* methods of rebuke to one of its own paragraphs appearing on the same day and page, and running as follows:—

"Lord TIVERTON, Lord HALSBURY's son and heir, who has been adopted as Tariff Reform Candidate for Carmarthen, has hitherto shown more interest in the stage than in politics. Under the name of 'Oliver Bath,' it may be remembered, he wrote a musical comedy entitled *Naughty Nancy*, which was produced some years ago at the Savoy Theatre without exactly setting the adjacent river on fire. Perhaps, however, Lord TIVERTON, who is not yet thirty, will do better at St. Stephens."

Let us take ourselves very seriously and pay *The Westminster* the flattery of imitation. Let us use its rebuke to *The Times* for our model, and see what can be done by way of rebuke for this "partisan attack" on Lord TIVERTON:—

"It seems to us that, since { the next elections will not be { held for some months, the whole discussion is premature, but it is not premature to protest, as we do, in the strongest possible way against this attempt to prevent { these appointments made { Lord TIVERTON's election by exhibiting him to { Carmarthen and the { Electorate generally as a failure { of the Savoy. . . . No { playwright can escape criticism, and we { of the Cabinet. . . . No { Minister do not for a moment say that { Lord TIVERTON's record is above criticism, but we do say that it is singularly unfair and ungenerous to write him down as a failure in order to prevent his possible { Mr. GLADSTONE's appointment to a high Imperial office. We are confident that { Carmarthenians will not be misled by a partisan attack into thinking { South Africans any the worse of { Lord TIVERTON. { Mr. GLADSTONE."

"The Daily News" and the Peers.

No other paper, not even the penny ones on the Tory side, had had wind of it. To *The Daily News* alone has been confided the information that "three hundred Peers have intimated to Lord Lansdowne their intention of voting against the second reading of the Finance Bill." One pictures each of the three hundred (how oligarchical it sounds!) stealing up Bouverie Street under cover of darkness and the guns of H.M.S. *Buzzard*, to impart the confidential news to our neighbour over the way. What a thing it is to be on terms of private intimacy with so many members of that exclusive body, the Peerage!



AN ATMOSPHERE OF MISTRUST.

BRITANNIA. "I HEAR THERE'S A GOOD DEAL OF DISSENSION IN THE SERVICE. TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT IN THE WARD-ROOM."

NAVAL OFFICER. "WELL, MADAM, WE THINK A LOT, BUT WE MAKE IT A RULE NOWADAYS NOT TO TALK ABOUT THESE THINGS."



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 1.

THE SOCIETY FOR SECURING UNDISTURBED MEALS FOR THE WEE BIRDIES OF LONDON.

A GAMBOLLING BEANO.

AN addition to the already existing facilities for gambling has just been invented, we regret to say, by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, and in the interest of so innocent a charity as the Actors' Orphanage. The proceedings are fatally simple. Each sportsman first lassoes, bird-limes, waylays, or otherwise catches a Mexican jumping bean, which he then matches against the other players' beans in the middle of some concentric circles drawn upon a heated plate. The owner or trainer of the bean which first jumps the outer circle takes the pool.

We have here the alarming prospect of our hitherto unsullied Englishmen's Homes being turned into little Monte Carlos by this insidious game of chance. The blameless firesides of Baron's Court and Golder's Green will alike reverberate with the hoarse cry of the *croupier* announcing "*La fève est sautée—rien ne va plus!*"

The guileless mothers'-meeting of the Smart Set known as a "beanfeast" will henceforward acquire a sinister significance, while to give a person beans will be to consign him to utter perdition.

There are still other and darker aspects of this most unhappy discovery of Mr. MAUDE'S. Think of the overstrung

nerves of the unfortunate maggot-occupant, forced to imitate a cat upon hot bricks, and of the unhealthy rivalry and lowered moral tone of the beans in their struggle for victory. There will be doped beans and gingered beans, and, we shudder to say, boiled beans—in fact all the malpractices of the turf and the gaming-table combined.

No, this will not do at all. Our unspotted purity has gone, and we are no longer ignorant how many beans make five. We can only suggest that all who may be bitten by the jumping vegetable should forward a shilling each to the fund in question by way of conscience money.

BEWARE!

O you that hold that Britain grows degenerate,
That all her fighting spirit's passed away,
That Luxury's the only god we venerate,
And War a thing that fills us with dismay,

Go, listen to the party politician
(Who clearly represents the common folk),
And there you'll find the Briton of tradition
As loud a warrior as ever spoke.

The merest phase of controversial prattle
Is lifted to a military plane;
They never pass a day without a "battle,"
And everyone's engaged in a "campaign";

The Minister, whose conduct of the nation
Is hampered by the party that oppose,
Can hardly make a popular oration
Without "declaring war" upon his "foes."

The stumper armed with demagogic speeches
Invariably strikes a martial chord,
And, calling on the mob to "man the breaches,"
Remarks that he's about to "draw the sword."

"The fighting" will be fierce, no doubt, but glorious;
Their "troops" are being "marshalled" to the field;
And all their ranks, agog to be victorious,
Are "marching on" to conquer, not to yield.

The speaker means to keep the "colours flying"
(He generally "nails them to the mast"),
And tells you straight that, if it comes to dying,
The ditch that he's selected is the "last."

And every word is fully up to Cocker
And free alike of fear and of reproach;
With lots of "ammunition in the locker,"
As long as there's a lozenge or a troche.

Let no misguided Continental Cæsar
Imagine that the country's on the drop,
When military phrases such as these are
The politician's ordinary shop.

For who can hear these martial voices welling,
And doubt that Britain's warlike at the core?
Tho' some among the brave were first in yelling
Against the country when she was at war.

It only shows it's well to keep an eye on
The mask our heroes on occasion wear;
That if you scratch the rat, you'll find the lion;
It takes a bit of scratching, but he's there.

And still the ancient spirit of bravado
Is breathed into our members—by the lungs;
And the meanest is a bloody desperado,
And a beggar in a Battle—of the Tongues.

DUM-DUM.

"The Czar has received the Turkish Embassy in formal audience at Livadia. At a subsequent luncheon Rifaat Pasha sat on His Majesty's right hand."—*The Pioneer*.

No doubt any little awkwardness that arose was soon smoothed over; but another time RIFAAT must look where he is sitting.

Extract from a letter to *The Nation*:—

"If the Lords have 'climbed down' it will have taken all the steam out of our boiler."

Which looks as if their former position were on the safety-valve.

IN DEFENCE OF OUR FACES.

MR. J. A. MACDONALD, Editor of *The Toronto Globe* and lately a delegate of the Imperial Press Conference, has been publishing criticisms on England as he found her. The following passage is representative: "The thing that stands out as the background of every reminiscence was the bloodless, mirthless, hopeless face of the common crowd"; in London he found "the hollow-eyed procession"; at Portsmouth he remarked "the human sediment that littered the doorways"; at Sheffield he was staggered by the "stooped shoulders, hollow chests, ash-coloured faces, lightless eyes, and loose-set mouths with bloodless gums." One letter of protest has already appeared, and we are happy to be able to present our readers with other correspondence on this grave matter.

SIR,—I write on behalf of my poor wife, who is much distressed by Mr. MACDONALD's remarks. She had intended to be out in the lane in her Sunday best, which we had specially redeemed for the occasion, when Mr. MACDONALD passed. She pleads that she truly miscalculated the time, so that she was engaged in washing-up when IT occurred. She was stooping over the tub, so that her chest was temporarily hollow, and if there was no light in her eyes there was soap, and, if this is not sufficient excuse, let it be added that I was not in the house. She objects to being called "human sediment," but I tell her that this is a common form of colonial greeting, and that affection in Toronto always expresses itself in this way. She also bids me to put in a word for myself, and to say that she has conclusively proved, in a moment of (regretted) passion, that my face is not habitually anæmic, and she would like to make the same experiment on Mr. MACDONALD.

Yours, etc., ALFRED SMITH.

Rye Lane, Portsmouth.

SIR,—My solicitor tells me that I have no real case for libel against Mr. MACDONALD, but I am convinced that his unfair strictures refer to me. I was on the pavement close to him as he passed into the White City, and I felt him stare at me. My vertebral nerves tingled under his scrutiny: the blood fled from my face to my nose, where it remains to this day in spite of massage. When I returned home, my wife told me I was the picture of misery, and called in the doctor. I regret to say that at present no treatment has availed. Is it right, Sir, that a man should abuse our nation for the maladies which he himself has caused by looking at us imperially? Yours, etc.,

Shepherd's Bush.

ALFRED SMITH.

SIR,—On the day when Mr. MACDONALD inspected our works I was not at my best. Things had upset me. The previous evening I had had a serious political quarrel which ended in a street fight. My mouth was much damaged, my front teeth having been knocked out for the Cause. So far from being hollow, however, my eyes were much swollen, and I can only discredit the accuracy of Colonial observation in this matter. Besides, I had been unable to get the water to boil for my tea before starting to work; my baby had cried all night; I had pinched my finger in the door; my mate had taken sick leave, and his substitute was incompetent. All these things combined to make me a poor specimen on that eventful morning when the Great Editor LOOKED at me. But my usual nickname in the works is Rubicund Alf, which, I think, amply disposes of the too-hasty fictions published in Toronto. Yours, etc.,

Sheffield.

ALFRED SMITH.

Character in a Nutshell.

"You may take it from me that Latham's modesty is more innate and self-assumed than real."—*The Chauffeur*.



AWFUL EFFECT ON SOCIETY OF THE POPULARITY OF THE STAGE BURGLAR-HERO.

THE FIFTH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I feel sure you will like to hear of our Fifth of November celebrations. We always do our best to have a jolly night; but this year surpassed all expectations in two ways, as I will tell.

We began, however, with a little difference of opinion which I was afraid might ruin everything. You see, we always have to decide as to who the guy shall represent, which is a matter of no small importance. Well, we met as usual to discuss this point, and found to our horror that we were exactly divided for and against Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. Father, Cecil, and I were for LLOYD GEORGE, and Uncle Dick, Horace Campbell (the Vicar's son), and Norah against him. So we called in the Vicar to give the casting vote. He made an impressive speech in doing so. His own feeling, he said, was that it was a mistake to have what he called topical guys. The Fifth of November stood for a real event, and should be perpetuated as such, and for his part he would like to see the effigy of GUY FAWKES, and GUY FAWKES only. Considering everything, however, particularly the distressing times in which we lived, he should give his casting vote for Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

The point thus decided, we set to work at once to make the guy, upon which, lest there should be any mistake, we fixed its name on a very legible label. We then stuffed it full of explosives.

The great evening at last arrived, and all the villagers came on the lawn, as they always do, and Father made them a little speech before we went to the field where the bonfire was. They were a little restless, and some of the boys rather spoil the effect of the oratory by letting off crackers; but it was impressive none the less. After welcoming them, and saying that when the fire was over there would be a barrel of beer on tap—(cheers)—Father said that he wanted them to be as happy as possible, but not quite to lose sight, even in their wildest moments, of what it all meant. "The Fifth of November," he said, "is, with the exception of elections—and I hope all you men," he added, "are going to vote straight when the elections come, probably in January—the only occasion on which we are able without hindrance to express our opinion of tyranny, oppression, Socialism, robbery, and all other detestable things. I trust you will all look very carefully at our guy this evening, because it has been chosen and made with great care. And now I wish you all a jolly evening."

Father finished there, but the Vicar, I am sorry to say, was very cross with

him. "My dear Sir," he said, "don't let them go without saying something as to the real origin of the annual carnival." But Father refused. "Next year," he said, "not to-night. Let them be happy to-night;" and of course he had his way.

We then all went to the field, where a barrel of tar had just been poured over the wood, and then Father lit it, while we all cheered, and then the villagers marched round it singing "Rule Britannia," "God Save the King," "In the Twilight" "Put me among the Girls," and other suitable songs, and then, when the flames were a little lower, we brought the guy out of the summer-house, where it had been put, and carried it to the fire.

We were carrying it round the fire, while the villagers were all cheering, when Father screamed out, "Stop! Stop!" We stopped, of course. "Who's been altering the name?" he roared. The name! And then for the first time we saw that, instead of "Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," the label now read "Mr. BALFOUR." We were thunderstruck. "Who did that?" Father roared again; but no one said anything. "I demand an answer," Father cried again. But still no one spoke; and in a perfect fury Father left the field.

Everyone was very uncomfortable, and I don't know what would have happened if the Vicar had not seized the guy, and, tearing off the Mr. BALFOUR label, roared out, "Three groans for GUY FAWKES!" We all groaned for GUY FAWKES with great spirit and excitement, and the guy was then flung on the fire and the songs began again. Everyone threw squibs at everyone else, and was very jolly.

So the evening was saved, and was indeed, as I said, so far as fire and fireworks were concerned, quite perfect.

We have not yet discovered who changed the label; but I have more than a doubt about Norah.

Yours sincerely, JOHN MOWBRAY.

On behalf of the Editor of *The Montreal Daily Star*, we beg to acknowledge the lifting of one of Mr. *Punch's* pictures, "An American at Oxford," by that journal.

"LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

TO-MORROW.

Emperor of Japan born, 1852."

The Gloucester Citizen.

Yet so famous has he become that they are going to celebrate the day even in such distant places as Japan.

From an election address:—

"Entirely unsolicited, I was, upwards of 18 months ago, prevailed upon to become a Candidate for Municipal honours."

A man like this should go far.

MUSICAL JOTTINGS.

THE revival of the concertina by Mr. JOSEF HOLBROOKE, who has restored to its proper position this Cinderella of the orchestra, has already exerted a most encouraging influence on the prospects of other equally spiritual but even more cruelly neglected instruments.

Mr. Hamish McKeltie, the famous Gaelic composer who was recently interviewed by our representative, has an unlimited belief in the orchestral capabilities of the bagpipes, which he intends to exploit in his new comic golfing opera called *Mairi of Machrihanish*. Asked why he had such faith in the bagpipes, Mr. McKeltie replied that it was not patriotism but æsthetic intuition that inspired his admiration. "The colour of the bagpipes," he replied, "is fruitier and more pungent than that of any other instrument. Of course, the ordinary bagpipes is practically a parlour toy, and is apt to be submerged in an orchestra. What I want, and what I am having specially made for my opera, is an instrument of the dimensions of a full-grown giraffe, with a bellows about the size of a grand piano. Such an instrument in the hands of a capable player will simply electrify an audience. It can emit a high snarl, beside which the trumpeting of a wounded elephant sounds tame. The *timbre* of its upper register is curiously like the unearthly yell of the gorilla, the most sinister of all sylvan sounds."

As for *Mairi of Machrihanish*, Mr. McKeltie describes it as a psychical extravaganza, standing midway between the mysticism of DEBUSSY and the pragmatism of RICHARD STRAUSS. Strictly, it is termed an "ethico-lyrico-music-parable" with a touch of subliminal *bizarrie* thrown in. The libretto is by the Marquis of Mull, whose fine version of *The Ancient Mariner* in the heroic couplet recently created such a stir in literary circles, and the composer has assigned a leading motive to all the principal characters, viz., *Mairi*, *Hector McPherson* (+ 2), *General McBogey* (scratch), *Wullie* (a Caddie), and *Albert Perkins* of Tooting Bec, the villain of the plot, who tries to brain *Hector* with a niblick, but is foiled in his fell intent by the devoted *Wullie*, and condemned to spend every Sunday for two years in Glasgow.

Mr. BAMBERGER, on the other hand, is an enthusiastic believer in the tonal potentialities of the Jew's-harp, which he declares to be more ethereally suggestive than any other instrument. As he happily expressed it in an interview with our representative, "There is an

exquisitely quangly-wangly flavour about this much-maligned mouth-organ which always fills me with ineffable delight, and transports me in a moment to the vine-clad summits of Palestine." Asked whether he thought that the harp that once resounded in Tara's Halls was of this pattern, Mr. BAMBERGER said that Professor Kuno Meyer inclined to favour the theory that it was more closely allied to the Welsh harp. Anyhow, he is resolved to do what he can to revive the glories of this superb implement, and at his next recital will introduce a new sonata for piano and harp, in which he will play the former with his nose and left hand and the latter with his mouth and right hand. A portrait of Mr. BAMBERGER executing this remarkable feat, painted by his father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, will soon be on view at all the stations on the underground and tube railways.

Lord Royal de Warden, the distinguished millionaire musician, has long been anxious to exploit the possibilities of the comb. This charming instrument, so sadly overlooked in the modern passion for sonority, has a tender and toothsome *timbre* which is all its own. Intensified by a PARSONS' auxetophone, it develops a penetrating quality unsurpassed by any other instrument. Lord Royal de Warden has now formed an orchestra of one hundred performers, fifty of whom are equipped with soprano and fifty with tenor tortoiseshell combs. The balance of tone is pronounced to be extraordinarily perfect by those who have been privileged to attend the performances of what is known at Dover as the Royal Beach-combers' Band.

Mr. Archy Pelago, who is one of the most prominent luminaries of the Young British School, has just completed a quartet for the somewhat novel combination of ocarina, mirliton, tenor schreckhorn, and contrabass-Dudelsack. The new work, which is exciting the liveliest apprehensions in musical circles, will be shortly produced at one of the Bentwood concerts.

THE DILEMMA.

["I am in the unique and unfortunate position that I am blamed if I speak, and cursed if I remain silent."—Lord Rosebery.]

Prty a puzzled peer
Whose duty is far from clear:
Whatever his action,
Grave dissatisfaction
Is hooted from far and near.

In days when that peer was young
His praises were loudly sung;
The world was delighted
And all were united
In praise of his silver tongue.



Client. "I WISH TO SEE ONE OF YOUR PRINCIPALS, PLEASE."

Clerk. "YES, SIR; WHAT MATTER IS IT 'RE'?"

But now if he breathes a word
The fury of men is stirred,
And everyone rates him
And bitterly slates him
As soon as his voice is heard.

He talks mere Tory rot;
He's all that he once was not;
He's stupid and mulish
And selfish and foolish—
In short, he's a bad, bad lot.

But, if he attempts to stay
At home in a quiet way,
They all grow abusive
Of one so elusive,
And terrible things they say.

Their energy all is spent
In finding their wrath a vent

On one who is skulking
And, coward-like, sulking
Alone in his shameful tent.

If silence is quite taboo
And speech is forbidden too,
If he's cursed for a clacker
And damned for a slacker,
What is a poor peer to do?

A Natural Error.

From "Notes and Queries," in *The Field*:—

"About two months ago some workmen on this estate noticed a fox carrying something which at first they thought to be a cock pheasant. On giving chase the fox dropped its breakfast, which was found to be an eel."

Possibly the fox also thought it was a cock pheasant at first.



"I SAY, JACK, I'VE JUST BEEN SITTING OUT WITH YOUR FRIEND, DONALD CAMERON; HE'S RATHER—WELL, I BELIEVE HE'D HAVE KISSED ME FOR TUPPENOE."
 "DON'T YOU WORRY YOURSELF ABOUT THE TUPPENOE."

CANALS!

[Professor LOWELL reports that new canals are being built in Mars.]

"PROFESSOR, you know about planets; you've gauged both their hopes and their fears;

Come, tell me," I said,

"Are they living or dead,

These wonderful wandering spheres?

Are the crusts of them merely museums, or are they as busy as we?

Do they grind their own axes,
Or rave about taxes?

And what of their trade—is it free?

Are they subject at all times to order and law?

And what do they think about REDFORD and SHAW?

"Professor, you know about planets; their orbits and all that they do

In their marvellous race
Through the deserts of space

They are every-day trifles to you.

So tell me the news of the planets; say how they are whirling,
and why;

Report with precision
The facts of your vision,

The scenes as they come to your eye."

"They are making," he said, as he gazed at the stars,

"Canals—yes, canals, on the surface of Mars!"

Canals! That is all he can tell us. Canals! we could do it at will.

Our canals we can spare,
For we've conquered the air,
But the Martians are building them still!
Oh, LOWELL, when next you are anxious to move us to terror
or bliss

With news from the star-shine
Of orbs that afar shine
You must try to do better than this.
Give us something more worthy of leaders and pars
Than the silly canals they are building in Mars.

An American at the Court of St. James's.

We have only just had our attention called, by a Cuban correspondent, to a very perfect passage in *The Social Ladder*, a complete novel which appeared some little time ago in a popular American magazine; but it was worth waiting for. American genius, as we know, touches nothing which it does not adorn, even if it is only a North Pole, and the remarkable spectacle here described as visible on the occasion of a "Drawing Room" at which the heroine (U.S.A.) was presented is certainly far in advance of common experience. Picture the following:—

"A battalion [sic] of the Grenadier Guards was on duty in the palace quadrangle *sitting their horses* like statues, their accouterments [even the spelling has an exotic touch] gleaming in the moonlight."

Nothing, however, is said of the veteran Earl ROBERTS being in command of this magnificent squadron of artillery, and, with his own rifle, setting the time for the *feu de joie* which is so popular a feature at all our best Drawing Rooms.



THE LANSDOWNE LAUNDRY.

MR. BIRRELL (to MR. BURNS). "ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU—YOUR SHIRT'S ONLY GOT A BIT TORN. BUT LOOK HERE—THIS IS ALL I'VE GOT BACK OUT OF A COMPLETE SUIT OF PYJAMAS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 1st.—Advance of Mr. DUMPHREYS up floor of House, escorted by Opposition Whips, was marked by one of those personal incidents that attract Members even more than a clause of the Budget Bill or a narrow squeak for Ministers in Division Lobby. Time was when House proudly reflected on circumstance that among its Membership it owned not one but two of the finest beards in Christendom. One was cultivated (probably on a little oatmeal) by DONALD MACFARLANE, sometime Member for Argyllshire; the other by our dear JOHN AIRD, whose withdrawal from the Parliamentary scene is regretted on both sides. Invidious to attempt comparison. Suffice it to say that their combined lengths, if joined hair to hair, would have encircled St. Paul's Cathedral fifteen times.

Their glory has departed from Westminster. Save for Sir JOHN KENNAWAY, and he is about to leave us, the present House is equally democratic and beardless. The new Member for Bermondsey brings to consideration of State affairs a pair of whiskers that will do something to redress the balance between the old House and the new.

His entrance hailed this afternoon with tumultuous cheers from Opposition, who see in result of Bermondsey Election the writing on the wall which shall direct Peers what to do with Budget Bill. Often read of stormy cheers. For first time realised appropriateness of adjective. As applause swelled, the current of air artificially created and directed upon the person of new Member caught his voluminous whiskers; waved them up and down, as a pennant flouted by a breeze at the masthead is tossed to and fro.

Generally agreed that nothing like it ever seen in House before. BANBURY says it's a portent; means that the Lords will blow the Budget Bill into space as if it were a spare whisker or a wisp of straw.

Business done.—Lords' amendments to Town Planning Bill considered; most important rejected.

Wednesday.—No one looking on scene when SON AUSTEN rose this afternoon to move rejection of Budget Bill on third reading would guess that Parliament and the country are on the eve of one of the most momentous crises of modern times. Benches not one-third occupied. PREMIER and LEADER OF OPPOSITION apparently paired. Anyhow, neither in his place, an example liberally followed by their colleagues.

No cheer greeted spokesman of Opposition as he presented himself at



Lord Castlereagh's discovery. "The Hon. Member for Snowdon" addresses his constituents from the summit on the Socialist triumphs (!) at the Municipal Elections.

(Mr. Philip Snowden.)

Table. Possibly sight of pile of manuscript he laid thereon had something to do with general depression. In this month of November Members naturally weary of the Budget and all its works.

Good deal of fuss about women who have flung stones through drawing-room windows, or half blinded a harmless official in the effort to destroy ballot papers, being forcibly fed in order to save their lives. What is that to what we in the Commons have suffered through full range of seasons of revolving year? Day after day, on second reading of Budget Bill, in Committee, on Report stage, have been forcibly fed with what CARLYLE, describing Parliamentary debate, called "thrice-boiled colewort." And here, in this merry month of November, is the dish handed round again as if it were as new as it is innutritious.

Something almost fiendish in deliberately setting aside three days for debate on third reading. One hour would have more than sufficed. In strictly business assembly, as soon as Orders of Day were

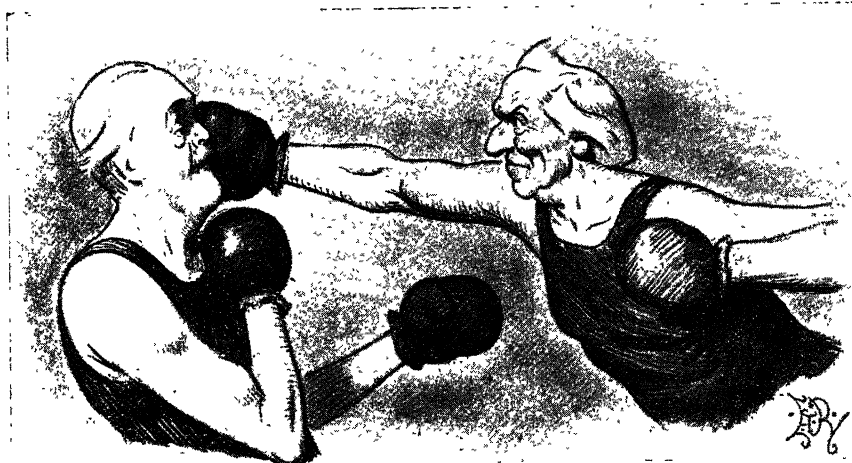
called on, when Clerk at Table recited the formula "Finance Bill; third reading," CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER would have hopped up and remarked:—

"I move that the Bill be now read a third time."

The SPEAKER would have put the question; Ministerialists would have roared "Aye;" Opposition would have bleated "No;" Division forthwith taken.

All over in twenty minutes, with rest of sitting available for work or play. The State would not have been one penny the worse; result of Division would be precisely as it will stand at close of three days—unless, indeed, final process of recapitulation proves equivalent to last straw, and some of our elder and weaker brethren succumb, reducing aggregate vote by so many units. Among many frailties and shortcomings, no one can accuse House of Commons of being a business assembly in ordinary acceptance of term.

So we solemnly set apart three days to saying over again what has been ten times repeated during last seven months.



THE NOBLE ART AT WESTMINSTER.

Things got almost too animated during the discussion of Mr. Ure's performances in the country.

Midway in sitting gleam of hope and light flashed on jaded assembly. EVELYN CECIL, on his legs making loyal effort to supplement any argument against the Bill, any illustration of Ministerial depravity, COUSIN ROBERT may by chance have omitted from the one hundred and seventy-nine speeches delivered by him on successive stages. Audience, counting in the Mace, exactly sixteen. A Member, yearning for seclusion and comfort of the family circle, moved a count. Paralysing prospect suddenly presented. What would they say in

England supposing, after long tirade proclaiming importance of Budget, debate should stand adjourned because not forty just men could be found to sit out more talking?

Bells announcing count clanged through corridors. Startled groups gathered in dining-room, reading-room, library and smoking-room. The Whips hurried to and fro, driving in Members as sheep are herded into the fold at eventide. By time the sand had run out of glass on Table there were twice forty Members to be counted. Having submitted to operation and saved the State, they with one accord went forth again, leaving COUSIN EVELYN to complete the sentence in which he was demonstrating "how ludicrous it is to talk of this as a poor man's Budget."

Business done.—Third Reading of Finance Bill moved.

Thursday.—Always glad of opportunity of extracting from Parliamentary proceedings moral lessons useful for guidance of the young. One just cropped up. Everybody, young or old, lost in admiration of PRINCE ARTHUR's erudition. A little weak, perhaps, where figures are concerned. Has not yet completed the sum he commenced to work out in the spring, when Naval Estimates were set forth, and he desired to show how many more *Dreadnoughts* Germany would have in year 1912 beyond possibilities of British programme. But we can't have everything. Numerals (including dates) apart, his range of information is marvellous. How does he do it?

Well—and it's here the moral lesson comes in—by seizing every opportunity to search for knowledge. In course of observations on Town Planning Bill, JOHN BURNS took objection to an amendment which, he said, would enable a landlord to let a house to a man of straw. At the moment PRINCE ARTHUR

was sitting on Front Bench with elbows on knees, his face buried in his hands. Instantly he sat up alert. On his legs as soon as J. B. had made an end of speaking.

"What is a man of straw?" he eagerly asked.

First impression, connected with circumstance that to-morrow is Guy Fawkes day, was that PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD alluded to a structure carefully compounded of inflammable material and carried about the streets preliminary to ignition. On reflection, found that the context disposed of this conjecture. Accordingly persisted in enquiry, posing J. B. with reiterated question, "What is a man of straw?"

Regret to say PRESIDENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD showed himself unequal to occasion. Question remained unanswered. PRINCE ARTHUR, once athirst for knowledge on a particular subject, not to be put off. Resolved, as soon as he gets home, to look matter up in dictionary.

Business done.—Resumed Debate on Budget Bill.

Friday.—Third Reading of Budget Bill carried last night by 379 votes against 149. House adjourned till 23rd. Business really commences on day before, when Lords take the Budget in hand, possibly by the throat.



"WHAT IS A MAN OF STRAW?"

(The above—for Mr. Balfour's information—is one that has proved immensely popular in Unionist districts.)



AN ANTARCTIC SUNRISE BEHIND MOUNT HENRY LUCY.

(Lieut. Shackleton has so named a mountain in the extreme South.)

"With the advent of his first razor . . . the youth erects a shrine to woman, and the niche is never left empty, only the goddess is changed very often."—*Madame.*

But not so often as the niche, even if it be usually just under the chin.

THE NEW CHAUFFEUR.

Employer. And now as to wages. What do you want?

Chauffeur. Forty pounds a year and all found.

E. And what do you expect to do for that?

C. To keep the car in good order and drive you out in it.

E. Yes. You must excuse me asking so much, but you see I don't know you at all. What kind of a temper have you?

C. Very good.

E. Yes, of course. But I mean what kind of temper have you when you are told suddenly, late on a wet night, to go to the station?

C. Very good.

E. Always?

C. Certainly.

E. Well, I want you to be quite sure. Is your temper so perfect that, if I were to offer you another £5 a year to secure this point about unexpected runs in bad weather and so forth, it would make no difference?

C. I think it might make a difference.

E. And you would stand by the bargain? Never for a moment go back on it?

C. No.

E. Then we will say £45. And one other point. There are some chauffeurs who are willing to go on an open road with no danger at all, say, twelve miles an hour. You are not like that, are you?

C. Certainly not.

E. You are not willing to go slow?

C. No.

E. Ah, then, that settles it, for a chauffeur who objects to go slow is no good to me. You see, I often want to go slow.

C. Yes; but, of course, if you wished it—

E. You said you were not willing. Now, an unwilling servant is the last thing I require.

C. But—

E. You mean that you could become willing to meet my wishes?

C. Yes.

E. But willingness must be more spontaneous than that. Suppose we were to fix it up now absolutely, would you continue in that frame? You would always be willing?

C. Always.

E. Then shall we say another £5 a year? That makes £50.

C. Thank you very much.

E. Oh, no, not at all. It's a commercial transaction. I want what you are prepared to sell. There is one other point. What kind of an expression do you wear when you are told by your employer to take out for a drive certain



Vicar. "I HAVE BEEN HEARING A SAD ACCOUNT OF YOU, MRS. JONES."
Mrs. Jones. "AH! SIR, THIS IS A SHOCKING PLACE FOR GOSSIP."

of his poorer friends who cannot afford more than a small tip, if any?

C. I am perfectly content.

E. Perfectly?

C. Well, of course, one prefers to drive one's own employer.

E. Ah!—but supposing I wished all your passengers to be of equal importance and interest to you? There is no pleasure in a drive if the driver is sullen. Have you ever thought of that?

C. Never.

E. You see it now?

C. Yes, I see it now.

E. And if I were to add another £5 it would guarantee the smile?

C. Absolutely.

E. Very well, then, that makes it £55. We will leave it at that. You will begin on Monday.

The Art of Entrenching.

"Some of his remarks were cheered by the quondam cave-dwellers . . . entrenched in prominent corner seats."—P. W. W. in "The Daily News."

The Transmigration of Souls.

An advertiser in *The Times* who mentions that he is a gardener (and adds, "head working"—always a good thing in any man) calls attention to his—

"Life experience; eight years previous."

In his next existence he must really try another profession. Otherwise he will be looked upon as a man of one idea only.

From a report of the Saturday Club, Calcutta:—

"The Chairman announced that the Committee had had under their careful consideration the question of limiting the membership, this matter having been brought up by a member. After examining the figures of members resident in, and absent from, Calcutta during 1908 and in view of the enlargement of the Ball room, the Committee did not think it necessary at present to recommend any action in this direction."

Probably the member who brought the matter up was misled by the figures of one or two *habitués*.

THE NEW FOLKS AT HOME.

III.

London (England).

DEAR SADIE,—I got your letter alright last mail, and was glad to hear from you again. It was real good of you to send along *The Bangville Clarion*, and we all dug into it for a spell. It seems queer, somehow, over here, to read about hold-ups and lynching-bees, and all that, and Cy says it makes him feel lonesome, almost, but I tell him the feeling will wear off. I reckon there's big money here for a real live Sunday paper, something brisk and stingy, but Pop says No, the folks don't want livening up any on Sundays, and murders are good enough for home reading anyway.

Clara Butterick gave a dinner last week, and we all went along. I expect you remember Clara, at the Seminary; she was a holy terror at basket-ball, and wrote the Matron's Column in *The Herald*. Well, this was a freak feed, and Clara took no end of trouble over it. The room was fixed up to represent the North Pole, with newspaper reporters and a cinematograph machine and sledges; and my! it *was* warm, eating in those furs. There was the Pole, with Old Glory stuck in it, for a table-center, and we all sat around on ice-hummocks, and waded into frozen soup and pemmican pie, and talked Eskimo. It was a great notion, and we acted our parts O.K., except Pop, when he broke a tooth on a piece of frozen macaroni-cheese. He let rip something that wasn't Eskimo—nothing like it; but we all talked away, and the dinner went off as slick as a ward meeting. I reckon you'll have read about it by this time. It's in all the papers.

I went to a political meeting with Cy, and we had a great time. The meeting was a long way off from here, so we travelled subterranean. You wouldn't believe what a lot of men offered me a seat! We got to the meeting at last, and there was a big palaver, but I don't quite hitch on to the politics over here just yet. Cy says things here are about the same as they are in the States, only simpler, because they haven't got nigger trouble and dry States to worry with. Anyway, the head push who did the talking part was a cracker-jack when he got started, and I was tickled when he told the folks they would have everything they wanted if they would run his ticket and stand by him. It sounded familiar somehow! But the things that man said about the House of Lords, Sadie! I wouldn't have believed there was such folks about. Cy said it gave him a pain to listen to the man; and I reckon it would have gone hard with him if he

had made a break like that in Newport or Fifth Avenue. Uncle Sam hasn't got much use for a man that talks about breaking up a Marquis!

Cy has been having trouble with a hotel man somewhere in the country. It was this way. Cy had heard that there was a room in this man's hotel that a king slept in a few centuries ago, so down he went to stay there himself. Well, when Cy pulled up at the hotel—it was an old-time place with a courtyard, and matchboarding round the rooms—he was too late to get the room



"UP ABOVE THE WORLD SO HIGH."

Housebreaker. "WELL, THAT DON'T LOOK TO ME 'ARDLY SAFE, SOME'OW."

because a drummer had engaged it. That didn't stop Cy, of course, and he got the drummer to swap rooms with him on condition that Cy paid for all the champagne at dinner. Well, Cy did his share of the deal, and slept in the room, and when he paid the bill the next morning he found that he had slept in the wrong room after all, and the king had never been near the place. Cy felt terrible low about it for some time. It wasn't only the disappointment, but being made a Willie of, that upset him.

Pop brought a very nice man here to dinner a few days back. He's a barrister, and they get time off on Saturday afternoons sometimes, so I asked him if he could spare an hour or two, as I wanted

to see a football match. Well, this man appears to have *all* his Saturday afternoons off, and he took me to see a game. Sadie, it was like a Dorcas meeting! You would have laughed more than a little if you had been there! Sakes alive! I reckon our Bangville team would have laid the whole caboodle out in ten minutes. I suspicioned it was going to be a tame affair somehow from the way the men were dressed—no padding, and not a single nose-guard among them! Just as things got started and I was trying to size it all up, one of the men got hurt, and, believe me or not, Sadie, that referee-guy blew his whistle and the other men all gathered around and the game was stopped till the man got alright again! And they call that kind of fooling football!

Another surprise to us was the way folks keep Sunday. I used to think that it was quiet and lonesome here Sundays, with all the streets empty and no cars and racket. You can rub that off the slate, Sadie, right away! I went to a place called Brighton last Sunday with some friends and found out things. We went down in a Pullman arrangement, all plate glass and velvet fixings, like it is at home, but without the pea-nut boy and the book-vendor, and inside you would have thought you were in Wall Street! One man wore four diamond rings, and read the tape-prices all the way! There's an esplanade along the front at Brighton and we moseyed along that for a while, but it was as crowded as a drug store in a prohibition State, and we put in at an hotel for lunch. A band played rag-time tunes all the time we were there, and I almost got a headache, there was such a racket. When we pulled out someone said that Brighton air was the best in the world. I reckon it must be, or the folks would hand in their checks quicker than they do! We got back to London again and went to a hotel, and all dinner-time a

band played, and, when that let up, a *chanteuse* person came and gave us some coon songs! I was glad to wake up next morning and find it was Monday, and that's the truth!

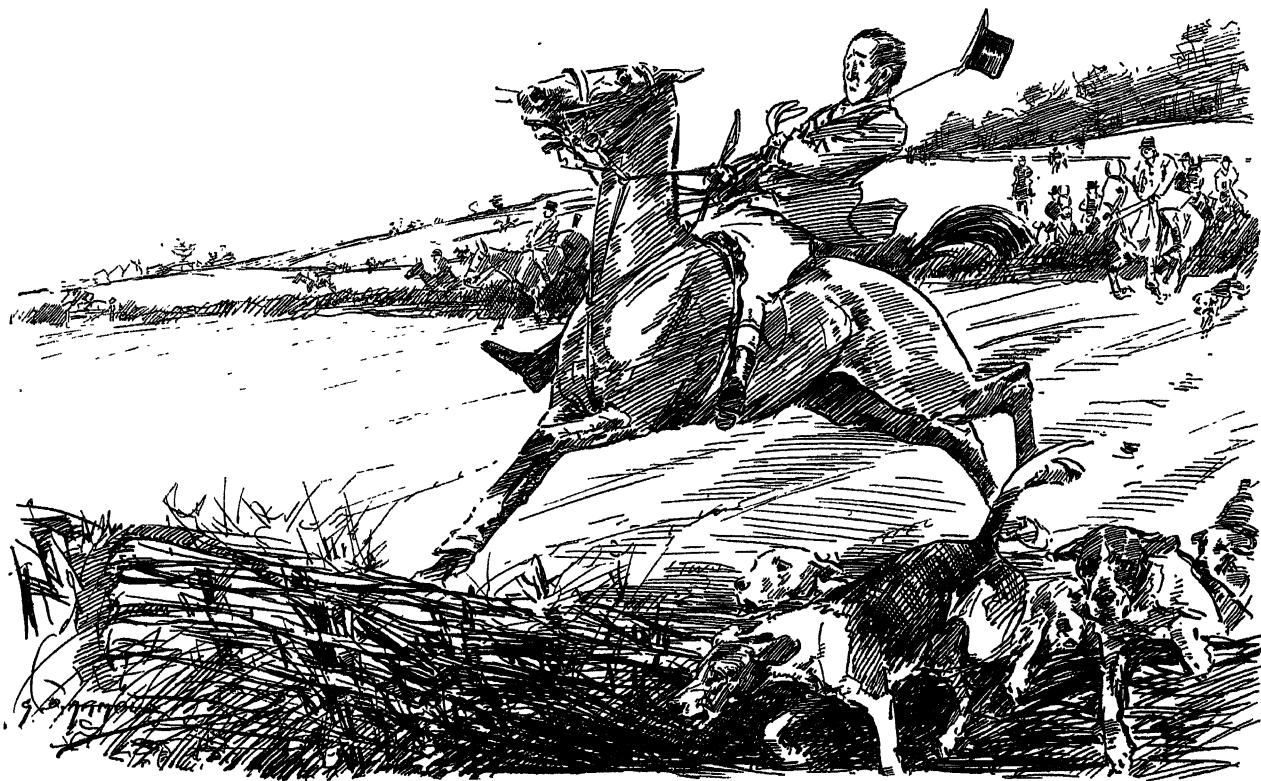
Send along all the news you can think of, and be good to yourself.

Yours as ever, ELMIRA.

From a schoolboy (aged nine):—

"We had two debates yesterday about the budget being rejected. I was against the budget, but the ones who were for the budget won it because just about half of the ones who were against the budget had to go away for their prayers."

Really, the opposers of the Budget never seem to get fair play anywhere.



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. IV.

Told in the Smoking-room after dinner:—"NEW HORSE CARRIED ME LIKE A BIRD, NEVER TURNED HIS HEAD AT ANYTHING, LED THE FIELD ALL THE DAY—SURE TO WIN A STEEPLECHASE IF ONE OF YOU CHAPS HAD HIM."
[Followed by overture for sale.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I WONDER if it is Mr. JACOBS' fault or mine that I don't laugh at his short stories as I did. *Sailors' Knots* (METHUEN) is the latest collection; how calmly and sedately I closed the book—not a collar-stud burst, not a button gone. And then I remember my limp and helpless state after reading *The Skipper's Wooing*. Well, perhaps it is I who am getting old; or is it that I have read too much JACOBS? Every humorist has his own formula for being funny, and one who works within such narrow limits as Mr. JACOBS is bound to give his method away; with the result that his admirers (subconsciously, perhaps) feel at last some slight resentment against him. Now an atmosphere of that kind is fatal to a humorist; the humorist must have his readers entirely with him from the start, they must follow him without question. All the time that I was reading *Sailors' Knots* I was saying to myself, "Same old plot, which recoils on the plotter; same old night-watchman, and the same old jokes about his face." Well, that simply didn't give Mr. JACOBS a chance. I expect, really, he was as funny as ever. In any case I must recommend the book if only for one excellent ghost story which it contains.

One miracle to a novel is a fair allowance, and Mr. STEPHEN REYNOLDS, while allowing his *Alexander Trotman* to move Ramshorn Hill by an act of faith from Trowbury, Wilts, to Acton, W., had clearly given him private instructions that this must not become a habit. The conduct of all his characters, after and with reference to that one supernatural event, is entirely ordinary and intensely human. *The Holy*

Mountain (LANE), as a comedy of small minds concerned in big movements, deserves nothing but praise; as a *soi-disant* satire on tendencies it is open to objection. In the apathy of his Trowburians, the wild but short-lived enthusiasms of his London crowds, and the ready adaptation of the miracle to commercial ends by his newspaper king, the author shows a nice perception of the self-conceit of the narrow-minded and the ready intelligence of the self-seeking. But when he reduces all the great issues of life, including religion, to mere farce, he displays an observation too superficial and a spirit too frivolous. If it is the satirist's privilege to ridicule, it is his duty to do so with understanding. "There is many a true word spoken in jest," he reminds you on his title-page; but himself forgets that farce covers a multitude of misconceptions. Nevertheless, if you will promise yourself not to take the satire too seriously nor to abandon your optimism on its account, you cannot do better than read the book for a clever story well told, and for an endlessly amusing caricature of the petty side of life.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL AND SONS have done a bold thing in issuing the libretti of four of the *Savoy Operas*. How it might fare with one taking up this book who had never seen them on the stage I cannot guess; but I know that to the rest of us GILBERT's wit and fancy, divorced from their complementary music, can only furnish half a feast. As the eye scans the familiar lyrics the ear remembers too, and we find ourselves not reading, but humming, the pages through. But of course the publication of SULLIVAN's score was out of the question, so the publishers have commissioned Mr. RUSSELL FLINT to supply an accompaniment in line and colour. The artist's colour glows rich and harmonious; his eye for composition is unerring; his figures

move and mime bravely; yet he is never quite sympathetic with the matter of his author. Not only does he make a mistake in shirking the most whimsical situations, but there is too little whimsicality in his execution; and whimsicality should be be-all and end-all in illustrating work that is compact of that quality. Another mistake Mr. FLINT makes, I think, in deliberately ignoring the *optique du théâtre*; for, however it may be with WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, SIR WILLIAM GILBERT is emphatically for the stage rather than the study. Still, I want not to belittle Mr. FLINT's achievement, for, granting him his point of view, he has produced a most admirable set of designs, especially those dealing with *The Pirates of Penzance*. With *Patience* he is least successful, but for that he must blame his youth. One needs to have lived through the time of those fantastic *précieux* of the early eighties to be able to give just expression to GILBERT's satire; and Mr. FLINT must have been in short frocks—if, indeed, he were on the planet at all—when *Maudie* and *Postlethwaite* first made their wail heard in the land. It should be added that Sir WILLIAM GILBERT himself kindly comes before the curtain as *Prologue*, and introduces his operas in a few sentences of pleasant reminiscence.

"Sometimes I think you are a little mad," the Countess of Saver-nake told Petty-Zou, the heroine of Miss EDITH RICKERT's *The Beggar in the Heart* (ARNOLD); and, rude as this remark was, I am not disposed to deny the truth of it. Petty-Zou, otherwise *Tyrrhena Sidonia Coverdale*, was a widely-travelled and much-proposed-to lady when her uncle died and left her with a full heart and an empty purse. Undaunted, however, by these inconveniences, she established herself in a workman's flat in Westminster, and proceeded to deal out loving-kindness—mixed with food—to her neighbours. Had she stopped at that perhaps Lord Wharton, who wanted to marry her, would not have been so worried. But, patient though he was, he had to protest when she placed her protecting wings over a most shady loafer (male) and a lunatic (female). The loafer was removed to Australia, and the lunatic—after biting Lord Wharton—to an asylum. Then Lord Wharton received his reward, and he had certainly worked hard for it. The story is extremely fantastic, but this very quality may excite the reader to provide schemes of his own for shaking a little common-sense into Petty-Zou.

In vain I've tried and tried to guess—
I do not say it to disparage—
What Mr. JACKSON (W. S.)
Is driving at in *Trial by Marriage*.

He shows a man who, having wed
An actress person, rather shady,
Proceeds, believing this one dead,
To marry with another lady.

Anon crops up the former bride
For blackmail, and in desperation
He works a bogus suicide
To save the latter's reputation.

The first expires. He reappears
To find the second one (I knew it)
Mating afresh, which when he hears,
He flies once more and leaves her to it.

The story (from The Bodley Head)
Is told with insight, and discreetly;
It's readable, but, as I've said,
The moral baffles me completely.

After reading Miss EVELYN UNDERHILL's latest supernatural novel, *The Column of Dust* (METHUEN), I am inclined to quote the famous criticism upon *Jabberwocky*—"It fills me with ideas, only I don't know what they are." Nor am I wholly free from the suspicion that the author herself was in no

better case. When, in the earlier chapters, *Constance Tyrell* makes charcoal rings upon the floor and sets herself to catch ghosts according to a printed formula for that process, I was mildly entertained. But when it appeared that an unborn spirit (called here *The Watcher*) had actually been trapped by these means, and, entering the soul of the heroine, become part of her being—I ceased to smile. Frankly speaking, such a conception is altogether too big for its present setting. One can fancy it the motive of a tremendous study of human life and its problems, but Miss UNDERHILL takes her



Sophisticated Tourist (visiting a well-known natural curiosity). "I suppose it WAS the GREAT FINN MACCOOL WHO PUT THAT STONE THERE, MIKE?"

Mike. "IT WAS SO, BAD CESS TO HIM FOR LAVIN' IT IN SUCH AN ONCONVENIENT SHPOT—SIX MILES FROM THE STATION, AND UPHILL ALL THE WAY HERE AND BACK!"

Watcher to a Kensington tea-fight and a musical comedy. And even here I am in doubt whether she intends the effect to be serious or farcical. There are other incidents in the book—the scenes in the mountain chapel, for example, and the death of *Constance*—where this impression of insincerity becomes even more distasteful. In fine, Miss UNDERHILL, having proved that she can write engagingly enough about ordinary life (the *Vince* household is quite delightful), will not, I hope, mind my advising her to leave the mysteries respectfully alone. There are limits.

For the occasion of the distribution of prizes at the Darling-ton Technical College (we read in *The North Star*):—

"The committee decided that a quantity of nun's veiling should be obtained for the purpose of draping a number of the statues in the College."

Life is full of these little difficulties, especially for nuns.

From an advertisement in *The Church Times*:—

"Church $\frac{1}{2}$, Station $\frac{3}{4}$, and Bath 12 miles."

This is cleanliness at a good distance from godliness.

Motto for Dr. BODE: *Veni, vidi, da Vinci*.

CHARIVARIA.

SIR HERBERT TREE has been reviving *The Van Dyck* at His Majesty's. A roaring farce entitled *The Da Vinci* would have been more topical.

**

"The United States Navy is able to make the proud boast that in the new battleship, *North Dakota*, it possesses the fastest Dreadnought in the world," says a cablegram. We do not like this hint that Americans would ever boast about anything: and it is sure to cause irritation on the other side of the Atlantic.

**

If Sir WILLIAM WILLCOCKS' Mesopotamian proposals be carried out it will be possible to travel by rail to The Garden of Eden. With increased facilities of this sort we see no reason why it should not be possible to found there a successful colony of Classical Dancers.

**

At last, apparently, a serious attempt is to be made to improve our climate. In an article on the forthcoming Japanese-British Exhibition, we read that there will be brought to Shepherd's Bush next year "not only the material objects, but also the very atmosphere, of Japan."

**

More practical politics! Some of the gentlemen who were attacked at Eriti when they heckled Mr. UNE were relieved of their watches and chains.

**

Under the title of *The Central Criminal Court of London* a sumptuous volume has been published at the price of £8 8s. 0d., enshrining the history of crime in the Metropolis. The fact that a worthy monument to their labours has at last made its appearance has caused lively satisfaction to those concerned, and they hope that a popular edition at sixpence will soon be placed on the market.

**

An official report on the teaching of English in elementary schools condemns the Cockney accent. A curious feature of this evil is that it is by no means confined to the lower classes. Accents happen in the best regulated families.

**

Writing in *The Express* about a collection of 90,000 reproductions of pictures made by a Hammersmith gentleman, a correspondent says, "Everything is indexed so that in a moment you can turn from GAINSBOROUGH to HAL HURST." But why should you want to?

**

The Manchester Guardian, discussing the mystery of the Dukinfield murder, winds up with the question, "What is one to make of it?" At least half a column, we should say, speaking as practical journalists.



THE NEW FASHION.

BEWARE THE FUR—WHEN IT FLIES.

"Why are Actors underpaid?" was the title of an address by Mr. CEOL RALEIGH to the Dramatic Debaters. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER and Mr. HARRY LAUDER will be glad to hear that this grave injustice is at last receiving attention.

**

In its account of the football match between England and Sweden, a contemporary tells us that "at the interval England led by 3 goals to 0, STAPLEY (two) and OWEN having snored." What need is there to cry, "Wake up, England!" when we can do as well as this in our sleep?

**

The literary bargain of the week—*The Dollar Princess* for 1s.

How to See the Comet.

A local paper on HALLEY:

"It is now a month since the comet announced its return by impressing the photographic plate, but it will probably not be seen by the naked until shortly after the New Year."

L'Entente Cordiale.

MARCEL PRÉVOST in *The Figaro*:

"Les Anglais pris en masse ont une culture médiocre."

"Foemina" in *The Figaro*:

"Pris en masse les Anglais ne sont pas très intelligents."

Come, come; it is time we pulled ourselves together and impressed these foreigners.

THE NEW LIBERALISM.

[*The Daily News*, in passing severe comments upon the retirement of that stout buttress of Nonconformity, Sir ROBERT PERKS, permits itself to make the following observation:—"The truth is that antagonism to the Church is not a sufficient basis for Liberalism in these days."]

AH, for the easy days of old
When there was no tough test to pass
Before you got your name enrolled
Among the Liberal fighting class;
One question served—'twas all you got:—
"Are you agin the Church, my hearty?"
You said, "I am!" and on the spot
Became a pil'ar of the Party.

No candidate was ever ploughed
(The Limehouse test was still unknown)
Because he wouldn't curse aloud
All social castes above his own.
They didn't say, as now they do,
"Your claims we cannot yet determine
Without a guarantee that you
Regard our Dukes as simple vermin."

Yes, those were easier days, for then
You might preserve a Liberal mind
And yet believe that honest men
Occur among the landlord kind;
You might, without undue alarm,
Be seen in converse with a brewer,
Or take a plural voter's arm
As though his soul was not a sewer.

It was enough in that fair age,
When PERKS's rose was still in bud,
If Liberals spent their pious rage
In shouting for the Church's blood;
But now in younger, hardier breasts
New forms of hate must have their places,
Or else the whole caboodle rests
Upon an "insufficient basis."

O. S.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

No prudent Commoner forgets,
When Lords are all the rage:—
"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Change the metre when you're pressed;
Ask for what you cannot reach;
This is more than all the rest:—
NEVER PRACTISE WHAT YOU PREACH.

THE point of the above quotation (selected at random from a praiseworthy poem of my own, entitled *Alone I Did It*) is in the last line. The remainder may be safely neglected. The moral of it is this. If ever you descend to writing articles upon the ease of travelling first-class with a third-class ticket, and illustrate your theory with a purely imaginary instance, let the matter rest there. Take what money you can get for your article, but try to forget your beautiful theory as soon as possible. Above all, do not do as I did.

The train intended to run from Paddington to Birmingham without a stop, and for all I know it did so. I intended to go by that train to Birmingham, but, if the third-class carriages became too full to hold anybody else, I meant to be that somebody else. So I sat in the rear of the platform on an empty milk-can (that was part of the theory) and let the other passengers arrange themselves, facing the engine or not as they preferred.

When it was getting somewhere near starting time, I

walked along the train to have a look at its fulness; and never in my life have I seen so many vacant places in third-class compartments. Possibly you would have boldly taken your seat in a first-class carriage and chanced it, but I happened to know that it was a corridor train, that an inspector examined the tickets *en route*, and that all the room under the seats was occupied by the warming apparatus.

When I rather think of doing something, especially if there is an element of wickedness about it, and upon investigation find it to be impossible, I at once become determined to do it at all costs. So I had another look at the train and found that the last coach was not connected by a corridor to the rest of the train and that every third-class seat in that particular coach was full. "Providence," I said to myself, "is engaged on this job," and I started to enter the one first-class compartment in the coach. But I did not get further than the start, because I saw a man in uniform hovering. On these occasions I hate talking to men in uniform. Instead, I walked sharply out of the station for a hundred yards or so, and waited there until there was only a minute left before my time of departure. Then I sprinted sharply for the first-class compartment of the last coach again.

It is astonishing how many railway officials one can interview in how short a time. I imagine that I had about seven conversations before that train started to move. The whole staff of one of England's greatest railways seemed bent on nothing else but getting me out of my carriage. They asked to see my ticket, but I was too exhausted by my rush to catch my train to hear what they said. They wanted to know where I was going and (so it seemed to me from their gesticulations) why I was going there, what I was going to do when I got there and when they might expect me back. None of these questions seemed to me to be worth answering. Besides, there was probably some catch in them.

I only got rid of my interviewers when the train started, and even then one of them stood on the step, so anxious was he to finish what he had got to say.

"Where are you going, Sir?" he asked.

"What?" I said. After all I had to say something.

"Where are you going, Sir?" he repeated.

"Where are you coming to?" was my natural retort. "I'll tell you all about myself, if you'll tell me all about yourself. Will you start first?"

Before he could answer that he had to leave me. We were very nearly clear of the station altogether, and, had he put off the bitter parting any longer, he would have had to wait until the next station for some more platform to jump on. Rather than appear rude, I leant out of the window to wave a farewell to him. "I forgive you," I shouted. "Take it from me that I am going to Birmingham."

* * *

I alighted from my coach at Reading, because the coach was a slip coach and Reading was the place where it slipped. During the course of interviews with another score or so of officials, I made two important announcements. The first (which was inaccurate) was that I was about to report for misconduct the guard, the ticket-inspectors, the engine-driver, the stoker, all the officials at Paddington, all the officials at Reading and all the signalmen on the intervening system; the second (which was entirely true) that Reading seemed to me the most loathsome spot I had ever had the misfortune to visit.

"Lieutenant Shackleton's knighthood was inevitable, nevertheless it will be heartily approved."—*Northern Whig*.

This sounds generous; but, after all, the public gets quite a fair proportion of surprises.



BETWEEN TWO SCHOOLS.

PROFESSOR BALFOUR. "AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, THE QUESTION IS WHETHER THIS ADMIRABLE BUST IS TO BE ASSIGNED TO THE SCHOOL OF COBDEN OR TO THAT OF CHAMBERLAIN."

[Art circles in England and Germany are still agitated by the controversy about a wax bust, which some ascribe to Leonardo da Vinci and others to Richard Cockle Lucas. Even the German Kaiser's pronouncement in favour of Leonardo has left the matter unsettled.]



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 2.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE REVIVAL OF CLASSICAL DANCING.

PLEA FOR A "WORKING MAN."

WHEN'E'R my morning sheet I scan
I learn that now the "Working Man,"
Proceeding on a novel plan
Of Give and Take,
For the first time since Work began
Is on the make.

His broad ideal seems to be
Getting his needs — and comforts —
free;
And as it's natural that he
Shan't pay the bill,
The victim with the L. S. D.,
Put bluntly, will.

A game in which you're bound to win
Has charm for those that toil and spin,
Tho' to the man that has the tin
It may seem hard;
But whereabouts do I come in?
I am a bard.

I grant you that my trade is low,
And wanting in the outer show
Of decent Toil, so let that go:
What I impress
Is, Dignity of Labour, No;
But Labour, Yes.

The proud exclusive Sons of Toil,
What reck they of the midnight oil,
Of barren labours that recoil
After they're done,

Of Editors who make one boil
To give them one?

They do their simple task per day—
The minimum—and pass away
To smoke, to drink, perchance to play,
Just as they like;
Men whom the poet's rate of pay
Would send on strike.

Why, when in envious moods I think
Of all they have to spend on drink,
While, for the bard, the household sink
Fulfils his need,
It is enough to freeze one's ink;
It is, indeed.

What tho' the hand the Muse employs
Is no more horny than a boy's?
What tho' I wear no corduroys
On my two stumps?
(I tried to, but their creaky noise
Gave me the jumps.)

But what of that? I ask you, what?
I say, let class distinctions rot!
And if there's boodle to be got
By Working Men,
Am I a "Working" Man or not?
Very well, then.

By barren toil and meagre screw,
O Workers, I am one with you;
And, if there's anyone to do,
By all means do't;
Only I mean to be there too
And share the loot. DUM-DUM.

Lessons from Life.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—If our weekly "illustrated" papers have long ago sacrificed art to photography, no one can complain that they have grown either less instructive or less in touch with the times. Week by week they teach us more and more about the actualities of the hour. Take the current number of *The Graphic*. As I write (Nov. 11) there lies before me a very beautiful study—a photograph, I need hardly say—of a pastoral valley in late autumn. In the old days this might have appeared at any time of the year, and they would have simply called it "Autumn" or "Late Autumn," and left it at that. But to-day we are informed in a footnote: "*This picture represents a scene now being enacted all over the country, reminding one that winter is not far off.*"

Don't you think, dear Mr. Punch, that this kind of thing is very, very good for us? Yours ever,

A CHILD IN THESE MATTERS.

"PURE CEYLON TEA,"

PER 1s. 9d. LB. NET.

Packed in 1lb. Lead-covered Packets.
Twice the Size of an ordinary Packet of tea,
Advt. in "Western Morning News."

Reference is apparently made to the ordinary half-pound packet.

THE LETTER N.

A TRAGEDY IN HIGH LIFE.

I.

From the copy paper of Harold Pippett, only reporter for "The Easterham Herald."

INQUIRIES which have been made by one of our representatives yield the gratifying tidings that Kildin Hall, the superb Tudor residence vacated a year or so ago by Lord Glossthorpe, is again let. The new tenant, who will be a valued addition to the neighbourhood, is Mr. Michael Stirling, a retired banker.

II.

From "The Easterham Herald," Sept. 2.

Inquiries which have been made by one of our representatives yield the gratifying tidings that Kildin Hall, the superb Tudor residence vacated a year or so ago by Lord Glossthorpe, is again let. The new tenant, who will be a valued addition to the neighbourhood, is Mr. Michael Stirling, a retired baker.

III.

Mr. Guy Lander, Estate Agent, to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

DEAR TED,—There's a fearful bloomer in your paper this week which you must put right as soon as you can. Mr. Stirling, who has taken Kildin, is not a baker, but a banker. Yours, G. L.

IV.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mr. Guy Lander.

MY DEAR GUY,—Of course it's only a misprint. Pippett wrote "banker" right enough, and the ass of a compositor dropped out the "n." I'll put it right next week. No sensible person would mind. Yours, EDWARD ROBB.

V.

Mrs. Michael Stirling to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

SIR,—My attention has been called to a very serious misstatement in your paper for Saturday last. It is there stated that my husband, Mr. Michael Stirling, who has taken Kildin Hall, is a retired baker. This is absolutely false. Mr. Stirling is a retired banker, than which nothing could be much more different. Mr. Stirling is at this moment too ill to read the papers, and the libel will therefore be kept from him a little longer, but what the consequences will be when he learns it I tremble to think. Kindly assure me that you will give the denial as much publicity as the falsehood. Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTA STIRRING.

VI.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mrs. Michael Stirling.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald"

presents his compliments to Mrs. Stirling and begs to express his profound regret that the misprint of which she complains should have crept into his paper. That it was a misprint and not an intentional misstatement he has the reporter's copy to prove. He will, of course, insert in the next issue of *The Easterham Herald* a paragraph correcting the error, but he would point out to Mrs. Stirling that it was stated in the paragraph that Mr. Stirling would be a valued addition to the neighbourhood.

VII.

Mrs. Stirling to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

SIR,—Whatever the cause of the slander, whether malice or misadventure, the fact remains that you have done a very cruel thing. I enclose a cutting from the London Press, sent me by a friend, which will show you that the calumny is becoming widely spread. Mr. Stirling is so weak and dispirited that we fear he may have got some inkling of it. Your position if he knows the worst will be terrible.

I am, Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTA STIRRING.

VIII. (THE ENCLOSURE.)

From "The Morning Star."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

We get the new movement in a nutshell in the report from Easterham that Lord Glossthorpe has let his house to a retired baker named Stirling, etc., etc.

IX.

From "The Easterham Herald," Sept. 9.

ERRATUM.—In our issue last week an unfortunate misprint made us state that the new tenant of Kildin Hall was a retired baker. The word was of course banker.

X.

Messrs. Greenery and Bills, Steam Bakery, Dumbridge.

DEAR SIR,—After the offensive way in which you refer to bakers in the current number of your paper we feel that we have no other course but to withdraw our advertisement; so please discontinue it from this date.

Yours faithfully,

GREENERY AND BILLS.

XI.

Mr. John Bridger, Baker, to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

DEAR ROBB,—I was both pained and surprised to find a man of your principles and a friend of mine writing of bakers as you did this week. Why should you "of course" have meant a banker? Why cannot a retired baker take a fine house if he wants to? I am thoroughly ashamed of you, and wish to

withdraw my advertisement from your paper. Yours truly, JOHN BRIDGER.

XII.

Mrs. Stirling to the Editor of "The Easterham Herald."

SIR,—I fear you have not done your best to check the progress of your slanderous paragraph, since only this morning I received the enclosed. You will probably not be surprised to learn that through your efforts the old-world paradise of Kildin, in which we hoped to end our days, has been closed to us.

Yours truly, AUGUSTA STIRRING.

XIII. (THE ENCLOSURE.)

From "The Daily Leader."

THE TRIUMPH OF THE DEMOCRACY.

After lying empty for nearly two years Lord Glossthorpe's country seat has been let to a retired baker named Stirling, etc., etc.

XIV.

Mrs. Michael Stirling to Mr. Guy Lander.

DEAR SIR,—After the way that the good name and fame of my husband and myself have been poisoned both in the local and the London Press, we cannot think further of coming to live at Kildin Hall. Every post brings from one or other of my friends some paragraph perpetuating the lie. Kindly therefore consider the negotiations completely at an end. I am, Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTA STIRRING.

XV.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mr. John Bridger.

DEAR BRIDGER,—You were too hasty. A man has to do the best he can. When I wrote "of course" I meant it as a stroke of irony. You will be glad to hear that in consequence of the whole thing I have got notice to leave, my proprietor being under obligations to Lord Glossthorpe, and you may therefore restore your patronage to *The Herald* with a pure conscience.

Yours sincerely, EDWARD ROBB.

XVI.

The Editor of "The Easterham Herald" to Mrs. Stirling.

The Editor of *The Easterham Herald* presents his compliments to Mrs. Stirling for the last time, and again assures her that the whole trouble grew from the natural carelessness of an overworked and underpaid compositor. He regrets sincerely the unhappiness which that mistake has caused, and looks forward to a day when retired bakers and retired bankers will be considered as equally valuable additions to a neighbourhood. In retirement, as in the grave, he likes to think of all men as equal. With renewed apologies for the foul aspersion which he cast upon Mr. and Mrs. Stirling, he begs to conclude.

THERE IS A DETAIL MISSING IN EACH OF THESE PICTURES—WHAT IS IT?



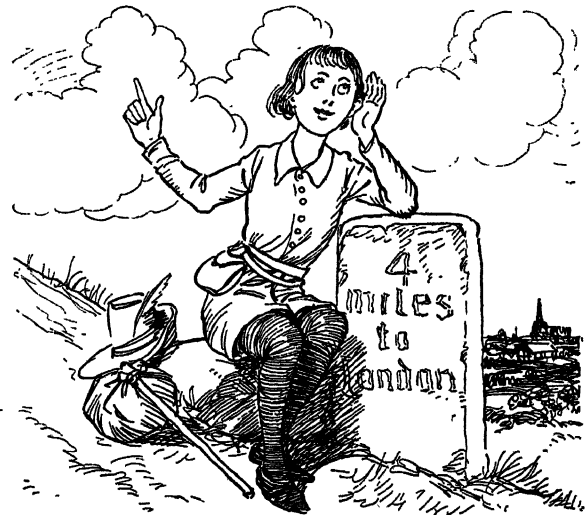
1. THE WELL-KNOWN PLAY-SCENE BY MACBETH.



2. AN HISTORICAL EXAMPLE OF CHIVALRY.



GEORGE MORROW.



3. OLIVER CROMWELL IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

4. A FAMILIAR PERSONAGE IN THE HISTORY OF THE LORD MAYORS OF LONDON.

[We regret that *The Strand Magazine* has not continued its labours on the above lines, and we venture, with acknowledgments, to take on the good work.]

WILLIAM SMITH, EDITOR.

[The exciting revelations at the St. James' Theatre as to the inner life of the successful dramatist, with its interludes of plot and intrigue, may (we feel) cause the public to look down upon an editorial career as in comparison tame and insipid. We have endeavoured to show here that, on the contrary, Romance may invade the Editorial sanctum at any moment.]

ACT I.

The Editor's Room in the Office of "The Lark." Two walls of the room are completely hidden from floor to ceiling by magnificently bound books: the third wall at the back is hidden by boxes of immensely expensive cigars. The windows, of course, are in the fourth wall, which, however, need not be described, as it is never quite practicable on the stage. The floor of this apartment is chastely covered with rugs shot by the Editor in his travels, or in the Tottenham Court Road; and in some cases, presented by admiring readers from abroad. The furniture is both elegant and commodious.

William Smith, Editor, comes in. He is superbly dressed in a fur coat and an expensive cigar. There is a blue pencil behind his ear, and a sheaf of what we call in the profession "type-written manuscripts" under his arm. He sits down at his desk and pulls the telephone towards him.

Smith (at the telephone). Hallo, is that you, Jones? . . . Yes, it's me. Just come up a moment. (Puts down telephone and begins to open his letters.)

[Enter Jones, his favourite sub-editor. He is dressed quite commonly, and is covered with ink. He salutes respectfully as he comes into the room.]

Jones. Good afternoon, chief.

Smith. Good afternoon. Have a cigar?

Jones. Thank you, chief.

Smith. Have you anything to tell me?

Jones. The circulation is still going up, chief. It was three million and eight last week.

Smith (testily). How often have I told you not to call me "chief," except when there are ladies present? Why can't you do what you're told?

Jones. Sorry, sir, but the fact is there are ladies present.

Smith (fingering his moustache). Show them up. Who are they?

Jones. There is only one. She says she's the lady who has been writing our anonymous "Secrets of the Boudoir" series which has made such a sensation.

Smith (in amazement). I thought you told me you wrote those.

Jones (simply). I did.

Smith. Then why—

Jones. I mean, I did tell you. The truth is they came in anonymously, and I thought they were more likely to be accepted if I said I had written them. (With great emotion) Forgive me, chief, but it was for the paper's sake. (In matter-of-fact tones) There were one or two peculiarities of style I had to alter. She had a way of—

Smith (sternly). How many cheques for them have you accepted for the paper's sake?

Jones. Eight. For a thousand pounds each.

Smith (with tears in his eyes). If your mother were to hear of this—

Jones (sadly). Ah, chief, I have never had a mother.

Smith (slightly put out, but recovering himself quickly). What would your father say, if—

Jones. Alas, I have no relations. I was a foundling.

Smith (nettled). In that case I shall certainly tell the master of the workhouse. To think that there should be a thief in this office!

Jones (with great pathos). Chief, chief, I am not so vile as that. I have carefully kept all the cheques in an old stocking, and—

Smith (in surprise). Do you wear stockings?

Jones. When I bicycle. And as soon as the contributor comes forward—

Smith (stretching out his hand and grasping that of Jones). My dear boy, forgive me. You have been hasty, perhaps, but zealous. In any case, your honesty is above suspicion. Leave me now. I have much to think of. (Rests his head on his hands. Then, dreamily) You have never seen your father; for thirty years I have not seen my wife . . . Ah, Arabella!

Jones. Yes, sir. (Rings bell.)

Smith. She would split her infinitives. . . . We quarrelled. . . . She left me. . . . I have never seen her again.

Jones (excitedly). Did you say she split her infinitives?

Smith. Yes. That was what led to our separation. Why?

Jones. Nothing, only—it's very odd. I wonder—

[Enter Boy.]

Boy. Did you ring, Sir?

Smith. No. (To Jones) Did you?

Jones. Yes; you told me to. (Smith shakes his head.) Well, anyhow, Sir, what about the lady?

Smith. The lady? Ah, yes. (To Boy) Show her up, please. (Exit Boy.) You'd better clear out, Jones. I'll explain to her about the money.

Jones. Right you are, Sir. [Exit. [Smith leans back in his chair and stares in front of him.]

Smith (to himself). Arabella!

[Enter Boy, followed by a stylishly dressed lady of middle age.]

Boy. Mrs. Robinson.

[Exit. [Mrs. Robinson stops short in the middle of the room and stares at the Editor; then staggers and drops on to the sofa.]

Smith (in wonder). Arabella!

Mrs. Robinson. William!

[Curtain.]

ACT II.

SCENE—As before. TIME—Half-an-hour later. William and Arabella are seated on the sofa.

Arabella. I had begun to almost despair. (Smith winces.) "Almost to despair," I mean, darling.

Smith (with a great effort). No, no, dear. You were right.

Arabella. How sweet of you to think so, William.

Smith. Yes, yes, it's the least I can say. . . . And now, dear, what shall we do? Shall we get married again quietly?

Arabella. Wouldn't that be bigamy?

Smith. I think not, but I will ask the printer's reader. He knows everything. You see, there will be such a lot to explain, otherwise.

Arabella. Dear, can you afford to marry?

Smith. Well, my salary as editor is only twenty thousand a year, but I do a little reviewing for other papers.

Arabella. And I have—nothing. How can I come to you without even a trousseau?

Smith. Yes, that's true. . . . (Suddenly) By Jove, though, you have got something! You have eight thousand pounds! We owe you that for your articles. (With a return to his professional manner) Did I tell you how greatly we all appreciated them? Excuse me a moment, love. (Goes to telephone.) Is that you, Jones? Just come here a moment. (To Arabella) Jones is my sub-editor; he is keeping your money for you.

[Enter Jones.]

Jones (producing an old stocking). I've just been round to my rooms to get that money—(sees Arabella)—oh, I beg your pardon.

Smith (waving an introduction). Mrs. Smith—my wife. This is our sub-editor, dear—Mr. Jones. (Arabella puts her hand to her heart and seems about to faint.) Why, what's the matter?

Arabella (hoarsely). Where did you get that stocking?

Smith (pleasantly). It's one he wears when he goes bicycling.

Jones. No; I misled you this afternoon, chief. This stocking was all the luggage I had when I first entered the Leamington workhouse.

Arabella (throwing herself into his

arms). My son! This is your father! William—our boy!

Smith (shaking hands with Jones). How are you? I say, Arabella, then that was one of my stockings?

Arabella (to her boy). When I saw you on the stairs you seemed to dimly remind me—

Jones. To remind you dimly, mother.

Smith. No, my boy. In future, nothing but split infinitives will appear in our paper. Please remember that.

Jones (with emotion). I will endeavour to always remember it, dad.

[Curtain.]

A. A. M.

TOO LATE.

[The sighting of a sea-serpent has recently been reported at Liverpool.]

August wept above our beaches,

Drew to its predestined term;

Still within secluded reaches

Lay the oceanic worm;

Never fluttered pinnace flying

Told of how his flank for miles

Coil on archéd coil was lying

Somewhere off the Scilly Isles.

Came September; flew the swallow;

Autumn lanes were lined with mud;

Sere October saw us wallow

Waist-deep in an ark-less flood;

Still no daring news exploiter

Wakened from its ooze-girt zone

Amphitrite's portent: REUTER

Simply left the thing alone.

Shall we now (when dark November

Also brings its share of rain)

Thrill through every awe-struck member

At the serpent of the main?

Shall we now, when parties writhe on

Rocks about the Budget's fate,

Care for something like a python

Spotted by the second mate?

No, if stout papas at Brighton,

Listening to the breakers' scrunch,

Needed not that scare to lighten

Lethargy succeeding lunch;

Polls, I think, to-day before us,

Peers a-tremble for their doom,

Rob the laggard Dinosaurus

Of his too late-flowering bloom.

Pressmen leave him wandering vainly

Where upon the fog-bound blue

Captain Binks perceived him plainly

("As it might be me and you");

What to us are idle seamen's

Fancies, when we hourly shake

Under sheer delirium tremens

Fighting with the Fiscal snake?

"FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE
AT PORT SAID.

HOWE-STRANGE."

The Egyptian Gazette.

It is rather.



Rector. "So your son in London is to be married, eh?"

Mrs. Carter. "Yessir, he is, and to a lady on the stage, too—but not a horrid sinful play-actress. He says she's a serio—which sounds quite all right, don't it?"

"His fame as a teacher and as an operating surgeon has been carried to the four corners of the earth. By his writings he has reached even a wider circle."—*The Student*.

In fact he has always been a favourite in Mars.

"And last night's contest has took hold of sportsmen the world over."—*The Standard*.

We are more interested in the contest between *The Standard* and *The Westminster Gazette*, whose "has went" we quoted a week or two ago.

Under "Situations Vacant" in the *Guernsey Evening Press*, we read the simple announcement: "Beetroots by the Perch." It is intended to convey (we assume) that there is work for those who want it at this well-known but unsophisticated little village.

Unfortunate Affair in the Hunting Field.

"Caldecote New Gorse was drawn blank, but from the Leather Mills Gorse a fox was set going, and gave the hunt a splendid circular run towards Nuneaton and Sprin wood, back to Caldecote Hall, and, on to Lindley, where the rearguard went to ground."—*Daily Mail*.

"The Municipal Elections took place throughout the country on Monday. In the provincial towns there has been very little change. The gains on one side have balanced the losses on the other."—*The Spectator*.

This happens so frequently nowadays, however, that it has ceased to be the subject of general remark.

From a testimonial:—

"I may say your Smearoleum was a great success here, keeping Hares and Rabbits from barking."

No more sleepless nights!



Parishioner (to the new Curate). "YES, SIR, I'VE BEEN A WIDOW FOR TWENTY-TWO YEARS, AND NEVER REGRETTED IT."

THE DEATH OF EUCLID.

[*"Euclid, we are told, is at last dead, after two thousand years of an immortality that he never much deserved."*—*"The Times' Literary Supplement."*]

A THRENODY for EUCLID! This is he
Who with his learning made our youth a waste,
Holding our souls in fee;
A god whose high-set crystal throne was based
Beyond the reach of tears,
Deeper than time and his relentless years!

Come then, ye Angle-Nymphs, and make lament;
Ye little Postulates, and all the throng
Of Definitions, with your heads besprent
In funeral ashes, ye who long
Worshipped the King and followed in his train;
For he is dead and cannot rise again.

Then from the shapes that beat their breasts and wept,
Soft to the light a gentle Problem stepped,
And, lo, her clinging robe she swiftly loosed
And with majestic hands her side produced:
"Sweet Theorem," she said, and called her mate,
"Sweet Theorem, be with me at this hour.

How oft together in a dear debate
We two bore witness to our Sovereign's power.
But he is dead and henceforth all our days
Are wrapped in gloom,
And we who never ceased to sing his praise
May weep our lord, but cannot call him from his tomb."

And, as they bowed their heads and to and fro
Wove in a mournful gait their web of woe,

Two sentinels forth came,
Their hearts aflame,

And moved behind the pair:

"Warders we are," they cried,

"Of these two sisters who were once so fair,
So joyous in their pride."

And now their massy shields they lifted high,
Embossed with letters three,

And, though a mist of tears bedimmed each eye,
The sorrowing Nymphs could see
Q., E. and F. on one, and on the other Q. E. D.

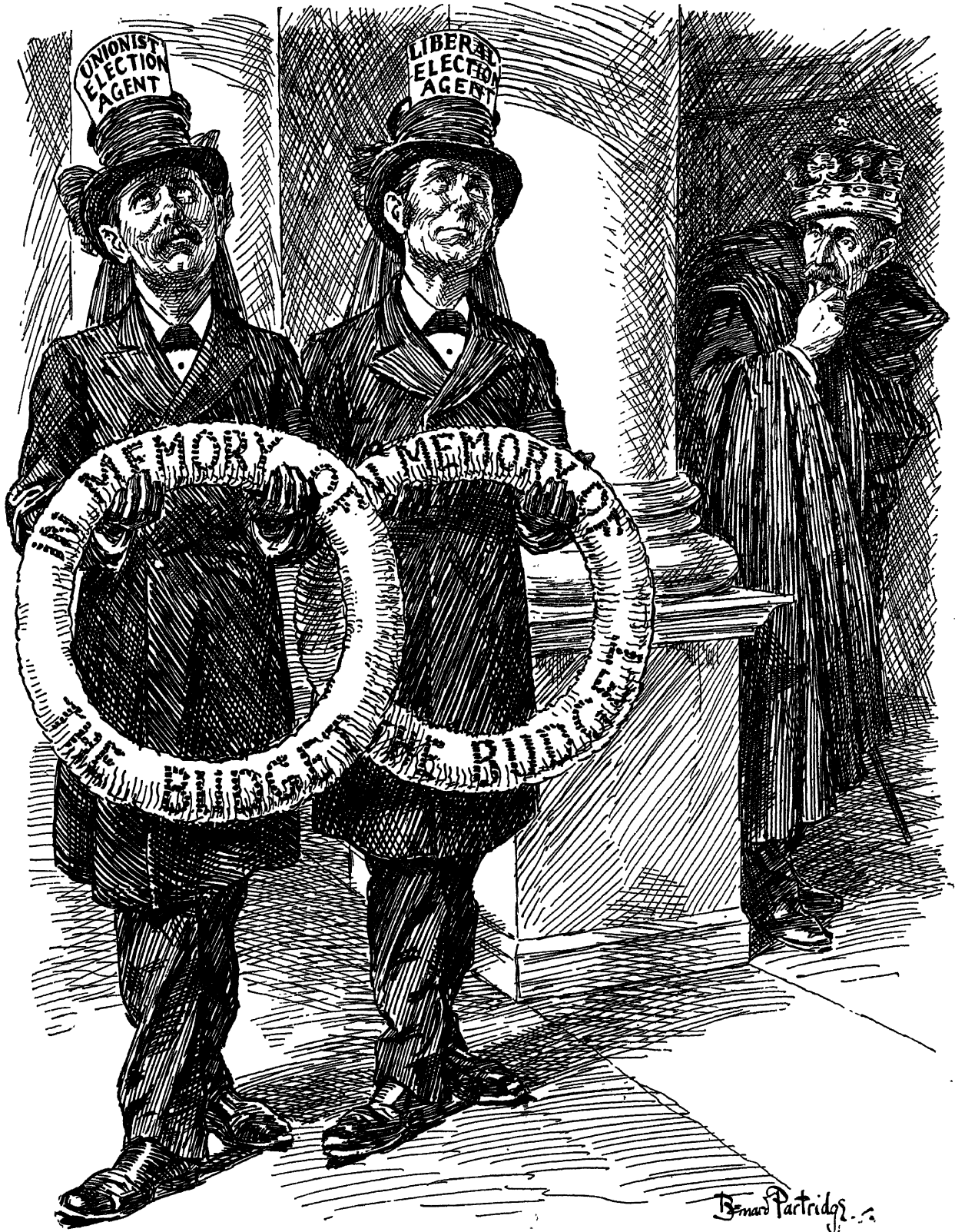
But on a sudden, with a hideous noise
Of joy and laughter rushed a rout of boys;
And all the mourners in affright
Scattered to left and right.

Problems and Theorems and Angles too,
Postulates, Definitions, Circles, Planes,

A jibbering crew,
With all their hoary gains
Of knowledge, from their monarch dead
Into the outer darkness shrieking fled.

And now with festal dance and laughter loud
Broke in the boyish and intruding crowd;

Nor did they fail,
Seeing that all the painful throng was sped,
To let high mirth prevail,
And raise the song of joy for EUCLID dead.



INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

THE CLOAKED FIGURE. "WELL, THEY SEEM TO BE COUNTING ON ME. PERHAPS IT'D BE A PITY TO DISAPPOINT 'EM."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, November 8th.

—House meets to-day with consciousness that it is poorer by the cutting off of one of its most modest and most distinguished members. Lord SELBY did not take prominent part in its proceedings. When he first entered it, stepping from the exalted position of the Speaker's Chair in the Commons, he characteristically took a back seat, whence he seldom rose to join in debate. He preferred the less obtrusive part of one who gives "sage counsel in cumber."

His views on current affairs were sought with avidity by both sides. When, at the instance of the present Opposition, a Committee was appointed to consider the possibility of reforming procedure in the Lords, Ministers and their few followers stood aside. Intent upon drastic reconstruction, they declined to dally with what promised to be a mere plastering-up of the ancient edifice. The LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION approached Lord SELBY with invitation to "come over and help us." Though essentially not a Party man, he was loyal to his Party chief. He privily consulted him on the question, and on receiving cordial consent to follow personal inclination in the matter he joined the Committee and gave valuable aid to its deliberations.

To the universal regret on his final withdrawal from an arena which he endowed with dignity is added the reflection that the event happens on the eve of a crisis in the history of the House of Lords where his sound judgment, long experience, lofty moral and mental attitude, would have been of price above rubies.

It is an oft-told story how, nominated to the Speaker's Chair on the retirement of Mr. PEEL, Mr. GULLY was not known even by sight to one-third of the assembly. As Member for Carlisle, as in other relations of daily life, he never thrust himself to the front. Unexpectedly called to the Chair, he filled it with a courteousness that graced without weakening his unfailing vindication of its high authority. His appointment on the nomination of the meagre Liberal majority under the leadership of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was resisted by the Opposition. The honour was won for him by the narrow majority of eleven. This happened in April 1895. In August of the same year, the Unionists, returning with a majority that made them masters of the situation, and placed at their disposal the prizes that are the heritage of the victor, re-elected him by acclamation.

Thereafter, through ten eventful years he held the post, yearly growing in the



House of Lords Footman. — "Per'aps I hought to tell you, m'lord, as those persons from Mr. Hasquidge's hopposite are hall in the front of the 'Ouse again, a-throwin' down gloves, (wich they call gaunklets) like hanythink! Their hattitude and beaviour is what your lordship might call unpleasantly threat'nin', I might halmost say middle-class!"

Lord Lansdowne. — "Oh, that's all right, James. You might just pick up all the gloves, you know. Very interesting mementos." [See next page.]

esteem of the House. A man of simple tastes, sweet nature, high culture, and supreme capacity, he added appreciably to the splendid traditions of the Speaker's Chair.

Now is the stately column broke,
The beacon light is quenched in smoke,
The trumpet's silvery sound is still,
The warder silent on the hill.

Business done. — London Elections Bill thrown out on Second Reading by 157 against 40.

Thursday. — Merrily filling up the cup. Last week Irish Land Bill hacked about and returned for dead. On Monday short shrift given to LOULU's London Elections Bill. JOHN BURNS's Bill for the better planning of towns and the housing of populations, which passed the Commons by acclaim, severely handled in the melting pot.

"May as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," said LANSDOWNE, sharpening his claymore.

Then in quavering voice that ill

assorted with desperate intent, he trolled his battle-song:

Come fill up the cup as full as you can;
Come call up my army of bold Backwoods-
men.
Fling wide the "No" lobby and let us go
free:
For it's up with the Budget of David
L. G.

To-day House Letting Bill comes back with reasons for disagreement to several of Lords' Amendments. CAMPERDOWN to the fore as usual. Ever desirous to remind House that if anything untimely were to happen to LANSDOWNE—(which Heaven forbid!)—they need not go Leaderless. Indeed, with titular coachman on the box, CAMPERDOWN always ready to take reins out of his hands and drive the next stage.

Heavily snubbed just now. Majority of Peers on Opposition Benches evidently disinclined to add to general wreck another useful non-controversial measure. CAMPERDOWN has no patience with such weakness. Up several times

on same Amendment. In the Commons this out of order. In the Lords no Standing Orders govern debate. Every Peer a law unto himself. LORD CHANCELLOR sitting on Woolsack with appearance and insignia of President has no power of restraint.

But there are limits to the patience of a Scotchman. On fourth popping up of the Irrepressible One, LORD CHANCELLOR observed: "It is not usual for noble Lords to speak more than once on the same subject."

Ministerialists cheered; Unionists tittered; CAMPERDOWN subsided.

Business done.—Noble Lords graciously refraining from insisting on Amendments to House Letting Bill disagreed with by Commons, the little one was saved.

"A brand snatched from the burning," sighed Lord CREWE.

THROUGH THE IVORY GATE.

THE recent announcement that a Servian Bishop was about to be tried on a charge of high treason for publicly stating that he had dreamed that King PETER was deposed has prompted the inquiry whether such experiences are common amongst our own leading men. Appended are the results of an investigation showing that this particular form of dream is by no means the monopoly of the Servian episcopacy.

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, who recently informed a representative of *The Daily Chronicle* that he "believed in having dreams and in turning them into realities," is reported to have had a strange vision the other day during a hard-earned nap between the Acts of *Trilby*. The renowned histron dreamed that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER had abandoned the Stage for Parliament, that Mr. MARTIN HARVEY had become a Bishop, Mr. CYRIL MAUDE an Admiral, and Mr. H. B. IRVING a Judge.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, like SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, is a great dreamer. It is reported by a writer in *The Rational Review* that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE recently had a remarkable dream, in which Mr. ASQUITH resigned the Premiership and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL was appointed Viceroy of India. On his communicating the dream to Mr. ASQUITH, the Premier remarked, with a merry twinkle, "My dear DAVID, I am delighted to hear it; you know that dreams always go by contraries."

By a strange coincidence on the same

night on which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had this dream, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE also dreamed that Mr. ASQUITH had resigned, but that it was Mr. LLOYD GEORGE who was appointed to succeed Lord MINTO.

"THE WORLD'S BOOKS BETTERED."

COMPLAINTS have been made that whereas the business man, the soldier, the artisan, the clerk, nay, even the shoeblack and the crossing-sweeper may now peruse the essence or pith of the World's Masterpieces in fortnightly paper editions, the Carmelite Press has as yet done nothing to cater for the more leisurely needs of bibliophiles,



SOME OF "THOSE PERSONS" WITH THE GLOVES.

litterati, bookworms, and connoisseurs. To meet this long-felt want, we are happy to announce that the aforementioned publishing house intends to compile and issue (once every blue moon) an improved and expanded edition of the gems of literature for the express benefit of students and millionaires. Remember that

"THE WORLD'S BOOKS BETTERED"

IS NOT A MERE REPUBLICATION.

It is a painting of the lilies of literature, a gilding of the golden coin of fancy, an enhancement of the noblest and greatest works of the greatest writers that have ever wrought.

How often have you not laid down some massive volume with a sigh, and said, "I wish there were more of it." Well, that is just what there is going to be. Try to imagine your *Homer* in duodecimeters, an *Inferno* of twice its

present roominess, the *Chronicles of Barchester* with the remotest details of all the mechanism of all the minor canons, and *Bradshaw's Guide* with photogravures of the wayside villages, and double the usual number of trains. Everything will be done by experts: thus, to take a few instances:—

Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS extends and improves the Story of Eden from *Paradise Lost*.

CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN re-write and intensify the love-letters of ABELARD and HÉLOISE.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX out-Walters the Waverley Novels; and

Mr. HALL CAINE elaborates Mr. BERNARD SHAW's introduction to Mr. HALL CAINE's latest work, under the title of "The White Elephant."

Bound in rhinoceros hide, with medallion of Lord NORTHCLIFFE and PISISTRATUS on the covers, "THE WORLD'S BOOKS BETTERED" will be more than the limit. They will create an epoch. They will (as our American cousins say) be IT.

From all bookstalls at 7 guineas per cwt.

"The result was that in the name of the City Fathers the nightmare of the tramway was placed on the breast of the city."

The Lahore Tribune.

No mixed metaphors for our jovial contemporary.

From an advertisement:

"A gentleman writes: 'After 25 years use I have found a cup of tea taken in the morning about a quarter of an hour after a dose of — a great boon.'"

It is only right to give these remedies a fair trial before rushing into print about them.

"Prize Pugs.—Mrs. H. A. Reckitt, of Hastings, was a successful exhibitor in the rabbit classes at the Lewes Fanciers' Show on Thursday. He took two firsts and a second."—*Hastings Observer*.

If there is any point about which you are still doubtful, do not hesitate to write to us.

From a circular letter sent out by *The Daily Mail*:—

"Dear Sir,—I am endeavouring to ascertain the effect of the new Eight-Hour Act, and I should be glad if you could kindly let me know briefly how it affects the working of your mind."

Fortunately this letter came not to us but to a correspondent, so we need not confess.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ENCOURAGED by the splendid example of Mr. HENRY JAMES, the heroine of whose new novel "is a lady who has been engaged six times while her mother has three husbands," a number of other well-known novelists meditate similar excursions into matrimonial arithmetic. Thus Miss Susan P. Fergus, the famous Texas romancer, announces a story entitled *Polly Andry's Husbands*, the plot of which is of a most complicated character. *Polly*, who is a *maitresse femme* of the most pronounced type, marries simultaneously six husbands in six different States. Four of them had been married twice before, and the remaining two were monogams.

Another redoubtable novelist, Mrs. Gertrude Sparrowhawk, has just completed a charming tale called *Mamie's Relations*. *Mamie* is a little girl of seven whose mother has been divorced seven, and her father eight times. With that splendid tolerance which is such a fine feature of the smartest American society, *Mamie's* parents are in the habit of sending her on a round of visits to their previous partners. The confusion caused in the mind of the little visitor is most divertingly described in Mrs. Sparrowhawk's story, which has been "crowned" by the Academy of Griggs-ville.

A charming book of reminiscences which is shortly promised by the firm of Odder and Odder is *My Matrimonial Vicissitudes*, by the famous Portuguese pianist, Madame Forma Minto. Perhaps the *clou* of this delightful entertainment is the chapter in which she relates how, at the third concert of the Philharmonic Society's season some years ago, she played with the most brilliant success her fifth husband's fourth pianoforte concerto, and was six times recalled.

That distinguished peer-elect, Admiral Sir JOHN FISHER, O.M., G.C.B., is so deeply delighted, as he well may be, with the splendid appreciation from the pen of Mr. ARNOLD WHITE which appeared in *The Daily Chronicle*, that he is about to write a short biography of that illustrious publicist under the attractive title of "The Whitest Man I Know." Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, it will be remembered, used of Sir JOHN FISHER the memorable phrase: "He gives the impression of being elemental man in the midst of wax figures." Acting on this suggestion we understand that Messrs. TUSSAUD have ordered an animated and speaking effigy of our great Admiral, which will walk the quarterdeck with suitable nautical expressions at the hours of 12, 3, 6 and 9 every day.



THE DIFFERENT SIDES OF A STORY.—No. V.

Catalogue description: "FOR SALE, GREY MARE, QUIET IN ALL HARNESS, ONLY SOLD OWING TO THE OWNER GOING IN FOR MOTOR CARS."

It is asserted that the LORD ADVOCATE is engaged on an historical romance abounding in the most improbable and fantastic incidents, of which the hero is *Prince Alexander*, the hereditary sovereign of Uritania.

"The Daily News" and the Prize Ring.

We were greatly shocked by a full column report of a prize-fight in the *Daily News* of November 9, bristling with such vulgar technicalities as "swung up his left," "hugging, interspersed with kidney punching," "Welsh again found the Londoner's face" and "put an upper-cut to the jaw." We can only suppose that this report was printed by oversight, and that our contemporary had quite intended to publish something like the following:—"We are informed by a press agency, which shall be nameless, that another of the brutal displays, for

which the National Sporting Club is notorious, took place last night. The contestants were two fine, strapping young fellows, Frederick Welsh, of Pontypridd, and John Summers, of Canning Town; and we cannot but think that their glowing health and splendidly-developed physique might have been put to some better purpose. It is not our intention to report this event in any detail; we place on record the fact that it happened, so that the public may know that this so-called sport of prize-fighting still exists in our midst. Our readers, by the way, may perhaps be interested to learn that "prize-ring" is really a misnomer, the space set apart for contests of this kind being, we understand, of a rectangular shape."

The Artistic Touch.

"A dainty box of Yarmouth bloaters or kippers sent carr. free." Look out for our charming sack of coals.

AT THE PLAY.

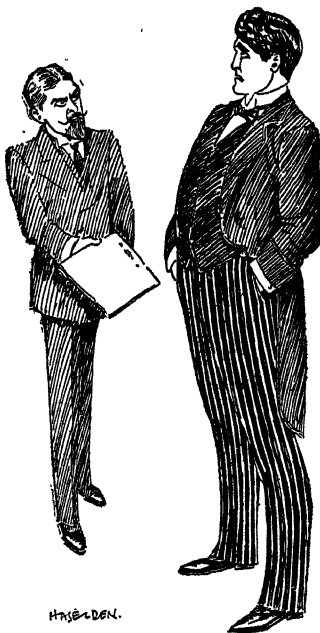
"LORRIMER SABISTON, DRAMATIST."

I HAVE my grave doubts whether the profession of British Dramatist is so established and assured that it can afford to make merry in the open at its own expense. Nor am I certain that the cynical reflections of a playwright upon his own art—very right and profitable, no doubt, in the private circle—is likely to afford much entertainment to the general public, for one must not judge by the almost professional sympathy of a first-night audience. Yet if Mr. CARTON is not depending for success on his exposure of the humours of his trade, I don't quite see what he is depending on; for he makes no recognisable appeal to the elemental emotions. In the whole play there is only one moment of strong feeling, and even then the processes that led up to it had been conducted off the stage.

But, anyhow, his play suffers from a fundamental flaw which makes the whole fabric shaky from the start. *Lorrimer Sabiston* is a dramatist who has hitherto taken the side of the angels and grown rich beyond the dreams of dramatic avarice by giving the public what they want—anæmic propriety with virtue ever triumphant. But suddenly, taking the nether powers into his confidence, he writes the real thing, a veritable hair-raiser, entitled "One Law for the Woman." He dares not produce this in his own name for fear of alienating the British matron. So he induces *Noel Darcus*, a starving young playwright, to let it be fathered on him under a mutual bond of secrecy. It never seems to have occurred to *Sabiston* that he might just as well have produced the play anonymously and saved himself from the grossness of taking advantage of the poor boy's extreme need. This is not the first time—*The Builder of Bridges* was another case—where the character played by Mr. ALEXANDER has cheerfully undertaken to behave intolerably without any apparent sign on the part of either author or actor that he was being asked to do anything outside the day's work of an English gentleman.

Well, the play had a great vogue (I don't know how it eluded the Censor or what the police were doing at the time), and then came a very pretty touch of irony. *Sabiston's* friend, *Lady Cheynley*, with whom his prospects of elopement were beginning to look quietly rosy, throws him over for the supposed author of the town-shaking play, whom she assumes to be made of the same virile fibre as his alleged creation. But even this dramatic situation loses much of its effect by the ill-judged humours of a scene in which the aggrieved husband presents a figure of farce.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER made up for his regrettable absence from *Mil-Channel* by being on the stage for the best part of the whole three hours. He threw off his almost continuous speeches—consisting largely of metaphors, the kind that you have to think out over night—with astonishing fluency and good nature. But apart from this feat he was not called upon for a great effort. It seemed that at any moment he might be required to do some acting, but the moment never came, except that just before the final Act he suffered a brief spasm of depression on hearing



Noel Darcus (Mr. GODFREY TEARLE) to *Lorrimer Sabiston* (Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER). "Mind, if I accept it, it's only because I'm starving."

[Note.—*Noel Darcus* is the hollow, attenuated figure on the right.]

that he could never hope to be the co-respondent in the *Cheynley* suit.

I ought to add that he wore a horned moustache and a short pointed beard, which went admirably with a certain Mephistophelian quality in the character of *Sabiston*. These trimmings were inaccurately referred to as "whiskers" by someone in the gallery who wished "GEORGE" to take them off; but I sincerely hope that Mr. ALEXANDER will not be foolish enough to follow the advice of this intimate humourist.

Miss BERYL FABER played the part of *Lady Cheynley* very naturally, like a woman of the world who has exchanged her illusions for a little quiet philosophy, and is therefore the very last kind of person to want to run away with a half-baked genius. Life with *Sabiston* and with *Darcus* she compared respectively to a minuet and a tarantella, and selected the latter. Yet I could not bring myself to picture Miss FABER as dancing so

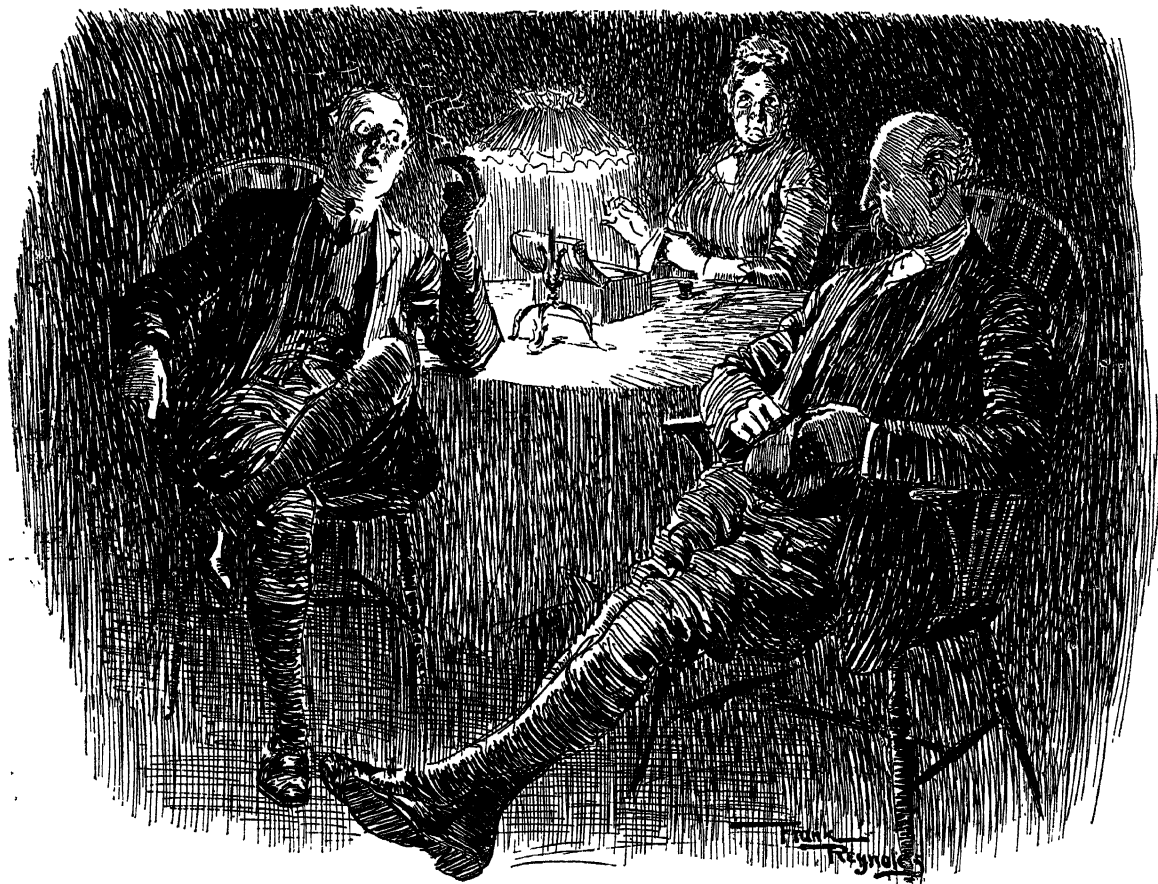
frenzied a measure with any conceivable partner. She spoke throughout with a level calm which declined to distinguish between what was worth saying and what was not. Thus, to the popular platitude, "There is nothing so certain in life as its uncertainties," she appeared to give the same value as she gave to the best of Mr. CARTON's novelties.

Mr. GODFREY TEARLE's performance in the invidious part of *Noel Darcus* was a sketch in the rough, showing strength without finish. If *Darcus* had not assured us with his own lips that he had been at Harrow as well as Oxford, I might have mistaken him for a RHODES scholar. Mr. LOWNE, in his usual part of friendly critic, was as delightfully human as ever; and of Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS, who played a Press interviewer, I could have wished to see a great deal more. Miss ROSALIE TOLLER was a really picturesque *ingénue*; but her young man, the *Rev. Eberard Bayne* (Mr. MARTIN LEWIS) looked more like a chorister than a curate. Mr. JAMES CAREW (as *Sir Henry Cheynley*) did a kind of rude justice to a part that needed Mr. FREDERICK KERR to make it seem probable.

The play was full of happy turns of phrase, but these hardly made up for its transparent *naïveté* of construction. There was no movement, except that when two people thought that they had exhausted our patience they got up and changed their seats; or when one of them had to be manoeuvred out of the way the typewriter came in and announced the arrival of a dressmaker or a call on the telephone. Pipes and eighteen-penny cigars were in frequent requisition to tide over the embarrassments of a sedentary life.

As for the metaphors already referred to, I should have been better pleased if their quality had been as generous as their quantity. To *Sabiston's* reminder that he has given him a stepping-stone to fame and fortune, *Noel Darcus*, recognising that his own fount of inspiration is likely to remain unproductive, replies: "What is the good of a stepping-stone when the stream is dry?" I have taken this metaphor home in my head and tried to work it out, but it makes no sort of sense in the context. They are not even talking about the same kind of stepping-stone.

Wit and enterprise and many other excellent features abound in Mr. CARTON's new work; but I must have my final snarl, and say that when a dramatic author sets out to ridicule, with however light a touch, the foibles of his fellow-craftsmen—and in what is professedly a play, not a lecture—he is bound to provide an object-lesson that is above reproach. The critic, on the other hand, has no such responsibility. Hence these brave strictures. O. S.



Ardent Golfer (on the eternal subject). "THEY TELL ME OLD SIMPKINS HAS GONE RIGHT OFF HIS BAFFY——"
Aunt Amelia. "Ah, I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT MAN PECULIAR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NEXT to coming into closer touch with the South Pole than the foot of mortal man ever before carried him, Lieutenant SHACKLETON (whom the world to-day acclaims as Sir ERNEST) achieved his most stupendous work when he completed *The Heart of the Antarctic* (HEINEMANN). It is the biggest thing recently produced in the world of books. By happy chance the author, richly equipped by nature with the qualities that go to make a great explorer, has a literary style of rare excellence. In the story of a journey that brought him within a hundred miles of the South Pole he compels the least imaginative to realise very vividly the marvellous things he experienced; and this with the apparent absence of effort that is the perfection of art. Unaided by subvention from the Exchequer, he raised a sum of money sufficient to justify him in planning the expedition. The work, upon perfection of whose details depended the safety of his own life and those of his companions, was personally supervised by him. Nothing was left to chance. The reward of this care was gathered throughout the expedition, there being at no point a break-down in the equipment.

What strikes one in reading the wondrous tale is the deathless hope, the dauntless good humour that faced the awful difficulties daily recurring. "When things seem at the worst they turn to their best," is SHACKLETON'S favourite axiom, the sure foundation of his philosophy. It proved triumphant to the last. Famished, cramped, bruised with frequent falls over sharp ice, cut to the bone by icy gales

that sometimes travelled at the rate of seventy miles an hour, snow-blinded, frost-bitten, SHACKLETON and his two companions who made the final Southern journey held on till, literally, they fell down. They turned back for the simple but sufficient reason that their food supply was exhausted. "Whatever regrets may be we have done our best," is SHACKLETON'S half-apology for giving up the quest for the mystic Pole. The two sumptuous volumes are profusely illustrated with photographs taken on the spot, and are further enriched by valuable maps which mark new territory.

Clearly I ought to be grateful to certain publishers for their friendly lead in the matter of criticism so kindly given me upon the wrappers of their books, because if it could ever happen that the reviewer were too unconscientious to read— Happily, however, in the case of Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE such a contingency is little likely to arise, and her latest story, *The Tyrant* (METHUEN), is as full as ever of those qualities which have gained her so many admirers. Personally, I always think of this charming author chiefly as the chronicler of delightful mothers. No one else can write of them quite so tenderly and well. We all know how fortunate *Peter* was in this respect, and now in *Mrs. Kemys* the author has given us yet another wholly lovable parent. But poor *Mrs. Kemys* had a husband, the Squire of Nantgwilt, and the "tyrant" of the title, whose avarice and despotic temper made the beautiful Welsh home a place of misery for wife and children and household. Suddenly, however, *Richard Kemys* is called away on a voyage, and a chance discovery (what that was you must find out for yourself) enables his long-suffering wife to

turn the tables. This is huge fun. The house becomes transformed, money is lavished, the sons are made happy, the daughters sought in marriage. And while everybody concerned, including the author, is having a thoroughly happy time, the tyrant-squire returns unexpectedly. And then comes yet another surprise, in the very tender and beautiful ending to an altogether charming book.

Acting on the eponymous principle, when I took up *Above All Things* (LONG) and found that its author was W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE, I settled down comfortably for a four-hours' journey into the West Country; and this was rather foolish, for as a matter of fact a twopenny 'bus fare from Charing Cross would have covered the whole geography of the plot. And, to tell the truth, if it happened to be a wet day and the vehicle a motor-bus, there might have been some more exciting incidents. *Above All Things* is a very simple story of the variations of sentiment amongst some very ordinary people, the only entanglement being that one of the ladies is already married, and it has to be discovered that her husband is really dead and being impersonated by an impostor before her hand is free. The author has made the mistake, I think, of trying to transfer interest from one heroine to another. It was no use to tell me (in so many words) that *Arthur* began to find he was really in love with *Kate*, and that *John*, who was supposed to adore her, underwent a similar cardiac change, and fastened his affections on *May*. *May* met *Arthur* at the beginning of the book, and I was prepared to like her, whereas nothing was done from an artistic point of view to make me feel interested in *Kate*. *John* was dull, and he would have suited her nicely. After all, it is my feelings that have to be considered, and, waiving this, why, in the name of LONG, has the book been entitled, *Above All Things*? If any of the people had lived in one of those very new blocks of flats, or had owned an aeroplane, I could have understood it; but as most of the action takes place in Vincent Square, Westminster, and nobody even contemplates aviation, I confess it beats me altogether.

Esther Carey, The Bride (METHUEN)—not of Abydos, but of St. John's Wood, where the artists come from—was a daring young woman to marry the man she did. *Armstrong* by name and *Armstrong* by nature, everything about him was strong, especially his temper. He was, as she told him, a fearful spectacle when he was in a rage. The day after they became engaged she paid him a surprise visit in his studio, where she knew he would be working at his statue, "The Bride." And, lo and behold (*horresco referens*), she saw two brides besides herself—the white marble statue, and another white figure "with brown hair heaped upon its head." As she had never seen a model before, she fainted on the spot. When she came to, *Armstrong*, after indulging in a little *Armstrong* language, set to work to smash the beautiful head of the marble bride with some heavy instrument. Whereupon *Esther* fled "as if from the presence of a lunatic." And yet she married him in the end. Miss GRACE REYS in

the first part of her story describes *Esther's* efforts to make a living after her ruined and disgraced father had departed this life, leaving his wife and daughter to sink or swim in the stormy seas of workaday London. The text of the book is that adversity is the best discipline. But unless *Armstrong* has seen fit since his marriage to bridle his temper I can't help thinking that *Esther* will sometimes sigh for the relatively easy trials of her pre-nuptial state.

JOHN AYSCOUGH, having recently published a book entitled *A Roman Tragedy and Others* (ARROWSMITH), now states that to have called his new book (*San Celestino*) a tragedy would have been to challenge just castigation, "for its author cannot handle tragedy." Fortunately it is not for me to dispute this. The protagonists of "A Roman Tragedy" devote some seventy pages to a laborious development of their characters and make little progress with their plot until they are within thirty pages of their end. Then, realising their unpunctuality, they achieve a hasty climax of murder and sudden death and leave nothing for the last twenty pages but retrospective explanations. Of the "others" the last two only are good, a third, "Reversions," opening hopefully with a lively account of a gallant captain's matrimonial enterprise, but concluding dismally with a surfeit of opportune coincidence. Mr. AYSCOUGH's new book, *San Celestino*, is described by its publishers (SMITH, ELDER) as a work that throws fresh light upon the career of CELESTIUS V., the man ever remembered for his connection with the "gran' rifiuto." It expressly disclaims any historical intention, and so cannot be criticised upon points of accuracy. It denies itself the title of a novel, and so cannot be blamed for lack of sustained dramatic interest. But even by describing it as "an essay in reconstruction" the author has not avoided by anticipation all fault-finding, for there is about it a jerkiness of writing that no sub-title can excuse. Yet in the simplicity of this imaginative biography of the hermit saint, who was made Pope against his will and had the bright idea of sending in a resignation, there is so much that is attractive and powerful that I wish I were a schoolmaster with the author as my pupil. "AYSCOUGH," I should have said, "this might have been an excellent essay of yours. Tear up that copy and write it all over again."

A modern Jonah.

Extract from Col. PATTERSON's book *In the Grip of the Nyika* :—

"The game ranger was dazed for a few moments by the shock, but when he came to his senses he found himself being carried off in the *maw* of the lion."

The italics are ours; the humiliating and congested situation was the game ranger's.

"GOLF."

At Sunningdale, on Saturday, Oxford University beat the home side by 7 goals to 4. (Picture on page 9.) Page 9, however, was a distinct disappointment.



WHAT OUR BOOKSTALLS ARE COMING TO.

Customer. "GIVE ME *THE ATHENÆUM*, *THE GUARDIAN*, AND A YAPPY YOW."

THE ROUND OF DESTINY.

(Dedicated to the prophetic almanack-mongers.)

EVEN as erst, when the Pythian
Priestess, pretending to swoon,
Forged in the smoke of her smithy an
Artful political rune,
Doubtless Arcadian villagers,
Heedless of omens of war,
Careless of far-away pillagers,
Followed their herds as before;—

So, when oracular offices
Send me their leaflets of doom,
All unaffected by prophecies
Calmly my cleek I resume;
Bogeys of apocalyptic
Authors, whoe'er they may be,
Less than a gossamer whip tickle
One that has sliced from the tee.

Steady of eye as a halibut,
Stolid of will as a serf,
Plough I the soil of the valley (but
Always replacing the turf);
Where is your wiser philosopher?
Earth's international rubs
Harm not the soul who is boss of her
Surface by dint of his clubs.

Tell me no tales of a demagogue,
Read me no diplomat's wile;
Any old thing will set them agog,
Nothing can alter my style;
Here on this dune, with its sandy cap
Fronting the infinite main,
I and my 26 handicap
Start on our cycle again.

If you would garner my gratitude,
ZADKIEL, MOORE, and the rest,
Makers of mystical platitude,
Augurs of strife and unrest,
Tell me next year if some serious
Swerve in the counsels of Fate
Means to cut down my imperious
Card of 108.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Boiling with indignation, I beg leave to avail myself of the publicity of your columns to bring to the light of day yet another scandalous case of unemployment due directly and entirely to the iniquitous system of Free Trade under which Great Britain at present struggles. Reading a few evenings ago, my paper, I found the following piteous demand for work:—

"Fat man wants job, age 32; 5 ft. 11; 21 stone; been on stage."

What could provide a better example of the handicap under which we labour than this advertisement? To think that this Briton, with his splendid natural advantages, should be condemned to waste away in desuetude (is that the word?) while, in the many penny shows now touring these islands, there are hundreds, nay, thousands, of



Material Customer. "WHAT'S THAT, WAITER?"

Soulful Waiter (captivated by the band). "THAT'S A BIT OF OUR MISS GIBBS, SIR!"

foreigners and infidels who have taken advantage of our lax laws to dump their mountains of flesh on our markets! Here we have an important British industry strangled, while the home-grown article advertises plaintively for a job of any kind. How much longer is this to continue? I naturally perused the "Wanted" column of my newspaper to see if I could find for our portly friend-in-need the best market for his wares. Alas, the most appropriate that I could find was the following:—

"Trousers press and stretcher, new condition; state lowest price; on approval."

Even for this I fear he is ineligible. It stipulates "new condition." He confesses to 32 years' wear.

Or again there is this:—

"First-class canvasser; no wasters.—Apply 7 to 9 p.m."

It is brief and not explicit, but it might suit.

A little further down I find the following:—

"Overcoat, warm, grey, good condition, fit ordinary man, 15s. 6d."

This again brings home to us the hard lot of our friend. Even the privilege of buying a warm grey overcoat for 15s. 6d. is denied to him. Picture his position as the winter nights grow colder. Does not this case from everyday life prove to every true Briton the iniquity of this penal Budget?*

I am, Yours etc.,

INDIGNANT BRITON.

*["How does the Budget come into it?"—Ed.
"Unearned increment!"—I. B.]

"However Cambridge 'packed' well, and finished their five men 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th."

Even a novice, we should have thought, could have packed them tighter than that.

THE LORDS' APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

[Hints for an Electoral address, following the line of argument adopted by the Radical Press.]

WHAT! Men of England! Shall it be
That you, a self-respecting nation,
Propose to crook a servile knee
And grovel at the Peers' dictation?
If so, you cannot be aware
What outrage you are asked to bear!

Then you shall hear the horrid truth.
We made a Bill, a perfect treasure;
We sent it up, and they, forsooth,
Said that on such a doubtful measure
(Here comes the insult) they preferred
That you should have the final word!

That Budget, simple, bright and terse,
They did not fling it back or flout it,
But, just to make you wince the worse,
Chose to invite your views about it!
Has Liberty been ever dealt
A nastier knock beneath the belt?

Not for ourselves we raise a squeal;
Our case is rough, but yours is rougher;
It is for you we rather feel,
Guessing how sadly you must suffer
At being asked if you detect
Anything wrong in your Elect.

For such were we four years ago,
And such we should by rights continue,
And you should not be asked to show
A reason for the faith that's in you—
A faith that's got some years to run
Before you need another one.

Meanwhile, if you incline to hold
No further views on any matter,
'Tis your prerogative of old
Which no one yet has sought to shatter;
For in defence of such a right
Even a worm would turn and bite.

So, if these self-anointed Peers
Challenge your claims (of which the sum is
That for a term of six full years
You're privileged to act as dummies)
And ask you what you really think,
Rise in your wrath and strike them pink.

Ay! this is Armageddon's eve!
To-morrow's fight shall mend or end 'em—
Stern chastisement, with no reprieve,
For that outrageous referendum;
Henceforth no Peer will lightly choose
To dare consult the People's views!

O. S.

WEEK END WISDOM.

["We should be poor-spirited indeed if we did not welcome any fresh departure in journalism whose aim is to afford our judges [the British public], without prejudice and without favour, the clearest means of estimating the value of our ideals, the extent of our successes, even the depth of our shortcomings. . . . It is an arduous task to be impartial, but it is worth the effort, and I fancy that never more than now was the moment more propitious or the need more urgent."—Mr. Lloyd George on "Independence in Criticism," in "The Week End."]"]

It is with great pleasure that we are able to furnish our readers with further extracts from special articles to be contributed by other leading politicians to journals of note.

Thus, the LORD ADVOCATE, writing on "The Need of Accuracy" in *The Precisian*, will make the following admirable and suggestive remarks:—

"No politician, certainly no one implicated, however humbly, in the Government of the country, can fail to welcome the exact and diligent presentation of facts bearing on current events. No doubt the prevailing tendency is to accept opinions presented on customarily recognised authority with too little scrutiny and often with a too unquestioning obedience. Hence the paramount importance of a paper which, aiming at impartiality as well as conciseness of statement, may well be found to meet the requirements of that vast body of the public which wishes to be guided, informed, and helped concisely, promptly and clearly on the great topics of the day—from the labourer pining in his hovel to the Duke squatting on his unearned millions. It is a difficult job to be accurate, but it is worth the effort, and I am convinced that never more than now was the moment more propitious or the need more imperative."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, discussing in *The Moderator* the need of restraint, will make the following timely comments:—

"There is no doubt that many speakers are carried away by wishing to make the meeting a success or to score a point and leave a vivid impression on the minds of their hearers; and they, therefore, sometimes cross the borderline without realising the effect some of their remarks may have. The busy age may to some extent account for this. The man whose future depends upon his tongue cannot always spare the necessary time to familiarise himself with the meticulous minutiae of a tedious theme. He may even find it difficult merely to ground himself in the broad issues of any comprehensive policy, and the temptation to economise time and thought by the simple process of looking only at one side of a question is almost irresistible. Again, the verisimilitude of an unconvincing statement is always hugely enhanced by a liberal resort to decorative polysyllables. In fine, to be accurate—*hic labor, hoc opus est*; but it is worth the struggle, and I feel that never more than at the present was the hour more opportune or the need more clamorous."

A COLOURABLE SUGGESTION.

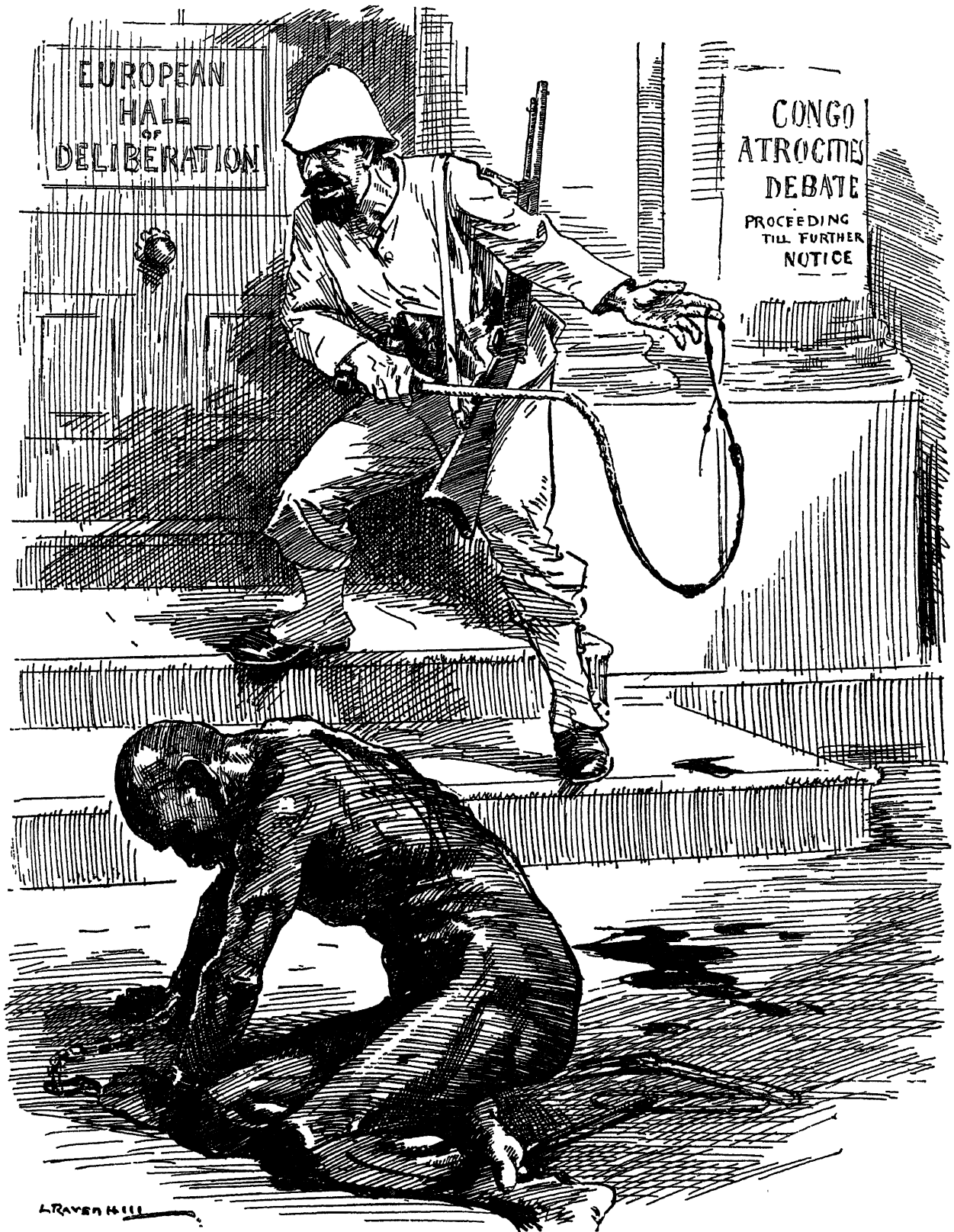
TROUBLE is imminent in house-decorating circles, as there seem to be theories abroad that wall-paper should harmonise, or contrast with, a person's—and more especially a lady's—mood, character and complexion. It will be no light matter for the chatelaine of a country house, or the manageress of a hotel, to adjust the various apartments to her guests' idiosyncrasies, or *vice-versâ*. What is going to happen if the choleric individual "sees red" on getting up in the morning, the hypochondriac has been quartered amid blue surroundings, and the *ingénue* is bestowed in the pink instead of the green bedroom? There will in all probability be some highly chromatic passages over the breakfast table, and the house party will be off colour for the rest of the day. If such a contretemps is likely to happen, the

In reply to a Woman's Suffrage deputation Lord CREWE has given it as his opinion that "the cause of free food will probably be strengthened by women's votes." Certainly the cause of free food, as supplied by the prison authorities, needs strengthening.

Under the heading "Extracts from the Registers of Bonds and Judgments," we read in *Perry's Gazette*:—

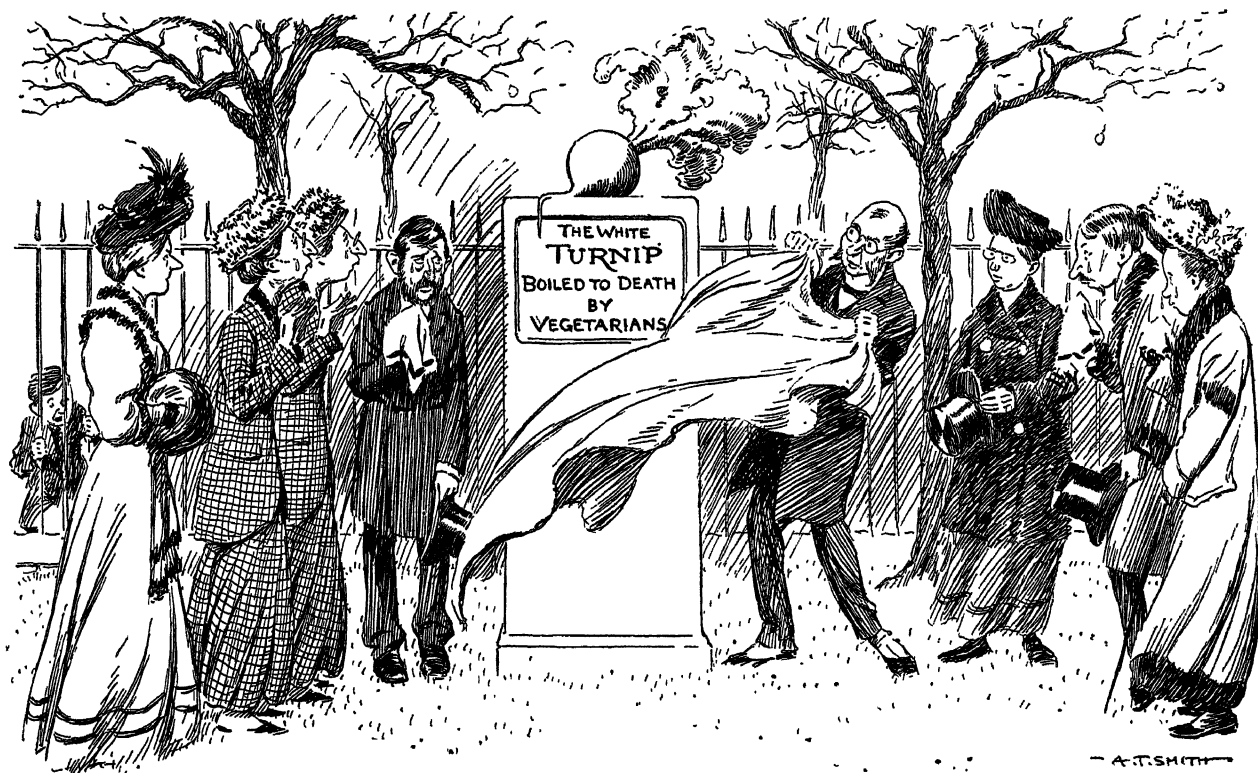
"Breen, Julia (plaintiff), Curraghgrague, Ballindaggin. . . . (Pronounced in Court, Oct. 27)."

A memorable occasion, which PERRY does well to record.



THE GUILT OF DELAY.

CONGO SLAVE-DRIVER. "I'M ALL RIGHT. THEY'RE STILL TALKING."



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 3.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF MODERN MARTYRS.

only solution is that intending week-enders should send on ahead, or bring with them, their appropriate wall-paper and bedroom hangings.

When the company is very mixed, the dining and reception rooms had better be decorated with a rainbow-hued and early-Victorian flowered pattern or heather mixture, otherwise there will be bolts from the blue and wigs on the green. The most popular visitors will, of course, be of the chameleon type, who take their colour from their environment, and suit their mood to the dado for the time being. An arrangement of coloured lights might also be brought into play with the aid of a competent theatrical limelight man, each conversationalist being suitably stimulated. This is quite a pretty idea, which we commend to the givers of American freak dinners. There will also be some consolation for the colour-blind.

Esprit de corps.

Passenger (to motor-bus conductor). "What's all this crowd about? Is it the motor show?"

Conductor. "Yes, Sir, and the most successful show we've had so far."

"Two anglers who were fishing from Clacton Pier yesterday caught a cock pheasant that was swimming in the sea."—*Manchester Evening News.*

It will be remembered that we called attention a week or two ago to an eel which was mistaken by a fox for a cock pheasant. This is apparently the Manchester version of the story.

Natural History Notes.

Facts about the Bear: its Habits, Amusements and Limitations.

"The professional bears of Grand Trunks have been allowed to have a fair innings lately, but none would be surprised to witness the sudden clipping of their wings."—*Weekly Report.*

VALE!

[The *Life* of Sir Robert Perks, who is retiring from public life, has been written by Mr. DENIS CRANE.]

"Put me among the good men," was my cry,
 "There let me live, and there enraptured die.
 I have no wish for men of common worth,
 The dull encumbrance of our patient earth.
 Not these, though useful, can fulfil my need,
 But men supreme in word and great in deed—
 Men who can give or lend a helping hand,
 And, grand themselves, teach others to be grand."
 In vain I cried, but at the last there came
 A man attuned to goodness and to fame.
 On all around he shed his matchless rays,
 And all around rejoiced to sing his praise.
 Within the public eye he wrought his works;
 His mien was most lest and his name was PERKS.
 A space he lingered 'mid our fume and fret,
 Did good by stealth, became a Baronet;
 Learnt in division lobbies how to trudge it,
 And much disliked, nor voted for, the Budget,
 And then, grown weary of the endless strife,
 Withdrew his virtues from our public life.
 Farewell, farewell, majestic Methodist!
 Imperial Million-pounder, you'll be missed.
 Still, in your *Life* by Mr. DENIS CRANE
 You breathe and live and move and work again,
 And by your precept train the world to do
 Such things as few could do as well as you.

Commercial Candour.

"You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." That is the idea on which our business has been built up."—*Advt. in "Johannesburg Daily Mail."*

CHARIVARIA.

M. CAMILLE FLAMMARION, the eminent astronomer, denies the report that life on Mars has been destroyed by a terrible cataclysm. This will cause great relief to persons having friends there.

* *

It is so frequently said that enterprise is dead in this country, and that we have not the necessary grit to surmount obstacles, that we are pleased to hear that an English Cinematograph Company has at length overcome Mr. HALL CAINE's well-known hatred of publicity, and has succeeded in obtaining a series of photographs of the great Manxman at home.

* *

The decision that no drinks are to be sold to skaters at the new rinks strikes us as a wise one. It will obviate false charges being brought against persons who are unable to keep their equilibrium.

* *

It is announced from St. Martin's-le-Grand that money orders can now be obtained anywhere in the United Kingdom for payment in Papua or Tonga. The news has been received quietly.

* *

A writer in a Radical contemporary suggests that everyone in favour of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's proposals shall send a postcard to Lord LANSDOWNE with the words, "We demand the Budget" written thereon. We understand that the suggestion has the support of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, who would, indeed, like to see the idea carried further, everybody of the opposite opinion using the same medium for the expression of his views.

* *

At the present moment the PREMIER needs all the encouragement he can obtain, and he is said to be intensely gratified at receiving approval from his own daughter. "I think I may say that the Government has done well during its four years of office," said Miss VIOLET ASQUITH in opening a political bazaar at Hammersmith. It is very seldom that a man is a hero to his Violet.

* *

We hear that the feeling of gratitude to the House of Lords felt in licensed victualling circles is something quite extraordinary, and a proposal that any peer, upon producing satisfactory evidence of identity, shall be served in any public-house in the United King-

dom with a mug of beer at half the ordinary price is being taken up enthusiastically.

* *

"The stomach is not a vital organ," said a doctor at an inquest. "A person can get on quite well without one" This suggestion for a new operation comes just at the right moment. Society was getting tired of having its appendix removed.

* *

"Accepting a wager of £20 that he dare not propose to the lady cashier, a railway-man in a restaurant at Lebeau, South Dakota," *The Daily Mail* tells us, "won the lady's heart and hand after a courtship lasting 2 min. 25 sec." The

forthcoming musical play. Let us hope it will be *à la D'O'LY CARTE*.

* *

A Croydon sweep, we are told by a contemporary, is a keen collector of china, and something of a *connoisseur* in that line. We are longing to know whether he has a special weakness for black Wedgwood, or does that remind him too much of his calling?

* *

Poor Dr. BODIE! It now looks as if he had not even obtained an old waistcoat for his £8,000.

* *

The small boy who writes to ask whether Bunyan Sunday, which was celebrated recently, has any connection with the Harvest Festival, which is held on the occasion of the Ingathering of the Corn, is recommended not to attempt humour till he is of riper years.

* *

The Bi-hop of HULL, we are informed, is suffering from a severe strain of the ankle, caused by slipping on a banana skin. What bishops say on such occasions is still a matter of mystery.

TO INTENDING BARRISTERS.

I GATHER from the weary and not a little sour expression on their faces that my friends William, James, George and Henry are on the eve of yet another examination. These incorrigible fellows always seem to be being examined nowadays, and from that I suppose that there is among the examiners one confirmed optimist who does not despair of finding some good in one of them. But even he may eventually get annoyed, so I have

decided to forecast one or two of the questions which will probably be asked of them, and to set forth the answers thereto in such a pleasing and instructive style as is bound to secure the passing of any one of them who will take the trouble to learn such answers by heart. This indulgence I do not limit to William, James, George, or Henry; any examinee in the world is welcome to use them in whatsoever subject he may be examined, for one should never tie oneself too closely to the subject matter of the question actually asked. I have chosen the subject of Law, because my four weary and sourfaced friends are going to be barristers, and I cannot believe that they would submit to an examination in Botany or Logarithms.

Question 1. "Distinguish a crime from a tort."

Winning Answer. "One cannot be too careful in distinguishing crimes



Householder. "VERY HANDY, THESE BIJOU RESIDENCES. I JUST KNOCK A NAIL IN THIS WALL AND HANG UP MY HAT, AND THEN GO INTO THE BEDROOM AND HANG UP MY COAT!"

trouble will begin, we imagine, when the lady is informed why the gentleman proposed.

* *

In a recent paper Dr. JOHANNES MENLI-HILTY recommends us to abandon the customary position of the body during sleep, and instead to place the feet higher than the head. But this is not a new idea. Gentlemen who have dined well have often been known to sleep quite soundly with their feet on the pillow.

* *

At their forthcoming Congress the Socialist Labour Party will consider the adoption of distinctive colours for election purposes. Yellow and black have been suggested. A pretty compliment to the advanced Radical Press and to the undertakers.

* *

Marriage à la Carte is the title of a



'ARRY AT THE MOTOR SHOW.

"'ERE, COME ALONG, 'ERR—WOT'S THE GOOD O' LOOKING AT THAT? CAN'T YER SEE IT'S SOLD?"

from torts. However much alike they may at first sight appear to be, there is that in their natures which is so totally different, so, one might almost say, diametrically opposite, as to lead one later to wonder how the deuce . . . I should have said, how in the world one ever came to regard them as standing in any need of being distinguished. The short truth is this: crimes are crimes and torts are torts all the world over. Given a thing which might be either, there is one efficacious and entirely conclusive test. Examine it minutely, and, if the criminal element preponderates, it is a crime; if the tortious, it is a tort."

Question 2. "Does the Statute of Limitations apply to parol contracts? Give your reasons."

Winning Answer. On the one hand a statute, being a statute, applies to everything. On the other hand this statute has, confessedly, its limitations. Yet it was no doubt with a view to its applicability, either to parol contracts or something else, that the Legislature hit on the happy device of a Statute of Limitations. I feel it is not for me to look too closely into the motives actuating a body of men so vastly superior to myself as the British law-giving authority, but since I am pressed by my indulgent examiners to state my opinion, I will

now proceed to do so, demonstrating incidentally on what grounds I establish the very definite conclusion at which I arrive." (Let me now inform you, William, James, George and Henry, that the defeating of this question is a matter of guile. Having contrived to be near the bottom of a page by this time, you finish off with the words:—"The question, does the Statute of Limitations apply to parol contracts, may be answered decidedly in the . . ." Say that was page 5, you number your next page "8," and proceed as under. It would be unwise to make any reference to the possibility of some of your pages being lost before they reach the examiner. His suspicions might be aroused. Much better let him tumble to it himself.)

"Page 8.
"of Limitations. For those, among other reasons, it will be clearly seen that the answer stated above is the right one, and the contrary opinion, though often urged with apparent seriousness in our courts of law, entirely mistaken."

Question 3. "A. is the owner of a house. B. also is the owner of a house. The houses of A. and B. adjoin. C. is a bankrupt, and has made a will in which he leaves £4,000 to D. D. has applied for debenture mortgage stock in the E. Company, Limited, to which F. is

secretary. Upon investigation it turns out that A., B., C., D., E. and F. are all one person. Trace the several effects upon the various civil and criminal rights and liabilities arising therefrom."

Winning Answer. "Much might be said on this most interesting point, but this candidate prefers to deny himself the pleasure of a minute examination of the results of the circumstances described. Rather he intends to confine himself to a courteous appeal to the better nature of his examiners, and to beg of them as a personal favour that they will let him through this time. The candidate is a married man with twenty-five children and no salary. He bears an excellent character, and, if the Court will only deal leniently with him this time, there is bound to be such a burst of enthusiasm in home circles as cannot fail to result in a very pleasant theatre party and a most substantial supper afterwards at the Carlton, to which it is as good as certain that the examiners will be invited. This is mentioned as a matter of interest, and in no way as a bribe. Thank goodness, however England may have sunk in other matters, she can still boast the finest, least partial, least corruptible and best-looking examiners in the world."

NERO AND NEROINE.

Just as a matter of form I took a pair of gloves and drove round to the Galleries, but I did not expect to find anybody there. However, there appeared to be quite a lot of people.

"Then the dance has not been postponed?" I said to the man who accepted my coat.

"Hardly seems like it," he replied.

"Perhaps they haven't heard the news," I said; and I hustled off to find someone in authority.

A dear old friend, who used to share my Latin proses at school, approached, staggering beneath a weight of orders, ribbons, garters, rosettes and what not.

"Look here," I began at once, "this is no time for dressing up. We can't stand fiddling here while Rome is burning. You're a steward?"

"How did you guess?" he asked.

"Well, you must stop the dance. I suppose you've heard what's happened?"

"The question is, have you heard what's going to happen? My boy, I'm going to introduce you to the prettiest girl north of the Equator. Ah, here she is."

Mechanically I went through the introduction, and with a heavy heart broke into what the Press calls the "mazy waltz" with her. Feeling that the whole thing was some horrible dream I led her to a secluded corner, and offered a meringue, an ice, a cup of coffee, champagne cup, and a *marron glacé*. She refused them all.

"Yes," I said, "I agree with you. It is a mockery to sit here eating, when in the great world outside—"

"One can't begin after the very first dance, I always say."

"Sometimes I wonder if I shall ever eat again."

"Lots of people feel like that, just after— Oh, do let's talk about something else."

"There is only one thing to talk about," I cried. "The Constitution has been torn asunder—"

"I don't think you're doing what I asked you," she said coldly. "Have you been to many plays lately?"

"Plays! Haven't you heard the news? The so-called House of Lords—"

"Oh, politics! Do you know, I don't take much interest in them."

"This isn't to be dismissed lightly as 'politics,'" I said excitedly. "The whole world—north of the Equator—"

"Isn't that the music beginning? Let's go back, shall we?"

We went back; and I decided to leave the giddy throng in order to strike somehow a blow for freedom. Just as I had got my coat my friend the ambassador came up.

"A charming girl in green for you here," he said, taking me by the arm. "The best dancer south of the Aurora Borealis. Let me introduce you."

Once more I found myself treading the mazy whirl; once more I found myself sitting on the sofa in the little room on the right as you go downstairs.

"Have you been to many dances lately?" said the girl in green.

"Is this a time for dances," I said, sternly, "when all England is reeling under a blow dealt by a handful of hereditary irresponsibles? You have not heard the tidings? They have kept the ill news from you, fearing to mar your innocent gaiety? Yet the time must come when—"

"Oh, do tell me. I love anything exciting."

"A revolution has begun, the end of which no man can foresee."

"Oh where?"

"You ask me *where*?"

"Of course you mean in Spain. But then they're always having them there, aren't they? I think Queen ENA is so sweet, don't you? Isn't the floor good to-night?"

"Spain? What of Spain? We have had a revolution forced on us in England! In England, yes; but all Europe—south of the Aurora Borealis—"

"Shall we be getting back? It's so hard to hear the music from here. I suppose you've heard about the Budget being thrown out?" she went on, as we got up. "I'm so glad, aren't you? I hate horrid taxes."

As soon as I was alone again I dashed to the cloak-room, struggled into my hat and coat, and told the porter to get me a hansom. I would shake the dust of frivolity from my shoes, and—

"Hullo," said my friend the archduke, "you can't possibly dance in all those things. Leave 'em here and the man will give you a ticket. I have a delightful girl with golden slippers just round the corner—the best talker west of Suez. She wants to sit this out with you."

Ah, here at last was a girl who understood! She too had no heart for dancing.

We sat in silence for some time in the little room on the right as you go downstairs. Then I looked all round me, saw that we were alone, and said in a hollow voice:—

"When our shords are seethed—when our swords are sheathed there will not be one Duke left."

"Have you seen *Smith*?" said the best talker west of Suez.

"No. Are the chosen of the people to be thwarted by a handful of irreconcilables? Shall a degenerate—"

"Don't you love *MARIE LÖHR*?"

"Yes. Is the Representative House to be browbeaten—"

"Do you go to many plays?"

"Several. The battle is joined; the lists are set; like a trumpet-call to lovers of liberty comes—"

"Have you read any good novels lately?"

"Five. The revolution into which the haughty backwoodsmen have entered so lightly—"

"Do you rink a great deal?"

"Moderately. Are the lords of Wal-bottle, the patrons of the beer bottle, to dictate—"

"Have you been to the Motor Show yet?"

"No." I sighed deeply. "Do you mind if we stop for a moment?" I said. "I'm getting rather giddy."

* * * * *

"A ravishing creature in pink," said a voice after supper; "the jolliest girl outside Pwllheli. She's been keeping a dance for you."

"This is the best tune in the book," said the ravishing creature as we took the floor. "Don't let's lose any of it. You start with the left foot—one, two, three, *one*, two, three."

"Which foot do you go on with? That's much more important. I shall try the right . . . This is delightful. One of us must be dancing awfully well."

"I expect it's me. What have you been doing all day? Don't say 'working'; all the others said that."

"Ah! Well, the truth is—"

"Just as you like, you know."

"The truth is," I said firmly, "I've been reading the papers. The daily papers."

"All of them—even *The Financial News*? They're awfully exciting now, aren't they?"

"Yes. Oh, yes. Only—I think I must have read too many of them. One loses one's sense of proportion."

"I lose simply *everything*. Gloves, fans, handkerchiefs."

"Well, you very nearly lost *me*. I all but went after the third dance."

"Why? Did you have a very heavy partner?"

"No, not exactly that; but—I say, are you keen on—on politics and things?"

"Why, of course."

"Good. Then let's—let's talk about them . . . some day."

"Rather."

"Only not just now."

"Oh, no!"

"No, of course not. I say, have you any more dances to spare?"

"I think so. I'll see when we sit down. I'm enjoying to-night awfully, aren't you?" said the jolliest girl outside Pwllheli.

"Awfully," I said with conviction.

A. A. M.



"PICTURE PUZZLES." HARDEST PUZZLE OF ALL—TO FIND THE HOSTESS.

PAIRED OPINIONS.

FREQUENT inquiries reach us from conscientious voters as to the best way of arriving at an honest opinion upon a debatable question like Tariff Reform, when so many authoritative views are daily thrust upon them. Thus:—

- (a) What Mr. BALFOUR thinks.
- (b) What Mr. BALFOUR used to think.
- (c) What Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL says.
- (d) What Mr. WALTER LONG maintains.
- (e) What the hired roughs at Bermondsey thought.
- (f) What the hired roughs at Horley thought.
- (g) What Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said in 1884.
- (h) What Mr. DUMPHREYS said all along.
- (i) What Mr. BALFOUR declared about Old Age Pensions.
- (j) What Mr. URE subsequently reiterated.

Our answer is that frigid and calculated organisation is necessary; method alone will bring peace. Let the conscientious voter do as we do—paste on uniform cards all the statements as they appear, put them in a drawer, go through them every week, take out and destroy all pairs (i.e., statements which cancel one another), and decide, for the time being, by such arguments as remain, if any.

The above list appears, on the face of it, to promise great confusion of conscience. Actually, it is quite simple, the pairs being, of course, as follows:—a, b; c, d; e, f; g, h; i, j. An opinion formed before these arguments were put forth would therefore remain intact.

The filing system, thus adapted to politics, not only brings mental quiet and ensures a right decision, but affords pleasant recreation during the winter evenings, highly instructive to the little ones.

LINES TO TWO LIBERAL KNIGHTS.

STOUT *shikaris* tiger-hunting are accustomed, ere they shoot,
To invoke Sir PERCY BUNTING, to adjure Sir JESSE BOOT.

Savage Dukes, their hecklers fronting, grow incontinently
mute

If they see Sir PERCY BUNTING or espy Sir JESSE BOOT.

Freshmen on the Cherwell punting, as they twang the festive
lute,

Serenade Sir PERCY BUNTING and extol Sir JESSE BOOT.

Hooligans, their stature stunting with the premature cheroot,
Quail before Sir PERCY BUNTING, blench before Sir JESSE BOOT.

Pigs at once refrain from grunting, owls instanter cease to
hoot,

Daunted by Sir PERCY BUNTING, chidden by Sir JESSE BOOT.

Engines in the act of shunting shriek with ecstasy acute
If they see Sir PERCY BUNTING or behold Sir JESSE BOOT.

E'en the year's autimnal tunting brightlier glows on leaf and
fruit

Wheresoe'er Sir PERCY BUNTING wanders with Sir JESSE BOOT.

"The most successful of the three dances was the Daffodil, a charmingly pretty waltz which introduces the pas de cheval, this being the first time, so far as is known, that this movement, suggestive of the prancing horse, has been introduced into any ballroom dance."

Daily Mail.

The writer must be mistaken; we have certainly noticed this movement for years past.



First Farmer. "'ERE, YOU REMEMBER TELLING ME YOU GAVE YOUR 'OSS TURPENTINE WIEN 'E 'AD COLIC."

Second Farmer. "AY!"

First Farmer. "WELL, I GAVE MY 'OSS TURPENTINE, AN' 'E DIED."

Second Farmer. "WELL, MINE DIED TOO!"

THE BRITON'S BIRTHRIGHT.

Extract from a letter condemnatory of the increased duty on whisky:—"Some persons are born teetotal to their own misfortune, others achieve teetotalism by their own weaknesses, but the men who have made this nation for us, and we who have yet to consolidate our great Empire for our descendants, are men of strength."

O, WHA but we should rule the sea?

The men o' "pith an' power,"

Wha spread the sway we haud this day,

They aye were hauf-seas-owre.
Where'er the Union Jack has flown,
Has followed Britain's law—

"One race, one speech, one flag, one
Throne,
One dram"—or maybe twa.

Thae feckless, puir, teetotal loons,
For them yur heart is wae!
Hoo can they ken the strength o'
men

Weel primed wi' usquebae?
The nation's wark is no' for them;
They e'en may lay it down;
They little think it's nocht but Drink
That mak's the warld gae roun'.

Though fules may jibe, we 'll aye
imbibe

The spirit o' the age,
An' stootly stan', as straucht's we can,
Tae guard oor heritage;
For gin it hap we should let drape
The knack o' gettin' fou—
Britain beware! for then and there
Ye meet yer Waterloo!

BOOKMEN AS CANDIDATES.

THE announcement that, like Mr. METHUEN, Mr. HEINEMANN also contemplates entering the Parliamentary arena comes as no surprise to those who have been watching the trend of ambition in literary circles.

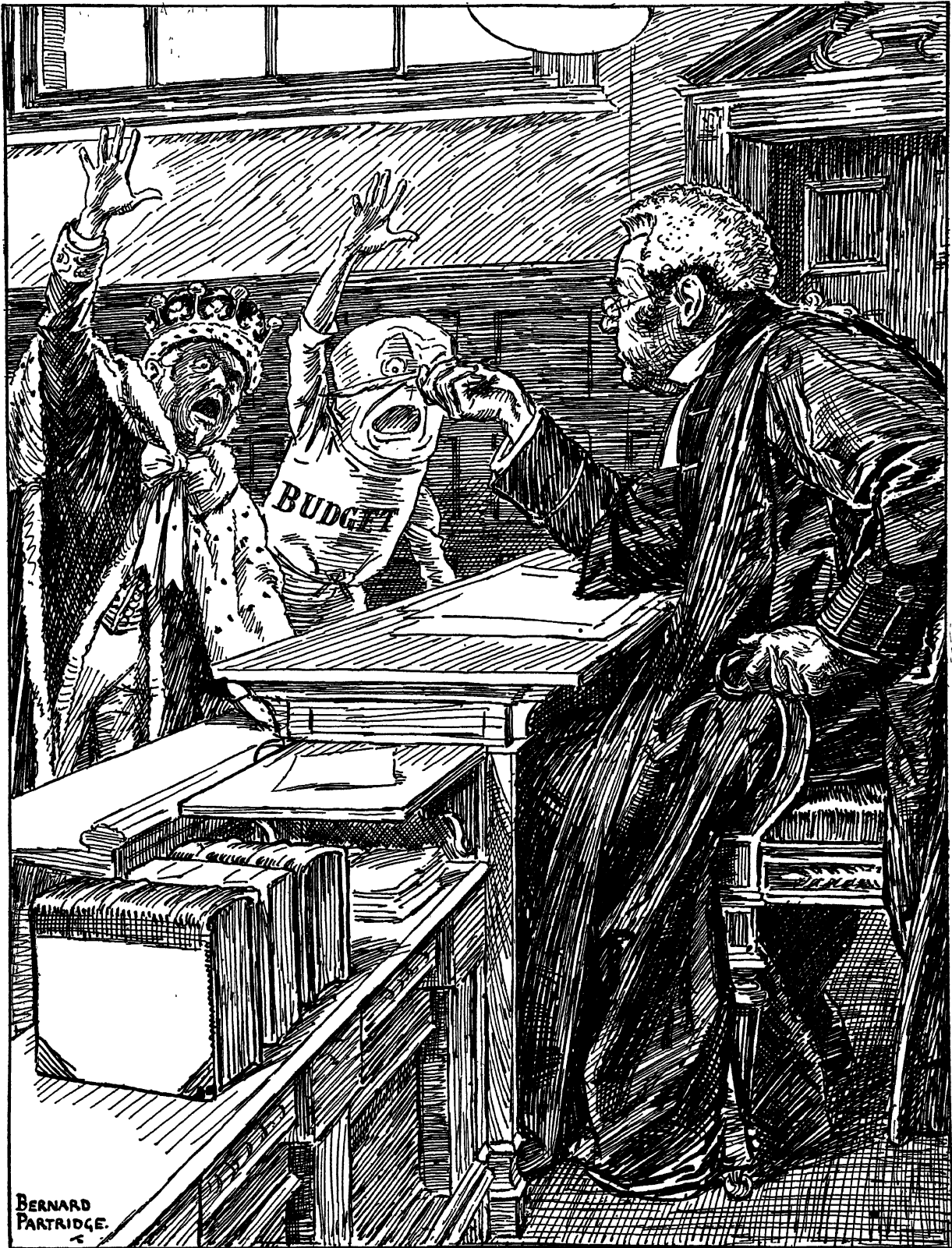
Mr. HEINEMANN's first intention, we understand, was to offer himself as a candidate for the Isle of Heinemann, as his famous client, Mr. HALL CAINE, wittily calls it. Imagine his disappointment on ascertaining that the Isle of Heinemann has no representative at Westminster! Mr. HEINEMANN, however, has since been greatly gratified by the pressing invitation of the Bayswater International Association that he should come forward as an Independent candidate in the Humanitarian interest.

Enormous satisfaction is expressed in Nonconformist literary circles at the announcement that Sir WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.O.K., O.O., will contest the Crockett division of Galloway in the Kailyard interest. There was some natural disappointment in the hop county that Sir William was not going to carry the banner of Lloyd-Georgian Reform to victory at the head of the Men of Kent, but it is generally admitted that the claims of the Kailyard Caucus were irresistible. Mr. DAVID LYALL and the Reverend CLAUDIUS CLEAR have already thrown themselves into the campaign with extraordinary energy, and there is hardly a hamlet in the whole division which has not already been waked to ecstasy by the intoxicating eloquence of those two superb and pathetic orators.

Mr. JOHN LONG, on recently being asked whether he was going to stand for Parliament, returned a somewhat enigmatic answer. "Whether I go to Westminster or not," he replied, "at any rate I mean to stand by Wales."

Mr. EVELEIGH NASH, it appears, also favours the gallant little Principality, a safe seat having been offered him in Cardiganshire. Asked why he was attracted to this particular locality, Mr. NASH observed, "Cardiganshire has always appealed to me through its picturesque qualities and associations. What should we do without Cardigan waistcoats? The town of Cardigan, perhaps you may not be aware, has two stone bridges across the river Teifi, an old and stately church, and the remains of an ancient castle famous in Welsh history. I feel that as its Member I should be able to do much to restore the fallen fortunes of this romantic spot."

Lastly, Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, it is freely bruited in Fleet Street, is considering the urgent request of the Haworth Liberal Association to stand for that division of Yorkshire.



CHARGE AND COUNTERCHARGE.

HIS HONOUR JOHN BULL. "AND WHICH IS THE PLAINTIFF?"

BOTH. "ME, SIR!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



AWFUL SCENE OF GLOOM AND DEJECTION, WHEN THE MINISTRY HEARD OF THE LORDS' DECISION TO REFER THE BUDGET TO THE COUNTRY.

House of Lords, Tuesday, November 16.—Something delightfully casual, superbly English, about Parliamentary manner at great crises. To-day climax reached in first stage of one that promises to exceed any that have shaken the country since Reform Bill times. Incidentally, but primarily, existence of House of Lords as partner in legislative machine is at stake.

Common knowledge that LANSDOWNE, punctual in his place at 4.30, carries in waistcoat pocket the final, irrevocable challenge to fight to the finish. Yet attendance limited to a score of Peers. On front bench to right of Woolsack CREWE and GRANARD sole representatives of a threatened Government. For companions on the other side of Table, HALSBURY, CAWDOR, LONDONDERRY, SALIS-

BURY, MARLBOROUGH, DONOUGHMORE and ASHBOURNE support their Leader.

Brief pause followed on striking of half-hour. Silence broken by voice of LANSDOWNE, discovered standing at Table with fateful scrap of paper in hand.

"My Lords," he said, "I beg to give notice that on the second reading of the Finance Bill I will move that this House is not justified in giving its consent to this Bill until it has been submitted to the judgment of the country."

That was all. Had he been observing across the Table into the languid ear of Earl CREWE that it was a fine day, there might have been more inflection of emotion in his tone, more of flutter in his manner. CREWE seemed on point of replying, "Yes, but rather cold, don't

you think?" Recognising irrelevancy of remark he forbore.

No cheer burst forth from confident Opposition, no sharp response from jubilant Ministerialists. AMPHILL put a question as to position of British Indians in Transvaal, and House proceeded to deal with the Orders of the Day.

HALSBURY'S imperturbability a cloak for exuberant honest satisfaction.

"This'll teach 'em, Toby, dear boy," he said, as we crossed Lobby by closed doors of deserted, desolate Commons. "Those Radicals, with URE at their head, have been putting about stories to effect that we, the old nobility, are influenced in opposition to Budget by personal considerations, strengthened by sympathy with an honourable Trade.

It is true LLOYD GEORGE, with Welsh attorney instinct, mulcts landowners in various ways. Increases the Death Duties; invents a Super-tax specially designed to catch a pensioned ex-Lord Chancellor. Also puts up charges on Licensed Victuallers. What of that? LANSDOWNE's amendment distinctly shows that all we think of is the welfare of the country. We are not going to sit by and see it trampled upon by the vote of 300 so-called representatives of the people. Lord Codlin is the friend of every man who has a vote. Mr. Short is a fraud."

"But," I asked, "isn't there some little difficulty on a constitutional question? Didn't you in 1897, when SPENCER, KIMBERLEY, and other Liberal Peers desired to move amendment to Voluntary Schools Bill involving money question, quote with approval Sir THOMAS MAY's dictum that 'all aids and supplies to His Majesty in Parliament are the sole gift of the Commons, not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords?' And didn't you thereupon declare SPENCER's Amendment out of order?"

"Tut, tut, TOBY, M.P. You are, after all, a sort of child in these matters. We were in office at the time. The Bill to which you allude was *our* measure, and we weren't going to have it mauled by Liberal hands. Suppose you never heard of the retort of LITTLETON upon COKE in a famous leading case, 'Circumstances alter cases?'"

Business done.—Lord LANSDOWNE tables amendment disposing of Budget Bill.

Wednesday night.—From darkest depths of disputation round Irish Land Bill the MEMBER FOR SARK has always seen the stars. It seemed all up with the bantling when the Lords almost literally mangled it. Certainty of early funeral confirmed when the Commons, disdaining to discuss the Lords' amendments *seriatim*, disagreed with them *en bloc*. But there's money in it, and SARK does not remember a case when either Irish landlord or tenant refused to take cash from the Saxon.

Facts of case simple. GEORGE WYNDHAM's well-meant scheme for facilitating transfer of Irish land from owner to tenant has broken down owing to faulty financial provisions. These ST. AUGUSTINE proposes to remedy. The bonus bestowed by the Wyndham Bill by way of oiling the machinery of transfer was twelve millions sterling. The Bill Lords and Commons have been playing battle-dore and shuttlecock with proposes to throw in an extra three millions, completing a total of between seventy and eighty millions, for which the British tax-payer, that modern ISSACHAR, an ass borne down by cruel burdens, will provide.

Controversy between Lords and Commons arose upon landlords and tenants fighting each other for larger share of the plunder. To-night, Bill comes back for the consideration of Commons' reasons for disagreeing with Lords' amendments. The landlords, justly fearful of losing the bone whilst snatching at its reflection in the brook, cave in and agree not to insist on their amendments.

That all very well if they stopped there. Proceeded to carry others less drastic but not more likely to be accepted by Irish Nationalists. So Bill goes back to Commons, still in peril. But, as SARK insists, an additional three millions is not to be wantonly chucked away.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill further considered.

JUST AS YOU LIKE IT.

[Being a close adaptation of "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 5, including the famous invocation, "Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame."]

Mr. Asquith sings:

UNDER ST. Stephen's fane,
Who would with me remain,
Tuning his merry note
Unto old CODDEN's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But Free Trade and fair weather.

Mr. Balfour sings:

Who doth all dumping shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Growing the food he eats,
Content with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But Tariff and fine weather.

Mr. Lloyd George sings:

Since it has come to pass
That every idle ass
Loves his own wealth and ease,
Grown rich by slow degrees
(Dukes dam'em, dukes dam'em, dukes
dam'em):
He, even he,
Well tax'd shall be
An if he will come to me.

Mr. Asquith.—What's that "Dukes dam'em"?

Mr. Lloyd George.—'Tis an East End invocation for calling fools within my circle. I'll get my Bill passed if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the well-born in England.

Mr. Asquith.—And I'll go worry the Lords; their ruin is prepared. [Exeunt.]

The French Manner.

"The Committee appointed as its chairman Professor G. F. Charnock, and embraced a number of gentlemen of recognised ability."—*The Engineer.*

FROM THE ETHICAL BILGE-TUB.

WE have received the appeal of "The International Order of Ethics and Culture," which seeks to replace "our crumbling religions" with a brotherly friendship "founded on the mutual inspiration of social-ethical actions." The "programm" of the new Order is quite in keeping with these high aims. It "prescribes moral and financial help for all the progressiv currants [*sic*] as far as they are in accordance with the principles of the Order," and creates

"a sort of community whose meetings are open for everybody, official speeches in the case of funerals, weddings and in other important and emotional events of life if somebody is asking for it or if the clergyman refuses the attendance."

The organisation of the Order is absolutely democratic:—

"We are fighting dogmatism of any kind as well as every worship of authorities. In our circles there shall be cultivated but noble friendship. We remark that we exclude from our meetings any acoholic beverage, doing so for the sake of opposing the unreasonable drinking customs and in order to secure the majesty and the earnestness of our work. We acknowledge by this the full right of the antiacoholic movement and other social and ethical movements of the kind, but we don't command our members any obligation of such kind for their private life."

After all, the best guarantee of the seriousness of the new movement is afforded by the list of its officers and supporters. The President of the International Central Committee is Miss Gertrud Woker, of Berne, and amongst others "the following personalities have declared to be in accordance with the aims of the Order":—

Rev. E. Baars, Vegesack (Breme).
Prof. Dr. Odo Buijwid.
Paul Geheeb, Pedagogist.
Miss Mally Kachel.
Leopold Katscher.
Dr. A. Suter-Ruffy.
Dr. Saleeby (London).
Director Kiss, Budapest.

But the names of distinguished men and women of science are not enough. "Homes must be established everywhere . . . To found a Home we want but 5 plucky persons who devote about 2 hours weekly to our cause." We sincerely trust that this interesting community will lend such impetus to the progressiv currants that they will sweep away the vicious customs of the past in an avalanche of antiacoholic enthusiasm.

"On Saturday the Sutton Town Band returned the compliment by coming to Epsom, where an enjoyable programme was given by the Town Clock."—*Epsom Advertiser.*

Unfortunately the repertoire of our town clocks is so very limited.



Highland Ferryman (during momentary lull in the storm). "I'M THENKIN', SIR, I'LL JUST TACK YER FARE; THERE'S NO SAYIN' WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TAB US."

LIEUTENANT SMITH.

[Territorial officers are sometimes mystified at the strange way in which words of command are mutilated for the sake of smartness at the Chelsea School of Instruction: the Guards, for instance, execute certain movements on the word "Hipe."]

LIEUTENANT SMITH, a "Terrier," fared forth to learn his trade; Boldly he went to Chelsea School and stood upon parade. They rated and they humbled him; and then, when all was ripe, They crowned his efforts with a smile and taught him to say "Hipe."

With rare enthusiasm filled, back to his corps went he, Resolved that all should share his luck and learn this mystery. He proved to all his N.C.O.s that any form or type Of movement could be carried out by merely shouting, "Hipe."

Amongst a batch of raw recruits he chanced to get to know A butcher with a splendid voice who hailed from Pimlico; When evening fell this man was wont to shout the joys of tripe Smith made him sergeant on the spot, and changed the word to "Hipe."

Intoxicated with success, he madly cast away His whistle and his compass, and even his *épée*! And when on Company Parade bestowed an extra stripe On Corporal Jones, who gave the word: "Move to the left in—Hipe!"

At length the Adjutant, informed of Smith's insane career, Took the young man apart, and said, "None of your Guards' tricks here; You've done your duty, passed your Schools; but now, Sir, you must wipe Your military tablets clean: we can't put up with 'Hipe.'"

My tale is done: the maggot word had camped within his brain.

'Twas two years later when I saw Lieutenant Smith again; I met him in a country place where I was shooing snipe; Poor chap, he scares the hungry crow; and all he says is "Hipe."

CROWNED CRITICS.

AFTER inspecting the famous wax bust in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, the Emperor of GERMANY has declared that he has no doubt that it is a genuine Leonardo, and rumours are current that, following his great example, other exalted personages are prepared to make similar pronouncements and settle once and for all the disputes of artists, archæologists and historians.

The King of GREECE, for instance, is said to have expressed his royal conviction that the ninth and tenth books of the *Iliad* are both up to sample, and that the *Odyssey* was not written by a woman; he also exonerates PHIDIAS from the accusation of having carved portraits of himself and PERICLES on the shield of Athena. Just at present he is preparing an authoritative plan of the battle of Salamis (480 B.C.) in order to clear up a few points that have puzzled historians.

King VICTOR EMMANUEL, again, has promised the POPE to look round the galleries of the Vatican some afternoon and settle the dates of one or two disputed pieces of statuary.

It will also come as a great relief to many hesitating antiquarians to learn that the KHEDIVE is assured that the great Sphinx is genuine, and was probably there in the time of MOSES.

President FALLIÈRES is another exalted *cognoscente*, and is preparing a monograph showing the original disposition of the lost arms of the Venus of Melos.

Meanwhile Big BILL TAFT won't say whether Cook got to the Big Nail or not.

THE GOLD-FISH.

WHEN Saccharissa said she wanted some gold-fish I naturally asked why. These were her "reasons":—

- (a) I want them.
- (b) They look so tweet and twinkly in a dear little bowl.
- (c) They are soothing to watch.
- (d) Their up-keep costs so little.
- (e) The water absorbs the gases in the room.
- (f) I want them.

I countered thus:—

- (a) You don't *really* want them.
- (b) The stars are tweeter and twinklier "in that inverted bowl we call the sky."
- (c) You can watch me smoking.
- (d) When Tariff Reform comes their food may cost us more.
- (e) I can be no party to fish-poisoning.
- (f) I don't.

She listened patiently, murmured "Yes, darling, but—" at intervals, kissed me resignedly, and said, "Well, dearest, if you're *determined* . . . and I had set my heart on them."

So of course I bought a couple of the little beggars next day.

Saccharissa greeted me rapturously, dropped the bowl on the floor, and screamed. William and Mary (I had named them already) lay gasping.

"Oh, Jack, what shall we do?" she wailed.

"Give them air!" I shouted. "Or, rather, water. Quick!"

She flew for a basin and returned panting. Then, as she hates clammy things, she picked them up with the fish-slice and dropped them into their native element. They looked almost as relieved as Saccharissa.

"Will it hurt them, do you think?" she quavered. "Is there anything else we could do?"

"Well . . . we might put a dash of whisky in, to buck them up a bit, but—"

"Cruel!" she flashed, "to make fun of a dumb—"

"All right! Try them with an ant's-egg—one each—mustn't let 'em gorge."

A couple of ant's-eggs were administered, and, would you believe it? that hog William snaffled both.

"Oh, poor Mary!" said Saccharissa. "And I'm sure she's starving—see how she keeps on opening and shutting her mouth!"

"Merely bad language," I said. "The water deadens the sound."

"Do you think so? . . . Well, I wish she wouldn't—it looks perfectly *bestial*. Jack, why don't they drown when they open their mouths?"

"Because they breathe with their gills, of course. Fancy not knowing that!"

"But their gills are open too," she objected.

"How on earth could they breathe with them shut?"

"Ye—s, but why—"

"Mary is ready for another ant's-egg," I said firmly. "Tempt her to beg—see if she'll stand on her tail. I'll keep William off with the paper-knife."

Mary was uppish and refused to beg. As for William, I was simply disgusted. After several futile efforts to elude the paper-knife he went to the bottom and sulked—like a naughty child.

"Stir him up," said Saccharissa. "I'm sorry he has such a vile temper. Stir him up!"

"Give me an egg-whisk," I said, "and William shall think he is helping at a performance of 'The Maelstrom' at the Hippodrome."

"No, we mustn't be heartless. Just a weeny poke."

I gave him a "weeny" poke, and William simply hared round the basin, looking as sick as mud.

"That's enough," said Saccharissa presently, "or else he'll get curvature of the spine. We mustn't over-tire him, bad though he is. Oh, I am glad you bought them, Jack! They will be a perpetual source of joy!"

"H'm!" I grunted.

She tended them zealously for three days, "changing the water" whenever she felt dull or had nothing special to do. William had a near shave in the sink once. If the grating had been a hair's-breadth bigger, or if William had eaten fewer ant's-eggs for breakfast, his number would have gone up. The fourth day she asked me to feed them, as she was "busy." The next day they were forgotten altogether, and starved. Saccharissa, on discovering her error, wept bitterly and grossly over-fed them.

For a week they batted on a generous diet; then she was "busy" again and I had to feed them.

I fed them without protest for three days. Then I reminded Saccharissa that they were her fish, not mine. She said—quite mildly—"Yes, dear."

After a fortnight had passed without change, I suggested that as the fish had lost interest for her I might at least get some fun out of the investment. Why not a bent pin and a worm, or races in the bath?

The idea "did not appeal to her."

Disgusted at such ingratitude, I advocated a little dinner to our *parvenus* friends, the Browns. Why not take the shine out of them with an up-to-date savoury, "Gold-fish on Toast"? She said I was always thinking of my—of food.

So I said, "Dash it! We are both sick of them. Let's give them away!"

"What a waste!" she said.

* * * * *

It was a real relief when the cat did a little fishing on her own account.

A CITY SHOW.

[The Lord Mayor of London is said to be anxious to restore the old system of apprenticeship.]

My Lord, once more in "old Cockayne"
Your words have found my thoughts
a setting;

I draw on Fancy's strings again
And set her puppets pirouetting;
The curtain's up, then, trumpets blare;
No waits occur at Fancy-Fair!

Your bold apprentice from his bench
I see play truant down the alley
To watch a fight, or woo a wench,
Or, leaving cares of task and tally,
He goes by Holborn Bar to see
A junketting at Tyburn Tree.

Then o'er a tankard in the Chepe
I watch some swell Dick Turpin
racket,

Gape at his ruffles' dainty sweep,
Admire the lace upon his jacket,
And see the silver-mounted pair
Of barkers which I knew he'd wear!

I watch him toss his liquor down;
The still-room maid he gaily banters;
He flings the grinning boos a crown,
Jumps on his mare, and off he canters;
A dirty scoundrel? Oh, of course!
But what a seat upon a horse!

I hear the mail-guard blow his horn,
I chat with watchmen in the porches,
I see a golden summer morn
Steal up and drowse the linkmen's
torches,

Before my Lady mounts her chair
For Lincoln's Inn, from Crosby Square!

* * * * *

Thus, then, and thus my mummers play;
They bow with old-world airs and
graces;

Then through the misty wings they stray
Back to the silent, shadow places,
To wait in some dim green-room's hall
For Fancy's cue—for Memory's call!

Our Boys.

"Rudgard carefully cut the tip off his cigarette. . . . He drew his liqueur stand towards him, and, pouring out a glass of ab inthe, drank it off at a gulp."—*Daily News* feuilleton.

The young dog!

The Modern Shoot.

"Mr. M. J. Sutton's shooting party had a capital day's sport on the Holme Park estate. Eight guns accounted for over 500 head of pheasants, ducks, hares and rabbits, most of which had been most generously distributed locally and otherwise."—*Reading Mercury*.

Once more the idea of making two of the above words lean to the right is ours.



THE PRIVATE VIEW.

Lady Goldberg. "WELL, GENERAL, WHAT WERE YOU AND YOUR CHARMING DAUGHTER SAYING ABOUT MY PORTRAIT?"

Ga'lant General (who prides himself on his tremendous tact). "MY DEAR LADY, I MAKE IT AN INVARIABLE RULE ON THESE OCCASIONS NEVER TO REMARK ON ANY PORTRAIT. THERE IS TOO GREAT A CHANCE OF THE ORIGINAL BEING WITHIN EAR-SHOT."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It looks as if ROBERT HICHENS, in his recent trifle, *Barbary Sheep*, was giving us a little of the superfluous material left over from the preparation of his present larger work, *Bella Donna* (HEINEMANN). In both novels he handles the same rather distasteful theme, the passion of an Englishwoman for an Oriental. But, while in *Barbary Sheep* the lady's infatuation was abrupt and improbable, here, in *Bella Donna*, he is dealing with a type that is clearly *capable de tout*. It has been a weakness with Mr. HICHENS to be too expansive. Usually, instead of putting himself to the pains of selecting the one right word or phrase, he gives us a round score to choose from. And in *Bella Donna* he still seems to mistrust the imagination of his readers and even to doubt if they are giving him their full attention; for he is constantly reminding them of his Nile background with its familiar noises and movements. But, apart from this reiteration of certain details, the old fault has been amended. From the first page, where he introduces a most intriguing portrait of a fashionable doctor, the story is told with an economy of language which increases with the growing interest of the action. In the last half, indeed, we are scarcely allowed breathing-time for reflection; otherwise we should perhaps wonder whether he has provided *Bella*

Donna with an adequate motive for the attempted destruction of her husband by poison. Certainly no sufficient argument is advanced to show that his elimination was an essential to her freedom, she being the woman she was; or that she was likely to feel more comfortable in the rather variegated *ménage* of the Græco-Egyptian *Baroudi*, if she had joined it as a widow rather than as a runaway wife. But I was too well entertained to worry much about this. What did worry me a little was the author's reference to ROBERT BROWNING as having carried his new wife away "to the peaks of the Apennines." There can no longer be any need for concealment in the matter; anyhow it is an open secret that he took her to the low-lying plains of Tuscany to keep her warm. To have exposed her on the snow-bound summits would have been a cruel experiment, which might well have justified the indignation of his father-in-law.

Poor distressful old Ireland! People who write novels about it always will try to make their fiction funny—I suppose for the sake of contrast with the tragedy of its figures and failings and facts. *The Search Party*, by Mr. G. A. BIRMINGHAM (a name which has already, I fancy, had something to do with the making of Irish history), is, according to Messrs. METHUEN, "pure comedy from beginning to end." Inconsequent, farcical, comic-opera kind of comedy I should call it; tolerable and even amusing with lights and music and pretty faces and dresses to help it out. But in cold

prose it is like the little girl in the nursery rhyme. If it is to be good, it must be very, very good. Otherwise—but perhaps I had better explain what the search party were after. It is not, as you may be thinking, a case of *cherchez la femme*; the hunt is after the village doctor, the village buffoon, two M.P.'s and a sergeant and constable of the R.I.C., kidnapped one after the other and shut up in the same room by an alien manufacturer of bombs, who had lately settled in the part of "Connacht" to which four of them belonged. At first no one but the doctor's sweetheart seemed to think his disappearance at all odd, but at last with great difficulty she persuaded the M.P.'s wives, and the local Peer (there is always a local Peer in Irish stories), and the rest of the local constabulary to join in searching for the missing men. And when they found them they were all playing leap-frog in their dormitory prison, M.P.'s, doctor, sergeant, constable and buffoon, and making no attempt to escape, though they knew that their captor had got away in his motor-car fourteen hours before. And the end of the comedy was that they all agreed to say nothing more about it, an example which I cannot do better than follow.

Draw in your Stool, says OLIVER ONIONS, says he; and so I did, and listened, under the auspices of Messrs. MILLS AND BOON, to a considerable number of short stories with plenty of the right stuff in them. Perhaps the least successful effort is the first, which deals with a romantic episode in the grand old days of *Dec. Jun. Brutus* and *J. Caesar*, just before the siege of Massilia (705 A.D., I fancy). No doubt Gaulish galley-slaves had their sentimental passages at the period, but the "carry" is a bit too long for my imagination. The next, which describes a bull-fight, is vastly better; but the author shines most, I think, in Yorkshire, whether on the moors, by the mine head, or along the coast, and "The Golden Farmer," "Jacques," "Kerberry," and "The Splosher" are all very good. The last story, too, deserves special mention, because there is a murder in it, perpetrated (if that is the word) with an icicle broken off a pump-spout. Here, I think, Mr. ONIONS has shown himself unenterprising to the last degree; he ought to have spun the story out into a serial, and offered blood-money for the solution of the "Mystery of the Manor Yard." Suppose there had been a thaw next day, where was the evidence? Anyhow, *Draw in your Stool* by all means and ye winna regret it.

I wonder whether, when MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON had written her latest novel, she was a little at a loss what to call it. If so, she had decidedly a happy thought in giving it the title it now bears, because *Happiness* (METHUEN) is a story less of particular events than of life in general, and compact of "a number of things" making for contentment or the reverse. Naturally, however, this makes the book almost impossible to describe in detail. I shall content myself with a record of my personal pleasure in it, and the remark that of the many characters that crowd a very wide surface I was most interested in that of old *Telham*, the oilcloth millionaire, whose efforts to win happiness for himself and others meet with such pathetic disaster. For the rest, the book struck

me as essentially feminine (in the best sense). It is full of delightful women, very wise and modern and subtle, holding broad views upon life, and perhaps just a little too ready to express them on all occasions, with special emphasis on topics that must, some years ago, have been left untouched. In her desire for sincerity the author has at times been (if I may say so very gently) a little too contemptuous of mere tiffence. But, this apart, *Happiness* remains a notable achievement in modern fiction, and that sadly rare thing, a novel that is worth buying to read and keep.

Upon the fifteenth page of *The Last Lord Avanley* (MILLS AND BOON) I read, "Then, for the first time, she saw that his face was not the face of a man, but of a wild beast, and in spite of the pleading look in his large, lustrous eyes, a wave of revulsion swept through the girl's whole frame." And afterwards, at great length, GERALD MAXWELL describes *Millicent Tabor's* struggle to like this unfortunate being well enough to marry him. What, however, I feel most forcibly about the book is the pity that so much labour has

been wasted upon such an unsavory subject. Sympathy both for *Lord Avanley* and for his mother I can feel poignantly; I am conscious also of the atmosphere of doom and terror which surrounds this man with the monster's face; but in his love-affair I can feel no sympathetic interest whatever. Indeed, "a wave of revulsion" sweeps over me, too, at the thought of it. *Lord Avanley* has, of course, to die, so that life may be made easy for *Millicent*, and I must admit that his death is most elaborately and thoroughly stage-managed. This was only fair to him, for the wretched man had had but a poor show in the drama of life.



Maid "DINNER IS QUITE READY, SIR"
Poet. "HUSH! A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT IS HOVERING NEAR ME.
I MUST SACRIFICE THE SOUP!"

Moretum is, I understand, a Latin word signifying a peculiar kind of salad, a mixture of herbs and condiments

mentioned by VIRGIL. This information comes from a *junior optime* in the Mathematical Tripos, and may, therefore, be accepted with every confidence. *Moretum Alterum*, recently published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, is a literary salad composed by J. B. WINTERBOTHAM. His ingredients are a cultivated mind, wide reading, sympathy, a happy knack of quotation and allusion, and a pleasant gift of expression in a considerable range of subjects. Result, a book of essays which may be read with profit, interest and amusement by many sorts and conditions of men. Not the least attractive part of the volume consists of the sonnets which are interspersed between the essays. These display no ordinary mastery over a difficult form. I hope we shall have more from Mr. WINTERBOTHAM—more both of essays and of sonnets.

Sir HENRY NORMAN on the crisis:—

"The incredible has happened. It will be followed by the inevitable." A very tame sequel.

"Wanted, Emma, Kidnapped, Two Years Ago, Salem Chapel, cheap; books, magazines, in exchange."—*The Lady*.

"Cheap" seems the right word. Certainly the reward offered for the unfortunate child after two years' absence is not excessive.

CHARIVARIA.

"I BEG to move—" said Lord CREWE in the House of Lords by way of opening the historic debate on the Finance Bill. If he could have his way, some of us would soon have to beg to live.

The other day the streets of Berlin were almost impassable owing to the impossibility of finding sufficient out-of-work men to clear away the snow. This fact is being used by Free Traders here as one more example of the horrible consequences of Protection.

"There is nobody," said Mr. URE at Ripley, "who does not know quite well that we have ceased to be a self-governing people." Perhaps the most terrible example of this loss of self-control is to be seen in the growing tendency to inexactitude.

The unkindest cut of all! Mr. BIRON, the magistrate, in the course of a case at the Old Street Police Court: "Is Mr. Ure in favour of the Budget?"

The sours of victory! Mrs. PETHICK LAWRENCE assures the Liberals that their experience of the past four years will be nothing in comparison with what the Conservatives will have to undergo if they prove intractable on coming into power.

That delightful writer, Mr. A. E. W. MANON, has been complaining that his duties as a Member of Parliament make it difficult for him to write novels. We understand now the pressure that has been brought to bear on several literary men to become candidates.

At the same time, seeing the extent to which politicians are indebted to fiction for their facts, we should have thought it ought to be possible to arrive at some kind of working arrangement.

The Express has been asking, "Which

is Britain's sunniest spot?" and, with splendid local patriotism, a Bermondsey man writes to ask us whether we know that the South of London is the Riviera of the Metropolis.

Much is made by our newspapers of the preparations in Germany for "the inevitable war." It is good to know that our military authorities are also

tinkling fustian." This curious material sounds a little like brazen shoddy.

The following significant advertisement has recently appeared in a newspaper:—

Young llama, trained to saddle; suitable for a boy; as good as pony: price 30gs.

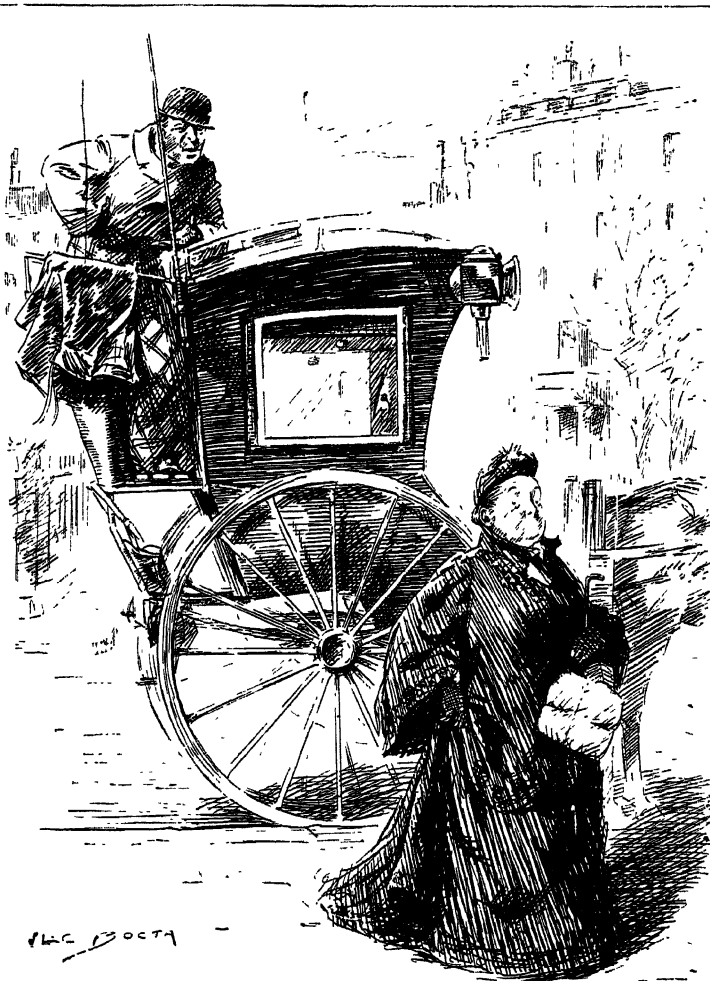
This confirms the report that people are giving up their llamas in favour of motor-cars.

With reference to the correspondence in *The Daily Mail* on the subject of Round Churches, we believe that they are by no means such rarities as is generally imagined. We know a number of parsons who are square men in round holes.

Twenty missionaries of the sect who call themselves "Pillars of Fire" have arrived from the States and will endeavour to convert London. The title of the sect, so peculiarly attractive during a cold snap, is characteristic of American cuteness.

A new giant apple from California, known as the Winter Banana, has made its appearance at Covent Garden. It now remains for the West Indies to retort with a banana named the Spring Apple.

It seems peculiarly appropriate that Mr. CHURCHILL should have charge of the Assurance Companies Bill, seeing that he is one of the most prominent exponents of this art.



"SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE."

Cabby (on receiving his minimum mile fare in coppers). "ONE FOR THE MISSIS, ONE FOR MESELF, TWO FOR THE NIPPERS AND—(forte)—I'LL BANK THE REST."

moving. The London Gazette announced last week that it has been decided that the First Military Member of the Army Council, who has hitherto been styled Chief of the General Staff, shall hereafter be styled Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Our dear old friend, *The Daily News*, has fairly lost her head over the present situation, and is becoming almost incoherent. "The House of Lords," she says, "has many a time heard the vices of the House of Commons denounced in

"Thousands of people gathered round the station and raised deafening cheers as his Lordship was seen discussing the s aircase from the platform."—*Glasgow Herald*.

The painting of this historic scene has, we understand, been entrusted to Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER.

"All that man could do Shackleton and his companions did, and there will be few Englishmen who will not read the narrative without a thrill of pride."—*Daily Telegraph*.

This handsome appreciation is freely quoted in advertisements. Some publishers are easily pleased.

ON THE STUMP.

THE news that the House of Lords is about to tour the country has been received with great enthusiasm by both parties. *Mr. Punch*, however, is afraid that some of the peers may not live up to what is expected of them, and he has, therefore, prepared two or three examples of the sort of speech that is wanted. These speeches are not written for Lord ROSEBERY's well-tried "Hundred and Fifty," but for the great mass of Tory Peers who have not as yet taken a prominent part in political affairs. To those of them who insist on speaking quite sensibly and articulately *Mr. Punch* can only express his regret that they should be willing to shatter yet another national belief.

I.—For a Dull Duke.

My lords, ladies and—h'm, ha—gentlemen. My—er—ladies and—er—gentlemen, I have thought it my duty, ladies and—h'm, ha—gentlemen, to come before you this evening, or, as I might say, to-night—to—er—on this auspicious occasion—h'm, ha. And when I say "auspicious occasion," ladies and gentlemen, I mean that the occasion has come, has—h'm, ha—in fact, arrived, when—h'r'r'r'r'm—it is an auspicious moment to—h'm, ha—come before you. H'r'r'r'r'm. We are faced, gentlemen, we are, I say, faced by a constitutional—h'm, ha—crisis in the—er—constitution, unprecedented, I say without fear of—without fear of—of—contradiction, *unprecedented*, lademen, that is, gentlies—h'r'r'r'r'm—*gentlemen*, in the history of the—h'm—constitution. That will not be denied. This constitution, this, I should say, crisis in the constitution has not been provoked by *Us*. We, ladies and gentlemen, in the exercise of our—h'm, ha—established right, what I might call—what, h'm, I think it will not be—er—traversed—traversed, as I say, by our bitterest opponent as our established right, even by those who—h'm, ha—in fact by—er—who seek to abolish us. H'r'r'r'r'r'r'm. On the one hand we have this ancient House, of which I have the honour to—h'm, ha—to form no inconsiderable—I should say some inconsiderable—in fact belong, whose hallowed rights—h'r'r'r'r'm—whose rights, as I have already—h'm, ha—established are hallowed by the—er—by undoubted—er—h'r'm—by the—er—sanctity of centuries.

That will be admitted. On the other hand we feel—and it is because I feel it so strongly, ladies and gentlemen, that I am among you to-night, in order to put before you my views on this great constitutional crisis. H'r'r'r'r'm.

Our opponents have—h'm, ha—not hesitated—they have not hesitated, ladies

and gentlemen, to allege that the basest of motives are inspired, that, I should say, we owe our inspiration to—that in fact we are basely inspired by motives which—h'm, ha—by—er—base motives. H'r'r'r'r'm. To that motive, to that allege—h'm, ha—allegation I give a qualified—an unqualified denial. Gentlemen, whatever our motives, and speaking for myself I can claim that I have been—h'm—*actuated* by, without any qualification whatsoever—and when I say qualification, ladies and—h'm, ha—gentlemen, I do not mean to imply—h'r'r'r'm—but as I say to *actuate*—the, er,—*inevitable*—inevitable consequences—consequences set up by—er—as I have said, to deny the allegation—h'm, ha—without qualification of—*a-a-a-tish*—the motives—h'r'r'r'r'm—of, in short, the Budget. (*Loud applause.*)

II.—For an Irresponsible Earl.

Dear old souls, here we are, all the whole jolly lot of us, met together in solemn conclave about this dam rotten Budget. What price "solemn conclave"? I thought of that in my little bath this morning. "Archibald," I said to myself as I turned out for sponge drill, "you've stepped right on to it! 'Solemn conclave.' You're amongst them, pride of the harem." What?

Well now, about this dam Budget. I mean, whose jolly old idea was it? Give you my word it wasn't mine—never had any sort of head for figures. I know at school when they used to ask me to *prove* that if two sides of a triangle were equal then the squares on the hypothenuse were parallel, I always used to say, "My dear old spot, if Euclid says it is so, I take his word for it. He's been in the business longer than I have and he ought to know more about it. But of course if dear old Algebra says it isn't (and *he's* had his sign up quite as long as Euclid, I should think), and you want me to give a casting vote, well then what I say is, Let's toss for it. Heads Euclid, tails jolly old Algernonbra. Heads! There you are then."

Yoicks!—gone away. Where were we? Oh yes, the Budget. Well, I don't profess to be much of a cheese at geography, but I do know what Welshmen are famous for. "Also ran—Benjamin Trovato." What? Keep your eye on me and don't believe anything that the six-and-eightpenny *in re* merchant from Cambria tells you. "Cambria" is fairly torrid—I got it from the Harmsworth Atlas. "Wales, formerly called Cambria"—sort of Polly Jones, *née* Smith, don't you know?

Well, as we were saying, dear old souls, they passed along the Budget and we hoofed it out; and now I've been sent down here—and jolly glad I am to see you all looking so chubby and well

—to tell you *why* we applied the boot. Well, why did we? I'll give you two free guesses. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and try your luck. What, no entries for the manicure set and the hem-stitched handkerchief? Look here, I'm simply giving them away. Oh, all right then, I'll tell you myself.

We chucked out the Budget, ladies and gentlemen, because it was a *dam rotten* one. (*Loud applause.*)

III.—For a Backwoods' Baron.

Ladies—and—gentlemen, I have been asked—to explain to you—why we rejected—the Budget. When I was last in London—in 1893—I helped to reject—the Home Rule Bill—of the traitor GLADSTONE. Ladies and gentlemen, I was proud to have done my duty then—and I am equally proud—to have done my duty to-day. There are amongst us—certain progressive spirits—upon whom—all true patriots—must act as a check. My father—opposed—as long as he could—the introduction of railways—into this country. His advice—was in the end—disregarded. When I travelled up to London—last week—I felt more than ever—that my father was right. The country, gentlemen—has been spoilt. On my way yesterday—to the Zoological Gardens—I was disgusted to learn—that these vandals had burrowed—even under the earth. Coming back—from the British Museum—last Monday—I was horrified to discover—that trams passed along the Embankment. Had I not been ill—I should have voted against that measure—as, I understand—did many of my colleagues—in the House. At Madame Tussaud's—two days ago—I looked back—upon all that has happened—in the last fifty years. And all the misery—and unhappiness—that is to be found—in the villages and towns to-day—must (I decided)—be put down to—the curse of elementary education. Ladies and gentlemen, I say—without hesitation—that the lower classes—should have been left where they were—that in raising them you have raised a monster—worse than any that Frankenstein brought into being.

Gentlemen, we rejected the Budget—because it sought to create war between the classes. England will never be at peace—unless the classes keep to their proper stations. The upper class to rule—and the lower class to obey. (*Loud applause.*) A. A. M.

"By this process any radicals can in turn be removed."

The above appears in *Hall and Knight's Algebra*; and since the introduction of the Budget HALL's letter-bag has had to be enlarged twice in order to meet the daily flow of communications asking for further particulars.



BIRRELL'S BANTLING.

IRISH LAND CHICK (*hatched with difficulty*). "BRAVO ! I THOUGHT WE SHOULD NEVER PULL IT OFF !"



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 4.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF PAINFUL PASTS.

THE GIRAFFE HUNTER.

THE INTREPID TEDDY'S NARRATIVE—WITH A
FEW INTERPOLATIONS.

(Puzzle: Find them.)

EARLY next morning I went back to camp, and soon after reaching there again started out for a hunt. In the afternoon I came on giraffes and got up near enough to shoot at them. But they are such enormous beasts that I thought them far nearer than they were. Too big to live, anyway. My bullet fell short, and they disappeared among the mimosas, at their strange, leisurely-looking gallop. Of all the beasts in an African landscape none is more striking than the giraffe, and none more in need of destruction. Usually it is found in small parties or in herds of fifteen or twenty or more individuals. Although it will drink regularly if occasion offers, it is able to get along without water for months at a time, and frequents by choice the dry plains, or else the stretches of open forest where the trees are scattered and ordinarily somewhat stunted. Like the rhinoceros—the ordinary or prehensile-lipped rhinoceros—the giraffe is a browsing and not a grazing animal. The leaves, buds, and twigs of the

mimosas or thorn-trees form its customary food. It never attacks anyone, being the gentlest creature breathing. Its extraordinary height enables it to bring into play to the best possible advantage its noteworthy powers of vision, and no animal is harder to approach unseen. This is, of course, very unfair to the hunter. Again and again I have made it out a mile off, or, rather, have seen it a mile off when it was pointed out to me, and looking at it through my glasses would see that it was gazing steadily at us. It is a striking-looking animal and handsome in its way, but its length of leg and neck and sloping back make it appear awkward even at rest; and no doubt it ought to be exterminated. When alarmed it may go off at a long, swinging pace or walk, but if really frightened it strikes into a peculiar gallop or canter very difficult to keep up with. They are defenceless things, and, though they may kick at a man who incautiously comes within reach, they are in no way dangerous. This makes them the more worthy of our soft-nosed bullets. An ex-President shooting at them runs no risks.

I was carrying the Winchester loaded with full metal-patched bullets. I

wished to get for the Museum both a bull and a cow. One of the three giraffes was much larger than the other two, and as he was evidently a bull I thought the two others were cows. As we reached the tree the giraffes showed symptoms of uneasiness. One of the smaller ones, being a coward, began to make off, and both the others shifted their positions slightly, curling their tails. I instantly dropped on my knee, and, getting the bead just behind the big bull's shoulder, I fired with the 300-yard sight. I heard the "pack" of the bullet as it struck just where I aimed, and away went all three giraffes at their queer rocking-horse canter in the most contemptible way. Running forward, I emptied my magazine, firing at the big bull, and also at one of his smaller companions, and then, slipping into the barrel what proved to be a soft-nosed bullet, I fired at the latter again. The giraffe was going straight away, and it was a long shot, at 400 or 500 yards, but by good luck the bullet broke its back, and down it came. No need to say how pleased I was. I had got another specimen for the Museum. The other bulls were now getting over the crest of the hill, but the big one was evidently sick, and we called and

beckoned to the two saices to hurry up with the horses.

I rode full speed after the giant quarry. I was on the tranquil sorrel, the horse I much preferred in riding down game of any kind, because he had a fair turn of speed, and yet was good about letting me get on and off. As soon as I reached the hill-crest I saw the giraffes ahead of me, not so far off as I had feared, and I raced toward them without regard to rotten ground and wart-hog holes: one must be reckless sometimes. The wounded one lagged behind, but when I got near he put on a spurt, and as I thought I was close enough I leaped off, throwing the reins over the sorrel's head, and opened fire. Down went the big bull, and I thought my task was done. But as I went back to mount the sorrel the cad struggled to his feet again and disappeared after his companions among the trees, which were thicker here, as we had reached the bottom of the valley. So I tore after him again, and in a minute came to a dry water-course. Scrambling into and out of this I saw the giraffes ahead of me just beginning the ascent of the opposite slope, and touching the horse with the spur flew after the wounded bull. This time I made up my mind I would get up close enough. Off I jumped, throwing the reins over my sorrel's head, and opened fire once more, and this time the great bull went down for good. I had got two of these rare and steadily disappearing creatures—no small thing. Unfortunately both were bulls, so I must go on prayerfully shooting all I can till a cow turns up.

The Memorial to Coquelin.

"'Messieurs, vous êtes ici chez vous,' said M. Claretie, when the party, including Sir John Hale, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. Max Beerbohm (representing Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree), Mr. Norman Forbes (representing Mr. Forbes Robertson), Mr. Henry Neville, and Mr. Gilbert Bayes passed from the committee-room where M. Claretie had received them, and where the solemn and dread committee of Sociétaires with full shares in the business of the House of Molière will sit, according to annual rule, in a month's time to consider the elections of new members, along the carpeted passages hung with pictures, into the green-room, which is a museum of sculptures and paintings."—*Daily Telegraph*.

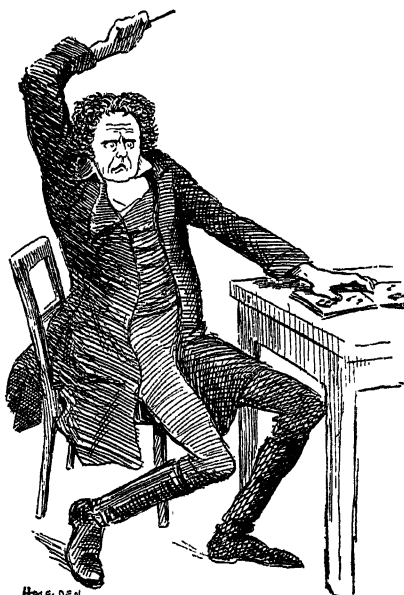
We understand that the compositor's reason for placing the full stop here was that the little box with the commas in was getting empty. But it seems a pity to have stopped the sentence just as it was getting into its stride so nicely.

We ought to add how pleased we are to see that the dramatic profession has reached the loftiest rung of the social ladder, and that its leaders are now "represented," just like Monarchs. This is the true Kingship of Art.

AT THE PLAY.

"BEETHOVEN."

It would be easy enough to make merry over the latest of Sir HERBERT TREE's sporting experiments, but a much harder matter to appraise it seriously or even to classify it. It is neither drama proper nor musical tragedy, but a sort of series of *tableaux parlants* with incidental music. The life of BEETHOVEN could not well have furnished stuff for an ordinary play, its chief tragedy being the deafness which not only cut him off from human intercourse but, by a cruel irony, forbade him the physical realisation of the products of his own art. In a sense the man is nothing; his music is everything. But since this was not to be an opera, and the orchestra was



SYMPHONIES COMPOSED WHILE YOU WAIT.

Beethoven ... Sir HERBERT TREE.

bound to play a subordinate part, it was necessary for the stage action to enforce the musical element, and this was achieved by the risky device of presenting the Master from time to time in the throes of composition—always a spectacle that threatens to come perilously near to the ludicrous—with the orchestra taking it down bar by bar. Compromises of this kind are not likely, however well handled, to satisfy either brand of critic—the dramatic or the musical.

The First Act introduced us, rather naïvely, to most of the known features of BEETHOVEN's career. The local atmosphere might almost have been cut with a knife. In a series of loosely-connected episodes, taking place in some Public Gardens near Vienna, we saw the Master applauded by his own circle, patronised by the Court, ridiculed by his bourgeois brother *Nikolaus*, attacked by a pre-

monitory spasm of deafness, jilted by a second-rate lady, and finally improving the occasion by sketching out, to her memory, the scheme of a Symphony.

The Second Act was much better. We had got to know him by now, and to take the atmosphere for granted. Here, too, the Master's egoism, the excessive interest he took in himself and expected every one else to share, seemed more human and excusable. For the physical tragedy grows before our eyes, till, in the midst of a rehearsal, it culminates on a sudden in a total loss of the sense which was his very life.

After this, the Third Act, in which we saw the dying of BEETHOVEN, was almost an anticlimax. It was eked out with certain painful family details which somehow seemed to miss their ironical purpose, and rather detracted from the dignity of the scene. Nor did I care very greatly for the introduction of the Nine Symphonies in concrete female form, with recitations for each—a touch of artificial phantasy which was rather worse than the sordid realism which preceded it. A passage from "The Ode to Joy," which followed immediately upon the musician's death, seemed rather untimely in its gladness.

Sir HERBERT TREE must be complimented three times over. First for his make-up, which was marvellous; secondly for his unusual success in merging his own personality in that of his character; thirdly for the art by which he made us realise the pathos of that physical infirmity which seldom receives a fair solace from men's sympathies.

The other parts were negligible. Mr. EDWARD SASS as *Nikolaus* had most to say; but it was on very obvious lines. The orchestra, under the clever conduct of Mr. LANDON RONALD, who made the selections, all from BEETHOVEN, was perhaps the best feature of the evening. I am not sure that we should not have had a better time if the music had gone on all the while. Sir HERBERT, disguised as the Master, might have conducted.

A Russian Tragedy, which concluded the entertainment, was a sort of potted *Tosca*. Mr. HENRY AINLEY, who had had a small and colourless part in *Beethoven*, was here himself again as a pallid Nihilist. Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL had a moderate chance that suited her well; but even her cleverness could not lend plausibility to the fatuous "confidence trick" by which the Governor of Petrovolsk allowed himself to be tied up for slaughter in the chains of his own prisoners. A few gallery hisses of a sympathetic character followed the fall of the curtain, but whether intended for the Governor, or his system, or a Tsar whose portrait on the wall was the constant recipient of loyal salutes, I am not prepared to say.

O. S.

A CLASSICAL CONTRAST.

["A marble Venus or a dancing faun would have no place under the roof of an English hall; I do not hold it for barbarism that any one would see the fire flash warmly upon a sideboard of plate rather than upon the marbles of the South."—*Evening News*.]

I HAVE (in bronze) a tiny
Adventuress of Greece,
A little laughing Phryne,
Upon my mantelpiece,
And when I see her smiling
Imagination strays
Once more in brave, beguiling,
Divine Athenian days!

Cool marble courts are ringing
As merry voices call,
Where girls are garland-stringing
For Springtime's festival;
In lanes of linkéd lightness
The roses rope, and flow
Blood-red upon the whiteness
Of chiselled Parian snow!

I have a pot of pewter,
And when the firelight gleams
It too will turn transmuted
Of commonplace to dreams.
Then, though the year's at chill Yule,
Once more in August's reign
I tee the pallid pilule
And win the thing again!

On turf of headland thymy,
Where brine-washed breezes strive,
I lay the subtle stymie,
I drive the spanking drive;
I see the grey tides sleeping,
I watch the grey gulls wheel,
Till through the dusk come creeping
The lights of distant Deal!

O pewter and O Phryne,
Since both of you may bring
Your visions blue and briny
Or garlanded of Spring,
I welcome you together
Upon my mantelpiece,
And love both magics, whether
Of England or of Greece!

THE CLAIMANTS.

["A valuable oblong diamond, set in a silver collet, is lying in the Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard waiting to be claimed. It was found in a cab in the West End, and the police are now endeavouring to discover the owner."—*Daily Express*.]

To the First Commissioner of Police.

I.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in *The Express* that our diamond has turned up safely. The loss of it has caused unspeakable grief both to my wife and myself. I shall be glad if you will send it to the above address without delay. It is an oblong diamond set in a silver collet, exactly as you describe it.

Yours faithfully, THOMAS DODD.



Elder Sister. "DO YOU WANT WOMEN TO HAVE VOTES?"

Younger Sister. "No."

Elder Sister. "WHY?"

Younger Sister. "BECAUSE I LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT THE SUFFRAGETTES."

II.

DEAR SIR,—In case you should not be successful in tracing the owner of the diamond in the silver collet I shall be pleased to value it for you, and buy it on the best possible terms. I may say that I have had many years' practice as an expert in precious stones, and only failed to be called in in connection with the Cullinan diamond through absence from town.

Yours to command, IZRAEL BOKAU.

III.

DEAR SIR,—The oblong diamond which you have found belongs to a lodger of mine who has had to take to her bed since she had the misfortune to leave it

in a cab in the West End, and is therefore unable to claim it in person. She has, however, given me the enclosed letter authorising me to call for it. I might add, for additional proof of the *bona fides* of this claim, that the collet in which the diamond is set is of silver.

Yours truly, G. NEWIN.

Enclosure.

DEAR SIR,—Please give to bearer the oblong diamond. I lost it, exactly as you say, in a cab in the West End. It is a very fine one, an heirloom, and I should hate to lose it. I was in despair till I saw your ad.

Yours sincerely, AGATHA DOPE.

AN EXAMINATION PAPER FOR PEERS.

[Lord ROSEBERRY suggested that only 150 Unionist Peers, specially selected for the purpose, should be allowed to vote on the Finance Bill. The following paper is one of those that would have been set in the Selection Examination.]

N.B.—Marks will be awarded for style and spelling.

(1.) State RICARDO'S Theory of Rent. Is it your theory? Show that (a) the prosperity of the country, (b) the happiness of the farmer, (c) the satisfaction of the agricultural labourer are dependent upon a rise in rents.

(2) "*I advise the Dukes to put away their pocket-handkerchiefs.*"

Who was the author of this saying, and why did he say it? Did they put them away, and, if so, where did they put them?

(3) Write a brief historical account of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, omitting any reference to (a) his being a Welshman, (b) his profession as a solicitor, (c) spoliation, (d) confiscation, (e) robbery.

(4) Where is Limehouse? In what year (if any) did Mr. GORRINGE rise to fame there? Describe shortly six of the natural beauties of the place.

(5) "*Money is tight.*" "*They have let loose Chiozza-Money.*" Discuss these statements and show that they are intimately related to one another.

(6) Write an account of four well-known malefactors in order to illustrate the career of COBDEN, and show that if COBDEN were alive now he would repudiate LLOYD GEORGE and support Lord LANSDOWNE.

(7) Cite at least five cases in which the foreigner has been made to pay, and show how he can best be prevented from carrying out his criminal intention of trading with this country. The nationality, age and fighting weight of the foreigner must be stated in each case.

(8) Write a short sketch descriptive of incidents in the daily lives of Mr. A. J. BALFOUR and Mr. URE on the supposition that they had both been cast away on a very small desert island in a frigid but not necessarily calculated latitude.

(9) "*I see no more difference between a Labour Representative and a Socialist than I do between a coloured gentleman and a full-blooded nigger.*"—Lord Newton in the House of Lords.

Discuss this statement in the manner of CHARLES LAMB, and give other examples of light badinage from their Lordships' debates.

(10) Show that the Land Taxes of the Finance Bill will produce no revenue and will ruin the owners of all agricultural land exempted from their operation.

THE SMALLEST MONSTER ON RECORD.

WITH reference to the "monster" demonstration of outraged Britons which occurred near the House of Lords last Thursday, some uncertainty as to the exact numbers will have been noticed in the daily press. *The Daily News* says there were 9,000 present, *The Daily Chronicle* 5,000, and *The Morning Leader* "about two or three thousand." The last-named journal should do better than this if it wants to get on; but meanwhile we follow our habitual practice with regard to Radical demonstrations, and accept the smallest figures admitted by any Radical paper.

Unless the People's indignation shows a marked improvement, instead of a monster procession to Hyde Park, protesting citizens will probably be invited to make their way to the more suitable surroundings of the Eustace Miles Restaurant.

There is a strong feeling in certain quarters that the authorities should now recognise that demonstrations are a necessary medium for the expression of opinion, and should make proper provision for them. It is suggested that Parlia-

ment Square should be reduced in size by building extensions to render it more cosy for these monster displays. In cold weather the draughts are most uncomfortable, if you are not properly crowded. It is also held that the police told off for duty at demonstrations should not be of the ordinary kind that push one about and actually walk their horses on the pavements, but should be picked men of mild physique.

THE SCARE-HEAD DIALECT.

JUDGING from the sensational contents-bills of the newspapers and the hysterical head-lines of some of their leading articles, it would appear that the resources of the English language are likely to be a little strained during the course of the impending electioneering contest. Lest any foreigners or simple-minded folk should be led astray through being unable to discount the perfervid expressions of party phrasemongers, it seems advisable to subjoin a short vocabulary of political idioms with their current interpretations:—

PHRASE.	EXACTITUDE.
The Lords Declare Civil War:	The Peers prefer to let the nation decide on a measure.
The Enemy:	Fellow-subjects who don't happen to agree with you politically.
The People:	Fellow-subjects who <i>do</i> , to the exclusion of all others.
Forcing a Revolution:	Spoiling the Christmas holidays with a General Election.
High-handed Tyranny:	Acting without consulting your opinion.
Tearing Up the Constitution:	Not being convinced by your arguments and asking for better authority.
Letting Loose Chaos:	Allowing the country to be run for a few weeks by steady-going permanent officials instead of excited politicians.
Smiting Them Hip and Thigh:	Getting rather the best (or possibly the worst) of a verbal encounter.
Ure Another:	My dear Sir, I am almost inclined to question the validity of your somewhat sweeping assertion.

No doubt many similar flowers of speech will crop up and wither during the next few weeks, or, as our political stylists would put it, the full-fledged upas-tree of blighting metaphor will deafen the open-mouthed electors with the Malebolge of party invective. We can only hope that Truth will be stronger than Faction, and wish ourselves a speedy issue out of all our exacerbation.

"There was a balloon descent near Falmer on Saturday afternoon. It contained two passengers who had travelled from London, and came down on Newmarket Hill on realising that they would otherwise be probably carried out to sea."—*Sussex Daily News*.

Some of these balloons are so human that they seem to do everything but talk.

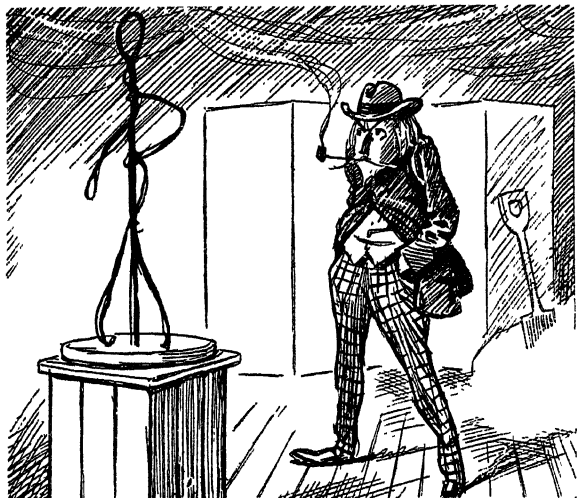
Dr. NAPIER, M.P., in *The Daily News*:—

"500 Liberals could be easily found who would esteem it an honour to sit in the House of Lords for a year for the special purpose in question, and afterwards, if thought advisable, to pass an Act to disperse themselves."

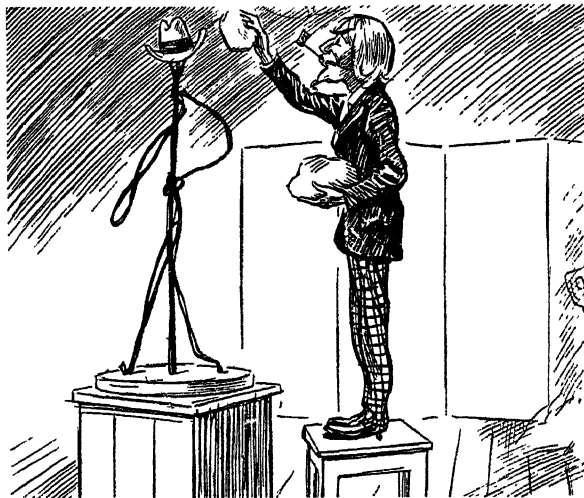
After which we should have the evening papers coming out with a placard, "Sensational disappearance of 500 members of the aristocracy."

HOW A SCULPTOR REALLY WORKS.

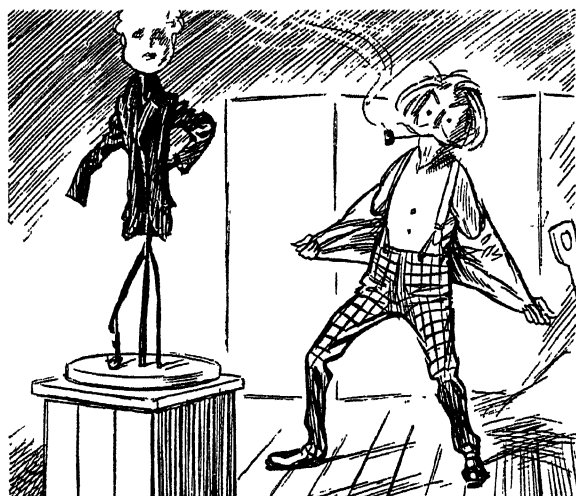
(As revealed by a recent controversy.)



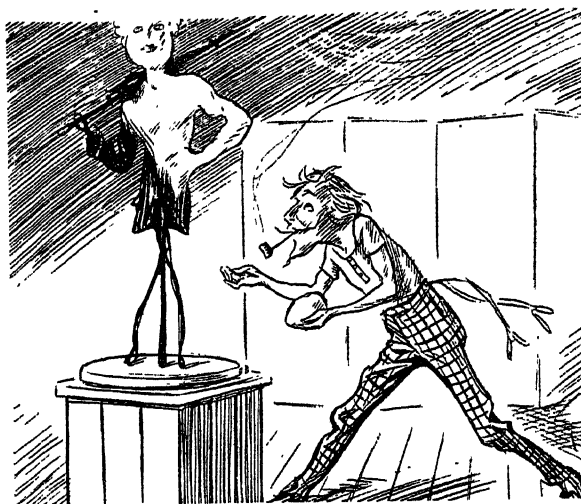
WAITING FOR INSPIRATION.



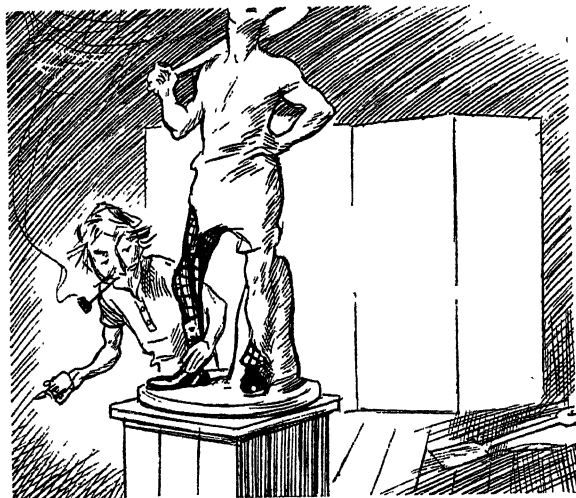
THE START.



GROWING ENTHUSIASM.



SATISFACTORY PROGRESS.



ANY SACRIFICE IN THE CAUSE OF ART.



TRIUMPH!



"WHAT'EVER MADE THEE MARRY, JOHN—AND THEE SEVENTY?"

"BECAUSE I THOWT, LAD, IT 'UD BE NICE TO THINK THERE'D BE SOME 'UN TO CLOSE MY EYES WHEN TIME COMED."

"CLOSE THEE EYES! WHY, MON, I'SE HAD THREE WAVES, AND THEY'S ALL ON 'EM OPENED MINE!"

THE MARKET FOR MOTLEY.

["There ought to be scope for every variety of poetical energy, and in our cynical society the dearth of witty, ironical, and satirical verse is serious."—*Athenæum*.]

IN an age that is hollow and humdrum,
And heedless of all that is grand;
When the epic is burst like a dumb drum,
And lyres have gone out of the band;
When we faint with the flippant and caustic,
Ye gods! shall they ask us to use
(It's enough to make anyone's jaw stick)
A jocular Muse?

There's a want of satirical rhymesters,
A dearth, they declare, of the clown!
When the soul of a decadent time stirs
The staidest to stand on his crown;
Why, I tell you, my dear *Athenæum*,
The bardlets whose absence you weep,
They are blocking the kerbs: one can see 'em
Like so many sheep.

It's the bane of my life; it's the sorrow
That pierces the lobes of my heart
And impends like a cloud o'er the morrow—
That everyone will be so smart;
No longer the rhapsody pleases,
The rage of our forefathers clogs,
Young poets are packed full of wheezes,
The humorous dogs.

I rather lament and look back (but
In vain) to the season of song,

When the sound of the lute and the sackbut
And serious music was strong;
To the days of the leonine bangers
Of harps with their wrath and their woe,
When Parnassus was roaring like Sanger's
Or Wombwell his show.

I pine for the lachrymose ditty,
I weep for the ponderous ode,
I hate all this stuff that is witty
And meant to make people explode:
For the trade in the verse that is pungent
(Compared with the songs that are sad)
Is too overcrowded, and one gent
Is feeling it bad.

Budget Processional.

AIR:—"Marching through Lloyd-Georgia."

[With humble acknowledgments to the talented author of the song of which copies were distributed among the people whom Captain Hemphill had invited to assemble in Parliament Square for the purpose of a demonstration against the Lords.]

THE land! the land! 'Twas LLOYD that pinched the land!
The land! the land!—don't get behind the band!—
With the Ballot in his eye and the Budget in his hand,
LLOYD pinched the land for the People!

"A newspaper in Indiana, with seemingly the best authority, publishes an interesting article concerning a blind German inmate of a poor-house who goes hunting with a revolver and seldom fails to return without game."—*Manchester Evening News*.
Very natural and satisfactory.



TAKING THE RISKS.

PILOT LANSDOWNE. "FULL SPEED AHEAD!"

EX-PILOT ROSEBERY. "LOOKS A BIT THICK, DOESN'T IT?"

PILOT LANSDOWNE (*cheerfully*). "CAN'T HELP THAT—FULL SPEED AHEAD!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

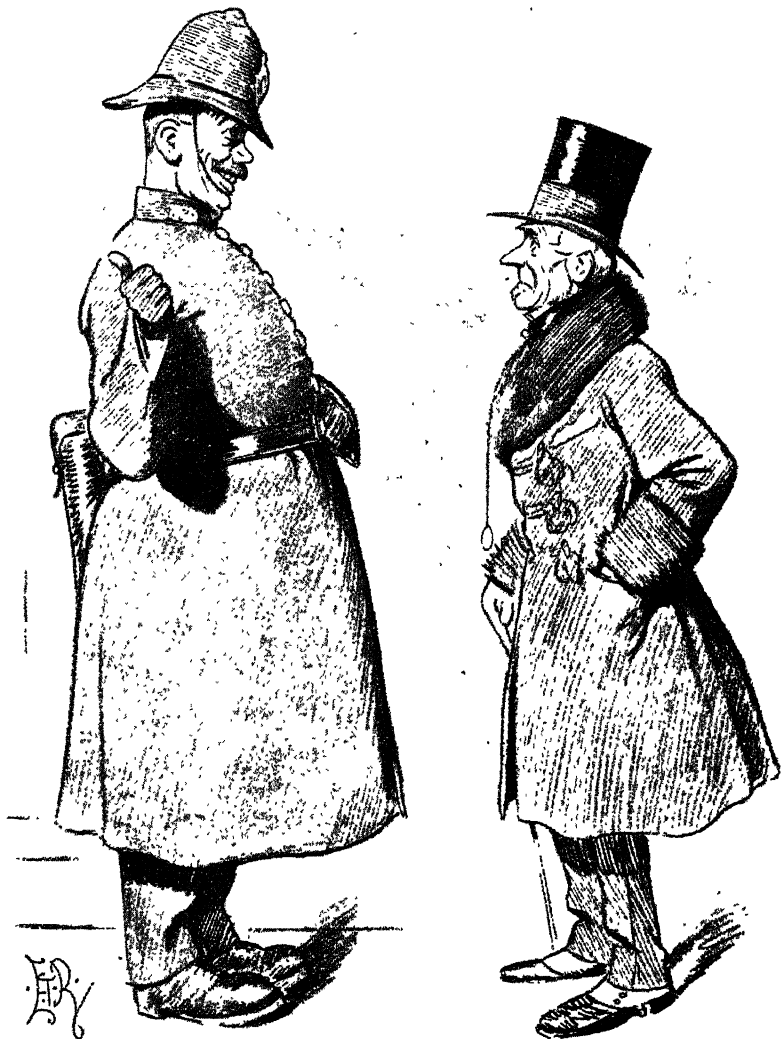
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, November 22.

—An interesting day for strangers fortunate enough to lead the long queue patiently waiting for admission to gallery. Pleasure greatly enhanced by surprise. Had heard of disproportionate forces in rival camps. Prepared to see Ministerial benches a wilderness, faced by crowded Opposition seats. And lo! there was not a vacant place on benches to right of Woolsack. Above the Gangway serried rows of senators in sober-hued costume suitable to the weather. Below, a cluster of white-robed Bishops suggesting a flock of gulls taking shelter from icy gale. (The word here used strictly in ornithological sense.)

Explanation of rare phenomenon obvious. The Opposition, streaming in from far and near, overflow their banks like Tweed in time of torrent. Sweep over and fill hollow places across the floor. For the Backwoodsmen, brought up at a trot to save their country, situation had no embarrassment. Many didn't know one side of House from t'other. Found it convenient to hear LANSDOWNE and HALSBURY addressing them face to face.

Second surprise ruffled Strangers' Gallery when LANSDOWNE rose to move amendment. With cry of "Revolution!" ringing in their ears they expected its titular Leader to dress the part. Cap of Liberty on head, blood-red sash flung over shoulders, weighted with a scimitar or two. That was the sort



"A STRANGER IN THESE PARTS."

Peer from the Backwoods. "Constable, where is the House of Lords?"

Policeman. "Where's the 'Ouse of Lords, Sir? why, close 'ere. Bear round to the left by Oliver Cromwell;—but 'ow long it's goin' to be there, I shouldn't like to say!" (Retires chuckling.)

of thing that seemed suitable to occasion. "Instead of which" there stood at the Table the mildest-mannered man that ever wrung the neck of an ancient Constitution. Scrupulously dressed, frigid in manner, rarely raising voice above conversational tone, CITIZEN LANSDOWNE opened a campaign fraught with vital interest to the country, destinies of political parties and fate of House of Lords.

In the duel which promises to be historic first blood drawn by CREWE. As Leader of House, his duty to move second reading of Budget Bill brought in fresh from Commons. A clumsier tactician would have followed course common to ordinary business. Would have explained and extolled the measure, expressed horror and indignation at threatened action of Opposition. CREWE played a finer stroke. What was

Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? This was the Budget Bill, making provision for national finance and allotting its expenditure. He was a simple peer, member of a branch of the Legislature which, according to constitutional precept and the usage of centuries, has no hand in framing or remodelling Budgets. His duty entirely formal—to move the second reading of a Bill which, unless immemorial practice were departed from, would in equally formal manner be accepted by both sides.

Nay, so thoroughly imbued were noble lords with a sense of their duty, that after mutely reading the Bill a second time, they would, unless we were born to a new earth, a new heaven bending over us, suspend Standing Orders, pass it through Committee, read it a third time, and so home to dinner.



"FAR BE IT FROM ME."

"The Budget has the unpleasant aspect of being both crude and vindictive. I do not say that it is crude and vindictive. Far be it from me to say anything of that kind." (Laughter.) (Lord Rosebery.)



LIGHT-HEARTED REVOLUTION.

Lord Willoughby de Broke. "Oh, never mind that knife, I want to read you a little light verse before you go by one of England's greatest poets—Bromley-Davenport."

CREWE played his part admirably, and with pretty air of surprise heard LANSDOWNE in what was the only acrid passage in his speech denounce and deride the procedure.

Quite in order after LEADER OF OPPOSITION had fired first gun that Ministers should make response. Knew where they were now. War openly declared against dominant position of Commons in relation to Budget. By one of these fortunate accidents that occasionally mark Parliamentary manœuvring, LORD CHANCELLOR had brought down with him a few notes suitable for reply to LANSDOWNE's speech. These he produced, and expanded them in moderately brief discourse listened to with breathless interest by assembly that thronged a chamber usually half empty.

Odd to note, with full knowledge of

all the scene imported, that there was almost total absence of demonstration of feeling. Had the Commons been about the business, storm of cheers and counter-cheers would have interrupted and inflamed successive speakers. The rising of LANSDOWNE, with a multitudinous majority at his back, was greeted by perfunctory cheer. His best points were hailed with grudging approbation.

LORD CHANCELLOR for most part spoke in equally chilling atmosphere. Only once was there sharp cheer from the Liberals leavening the lump of Backwoodsmen invading their territory. It rose when he read from his notes the evidently well-weighed words: "It is impossible that any Liberal Government should ever again bear the heavy burden of office, unless it is secured against a repetition of treatment such as our



Lord Londonderry contributes a little fuel to the flames—delivered on the premises free of charge. No "scuttle" for him.

measures have had to undergo during the last four years."

Business done.—On motion for second reading of Budget Bill LANSDOWNE moves amendment which he explains is not designed to throw it out; merely to prevent its passing.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—After fortnight's holiday, Commons back to grindstone. Pretty full attendance, notably in Irish camp habitually empty during debate on Budget Bill, save when it touched liquor question. To-day Lords' fresh amendments to Irish Land Bill under consideration. As anticipated, risk of losing the Bill (and the extra millions it divides between Irish



STANDING UP TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.—The Marquess of Salisbury makes the best speech of his life.

landlord and tenant) averted. REDMOND *ainé* and JOHN DILON unite in denunciation of servility of ST AUGUSTINE to landlord influence. Several divisions taken, with pleased assurance that they could do no harm. Will look well in the home papers, showing how alert and implacable are our M.P.'s. MOORE of Ballymoney, who knows his countrymen, summed up situation in shrewd remark.

"Hon. Members below the Gangway," said he, "are ruthless in pointing out the shortcomings of the Bill. When they go back to Ireland they will say to the people: 'Look what a splendid Act we have secured for you, wrung from the hands of ironclad landlords and a lukewarm Ministry!'"

House of Lords still debating amendment to Budget Bill. Everyone regrets absence of the mover. Having his appointed task, LORD LANSDOWNE yesterday gallantly performed it, though sorely handicapped by a severe cold. To-day wisely stays at home.

Among speakers, WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, introducing himself as "a member of the struggling and deserving class of Barons," beat the record. Quoted at length what is, as far as memory goes, the worst bit of so-called poetry heard in either House for half a century.

"An extremely amusing parody on *Locksley Hall*," he described it by way of introduction.

Proved to be the sort of poetry that *Silas Wegg* wouldn't have "dropped into" except on double terms of extra payment. The lines barely scan and utterly fail to catch the swing and rhythm of a familiar verse singularly easy to parody. Here are a couple by way of sample. They forecast a state of things prevalent after "the rhetoric and vulgarity of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has jockeyed, bullied and jostled the country into accepting" his Budget:

"Then shall exiled commonsense espouse
some other country's cause,
And the rogues shall thrive in England,
bonneting the slumbering laws."

To stop a body of British nobility rushing down a steep place and insist upon their listening to doggerel like this is worse than the *Ancient Mariner*. Cast decided chill over proceedings.

Business done.—Second night of Budget Debate in Lords. Commons make progress in final disposition of Irish Land Bill.

Thursday.—Turns out that MEMBER FOR SARK, last week predicting safe deliverance of Irish Land Bill, is justified by the event. At that time no gleam of light in the black clouds save the reflection of the three million golden sovereigns wherewith the Bill was



Shopman (to boy who has asked for a penn'orth of pills). "DO YOU WANT THEM IN A BOX?"
Boy. "YUSS, O' COURSE. THINK I'M GOIN' TO ROLL 'EM 'OME?"

baited. Commons had rejected *en bloc* the Lords' amendments. The Lords substituted others. Irish Nationalists denounced them as equally bad. Dead-lock seemed immovable.

ST. AUGUSTINE, in charge of Bill, with brave heart plodded on, smiling, conciliatory. Has his reward in final smoothing away of what seemed insuperable difficulties. Bill now assured of being added to Statute Book before Prorogation preliminary to final passing off the stage of a memorable Parliament.

Both sides pleased with this final triumph of a Minister whom the gods loved to extent of several times nearly doing him to death whilst still young.

Owing to no fault of his own, came a cropper in his first few months of office. His Education Bill cast forth by the Lords by way of getting their hand in. Other legislative efforts not more lucky. But it stands to his credit that he settled the long bitter controversy of Irish University Education, a prickly problem predecessors in Irish Office glad to drop. That and the latest Irish Land Bill not a bad bag for a Chief Secretary in a comparatively short-lived Parliament.

Business done.—Lords' Amendments to Development Bill considered. SPEAKER rules several out of order as breaches of Commons' Privilege in connection with finance.

THE PROVINCIAL EDITOR'S LETTER BAG.

I.—From the Vicar.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the account in the current number of *The Gazette* of the opening of the new parish hall, and am pained and surprised to find how many excisions have been made. Surely, when one who is in a position to know everything and has some literary skill goes to the trouble to provide you with free copy, it is at once inexpedient and ungracious to abbreviate and distort.

That my own remarks on the platform should be cut short is nothing to me; but I think it very hard that the admirable little speech of our Squire, who had it typed expressly for me (and for you) and altered his dinner-hour in order to come down and deliver it, should have been so heartlessly condensed. He spoke for at least ten minutes; but all that you allow him to have said might have been spoken in two. This is more to be deplored than you may think, for Mr. Bamber-Guy stands to Boreham Green in the relation of wealthy parent, and it is in his power to make or mar the parish room. It would not in the least surprise me to hear that your cavalier treatment of his address has caused him to reduce his donations. Of Miss Pulham-Allways' singing I said, according to the duplicate copy of my MS. before me, "Her voice is both pure and resonant, and she rendered the *aria* with faultless precision and taste." I did not write this idly. The words expressed my deliberate opinion, based upon a careful study of music that has lasted many years. Moreover, Mrs. Pulham-Allways was seated next to me and was aware not only of my appreciation of her daughter's efforts but also that I was for the time being your representative. What, then, do I feel—and what must she feel—to read in your paper the bald statement that "Miss Pulham-Allways contributed a pleasing solo"?

It was with perfect cognisance of what I was doing that I inserted the name of the maker of the excellent bagatelle board; but your ruthless pen goes through it without a thought. I am not one—as you ought to know—who does things without a reason. If ever a man has worn himself to the bone in a good cause and for no possible reward save the knowledge that he has done his duty, it is Mr. Pykelet, my curate. How natural and proper, then, that I should single him out for praise? But what do you do? You merely group him with half-a-dozen ordinary villagers who may have lent a hand to move a table, or done something purely perfunctory, and say that they were "a willing band."

So much for sins of omission, but what of those of commission? Here we are on more serious ground. It is all very well, owing to exigencies of space, to condense a contribution, but it is a very different and graver thing to twist and change a contributor's meaning. This you have done more than once.

I wrote, for instance, very thoughtfully of Miss Larcom's voice, that no doubt with practice it would greatly improve and be a pleasure to listen to. But what do I read in your report?—"Miss Larcom aroused great and well-deserved enthusiasm by her charming *morceaux*." How do you know that? You have no right to go behind the back of your accredited critic. Can it, I wonder, be true that Miss Larcom is engaged to your advertising canvasser, as I am told is the case? If so we have a very reprehensible suggestion of nepotism at work.

Again, I find that you say of Mr. Harry Wildmarsh's recitation that it was "received with roars of laughter." That, I regret to say, is true; but what you do not print is my opinion as to its extreme vulgarity and undesirability.

I notice that you also say that Mr. Arthur Corney had done "yeoman's service in bringing the evening to a successful issue." I am aware of no yeoman's or other particular service on the part of Mr. Corney. You doubtless have private reasons of your own, but allow me to reiterate the opinion that in such a matter as this the Vicar is more likely to be well informed of the relative value of each helper than you can possibly be.

No doubt you will reply that a column and a half is long measure for a parochial event of the kind; but permit me to inform you that this is not so. The opening of a parish room is epoch-making. Men who hitherto have been in the habit of spending their evenings in the public-house will now congregate here in blameless pursuits, and nothing but good can follow. A new civic life will thus be set up, a sociability hitherto unknown in Boreham Green. Indirectly, if not directly, the very Empire must be the gainer.

I shall peruse with interest any reply that you care to send, and meanwhile I trust that some means will be found to do justice, if not to Miss Pulham-Allways, at least to Mr. Pykelet, in your next issue.

Yours faithfully,
GERALD AMBERLEIGH.

"TO-DAY'S CROSS-CHANNEL PASSAGES.
(By arrangement with the S.E. and C. Rly.)
DOVER-CALAIS—Wind E., gale, clear; sea rough."—*Daily News*.
Surely the S.E. & C.R. can get us better terms than these.

MOMENTOUS MEMORIES.

IN view of the intense interest attaching to personal reminiscences of poets, we are sure that the following report of the charming address delivered by the Hon. Amanda Guppy at the last meeting of the Tupper Elocution Society will be perused with rapt attention by our readers:—

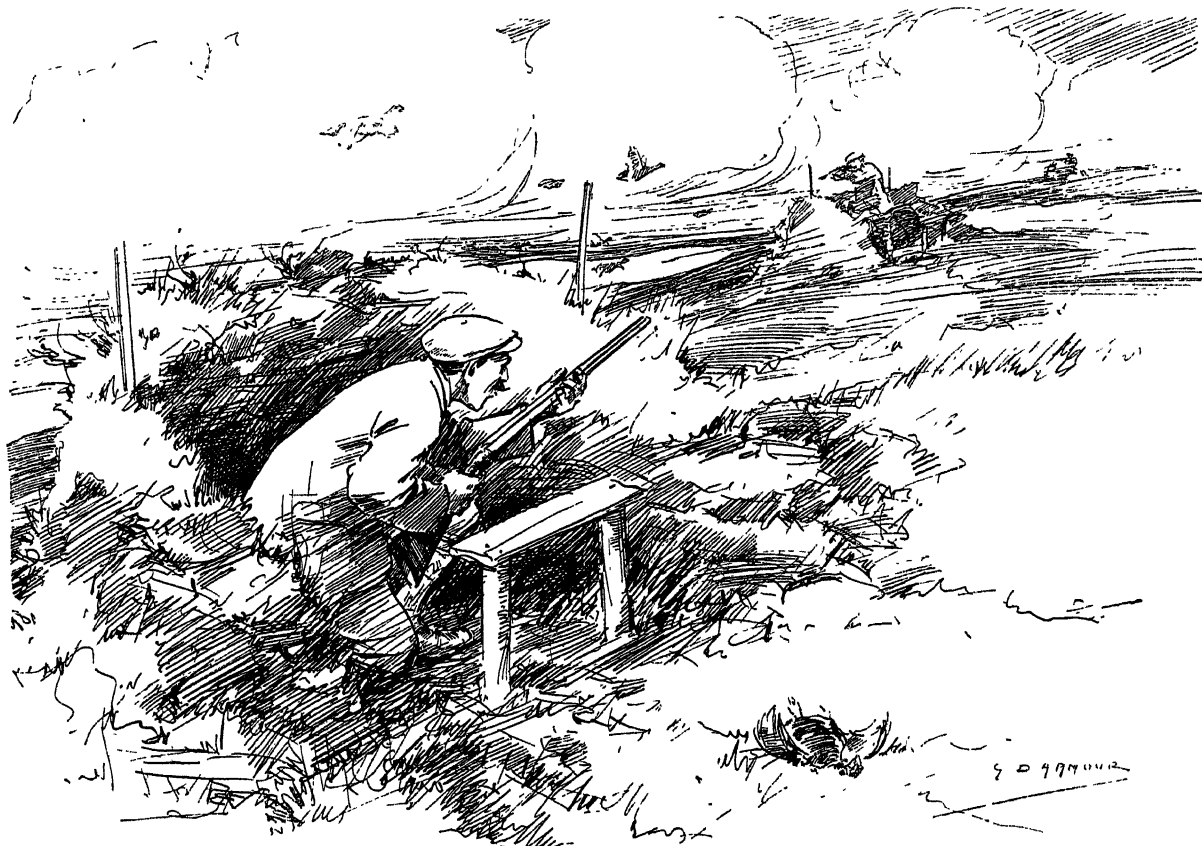
"I knew MATTHEW ARNOLD quite well by sight, and on one occasion, as I was going to pay a visit at the house of a friend, passed him on the stairs. I remember that he wore a frock-coat and carried a silk hat in his left hand and an umbrella in the right. His was, indeed, a striking personality.

It was one of my dearest ambitions to meet BROWNING, and it was gratified a few years before the death of the great poet and thinker, when I sat next but three to him at a luncheon party given by Lady Löwenjäger in her charming bijou residence in Bayswater. I noticed that BROWNING wore a turned-down collar and declined pepper with his vegetables. After lunch I think he smoked a cigarette, but it may have been a cigar. I cannot be certain whether he partook of coffee or not, but his general bearing was certainly most affable.

I also knew ELIZA COOK's second cousin quite well, a sturdy and interesting personality, who thought nothing of running upstairs two steps at a time when he was over fifty. But curiously enough he did not care for the poetry of his distinguished relation, preferring that of MARTIN TUPPER. By a strange coincidence my first nurse's name was Martha Tupper, and to this circumstance I am inclined to trace my life-long preference of blank to rhymed verse. In this context I may mention that my grandfather once saw BLANCO WHITE at Liverpool, coming out of a grocer's shop.

EDWARD FITZGERALD, alas! I never saw, though I have read all that Mr. SHORTER has written about him with the utmost avidity and pleasure. How great is the debt which we owe to the generous enthusiasm of that industrious bookman! But once when I was quite a tiny girl, while staying with some friends on the coast of Suffolk, we went for a sail in a boat which was handled by none other than a man who knew the famous Posh, FITZGERALD's trusty nautical ally.

Of living poets one must speak with due reticence, but I hope I am not transgressing the bounds of literary etiquette when I say that I once took part in a spelling bee with Mr. WHITWORTH WYNNE, and was present at a meeting of the Primrose League when Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN was among the audience."



QUESTIONS FOR "THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

IF, DURING A GROUSE-DRIVE, THE NEXT GUN PERSISTENTLY FIRES ALONG THE LINE AND FORCES YOU TO TAKE COVER IN THE BOTTOM OF YOUR BUTT, IS IT CONSIDERED CORRECT TO RETURN HIS FIRE?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* has drawn the protagonist of her latest story, *The Caravaners* (SMITH, ELDER), from life, I can only hope, in the cause of international amity, that the original of *Baron Otto von Ottringel* will never be confronted with his portrait. Perhaps, however, his self-complacency would even then blind him to the truth; but I am sure he would not enjoy the book half so much as I did. It is an account of a holiday tour in vans, taken by some delightful English and German friends, who have rashly extended an invitation to *Baron* and *Baroness von Ottringel* to leave *Storchwerder* in Prussia and join their company. The result is disaster; for though the rains of our unhappy summer are unable to quench the courage of the voyagers the society of the *Baron* (who is at once a bully, a snob and a fool) proves so appalling that terror of it breaks up the party within a week. I think it was DICKENS (or was it Mr. CHESTERTON?) who once commented upon the difficulty of making an unpleasant character reveal itself naturally in the first person. The author of *The Caravaners* has managed this with wonderful success, for, though *Baron Otto* describes the tour from his own point of view, we see him throughout—his conceit, his selfishness, and, worse than all, his quite terrible idea of humour—as he must have appeared to his disgusted fellow-travellers. It is this character drawing, and the gradual revolt, amid English associations, of the down-trodden *Baroness Edelgard*, that make *The Caravaners* one of the cleverest and most amusing stories of the year.

Next, perhaps, to Lord EDWARD FITZGERALD, the romance of revolutionary times in Ireland clings most fondly round ROBERT EMMET. To this result the pathetic song written by TOM MOORE doubtless largely contributed. His story is a sad one, painful for an Irishman to write, pitiful for Irishmen to read. It reveals the passionate patriot giving up fortune, life, and what was dearer to him, love, to the task of freeing his country from a hated yoke, baffled by the incompetency of one section of his compatriots, betrayed by another. There are some authorities who believe that, save for these malign influences, EMMET's rebellion of 1803 would, at least at the outset, have succeeded. Between knaves and fools it came to the ground, and he to the scaffold. The condition of his little force on the eve of the rebellion recalls our unreadiness on the outbreak of the Boer War. There were no guns ready. There were hand-grenades but no matches, and at a critical moment means of transport failed. Worse still was the atrocious treachery of EMMET's countrymen. One to whom he handed sixty guineas, to buy guns withal, bolted with the money. Another, entrusted with a packet of letters, which, falling into the hands of the prison authorities, would compromise EMMET's fiancée, handed them to the Governor. A third secretly sold him to the Government for a thousand pieces of gold. These things Mr. STEPHEN GWYNN tells in the form of a romance—*Robert Emmet* (MACMILLAN). It is a class of narrative somewhat risky. The reader is, in an ordinary way, disturbed by doubt where fact finishes and fiction begins. Mr. GWYNN was fortunate in finding romance prepared for him, and, closely following it, produces a book of unflinching interest. But if I were an Irishman I should not select EMMET and his times as a topic of conversation, and should certainly not write of them.

The Irish atmosphere and scenic effects of KATHARINE TYNAN's new stories are of course unexceptionable, but one is led to expect a rather more bracing lot of incidents and less conventional situations than she provides. In *Cousins and Others* (WERNER LAURIE), the first story, which occupies a third of the book, relies on that very ancient device, the discovery of a document which proves that the impoverished but aristocratic family (A) is really the owner of the acres occupied by the comparative *parvenus* (B), the beautiful daughter in A having previously engaged the affections of the handsome son in B, though B object's to the alliance. A lunatic is also brought into play in order to show that the hero, with whom we haven't had time to get acquainted, is worthy of his valuable prize. In another story a timely young man delivers from a burglar the lady with whom he has quarrelled at a ball; and in a third the sole complication is the dressing up of a girl as a boy. One doesn't like to fall out with one's cousins, especially when, as here, their surroundings are so delightful; but until the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER sees fit to tax literary plots for their hidden gold or artistic designs I shall continue to hope for something better in short stories than the ordinary standard of the magazine. Perhaps the writer has some more interesting second cousins up her sleeve.

Western civilization is apt to attach too much importance to death, but Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT knows better. In *The Glimpse* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) he treats of death as an event no more final, as far as the soul is concerned, than the extraction of a tooth. His *Morrice Loring* is an æsthete with a fine contempt for humanity and the universe in general. Believing that only the minority possesses a soul and that the souls of the elect are poor and ephemeral things at the best, he lives in a world of disillusion and sordid circumstance. He dies and comes to life again, and in the realisation of his own death he learns the relative values of the mortal body and the immortal soul. Henceforth he can perceive the spirit in the most unlikely human envelope (your most stolid parlour-maid not excepted) and is able later to regard the passing of his dearest one less as an end of things pleasant than as a beginning of things beautiful. The author has expounded his philosophy in a subtle and engrossing story, but has erred in interrupting the narrative and weakening the exposition by the insertion of a too full description of the soul's release from the body. He should have credited his readers with some imagination and have omitted half his mass of very earthly precision and most mundane superlatives. Otherwise he has written a novel very readable and comfortable to those who have seen or feared death.

There are people to whom a new book by Mr. MAARTEN MAARTENS is an event. I am one of them, and *The Price of Lis Doris* (METHUEN) would convince me, if I needed convincing, that this is as it should be. The story is not merely worth reading for the pleasure of it; it is worth the putting off of

something else which may seem to be more important. Briefly, it tells the tale of a Dutch peasant boy, a born artist, who, while his soul prompts him to paint his native landscapes, yet deliberately seeks and achieves success at portraiture. This comes about through the treachery of his first patron, *Odo Pareys*, who, taking advantage of the boy's sense of gratitude, steals his landscape sketches, passes them off as his own, and wins with them the praises of the art world. Mr. MAARTENS draws his hero, *Lis Doris*, and those with whom he moves, with a vividness which, in spite of the evidence of his former books, is a revelation. Of the many characters, *Odo Pareys* and his servant *Job* are, in my opinion, the least convincing, possibly because they are too cruel. They may be lifelike, though I prefer to think that they are the remnants of Mr. MAARTEN's earlier tendency to be hard on his own people. Of that tendency there is not very much trace in this book. There are unpleasant persons besides *Odo* and *Job*, but there are many more pleasant ones. *Lis Doris* himself is admirable. *Yetta*, who marries *Odo* to get the means to assist *Lis*, is a very sweet being; and

Jacob Raff, the *Loksters*, and the other artistic people; *Yetta's* father and others of the village folk, but particularly *Yetta's* father; *Redempta*, *Lis's* adopted daughter (I got very fond of *Redempta*), all these are so real and charming that I would gladly read another book about them. This one is long, but it's too short.

Mrs. WILSON FOX is to be congratulated upon writing a book which avoids goody-goodness and still points out an evident moral. *A Dangerous Inheritance* (S. P. C. K.) is intended for a particular public—for young people (girls, if possible) who can appreciate a stirring tale; and I imagine that it is exactly what that public will like.

A villainous uncle wants to dispose of his niece so that he may inherit her millions, and although he meets with just punishment in the end he certainly keeps things from becoming dull while he is alive. We see, also, this rich child growing from an inconsiderate girl into an unselfish woman, and a whole family content and happy with the simple pleasures of country life. Indeed, in days when so many novelists have apparently forgotten that domestic affection still exists, this picture of the *Thorne* family is almost distinguished. But Mrs. WILSON FOX puzzles me when she writes of "a telling slow pitcher." Is it, I wonder, a remote connection of a googly, or just a ball which appeals for l.b.w. of its own accord?

"It is unfortunate for A. D. Ball that he will not have his regular inside until after Christmas."—*The Tatler*.

He must make up for it in the New Year festivities.

"The Million Shilling Fund which is being raised by the Anti-Socialist Union now totals 100,000 shillings. This is one-tenth of the amount which is needed."—*The Evening News*.

Yes—no—yes, it is!



HOME HOBBIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

NOBLEMAN TRYING HIS HOME-MADE SUIT OF ARMOUR ON A VASSAL.

CHARIVARIA.

A VICAR writes to the Editor of *The Express* to inform him that, to avoid the danger of a cold after christening, he always uses tepid water in the winter. But what we would like to know is this: Is there any reason why, throughout the year, the choice, "Hot or cold?" should not be put to the infant?

There arrived in London last week two young Venetian blacksmiths who have undertaken to prove that it is possible to push a barrel round the world within twelve years. It seems incredible that one should have had to wait so long for this problem to be tested.

An interesting experiment is to be made in Paris. Two mounted Municipal Guards are to be stationed in the Rue de la Paix, and will endeavour to direct the traffic there. We fear that unless they are backed up by artillery the experiment is doomed to failure.

With reference to the farthing fares which are about to be instituted on one of our tramway systems, we are informed that it is not proposed at present to carry children at half-price.

The news that one of the polar snow caps of Mars is now broken in half leads one to suppose that the Martians also have their COOK and PEARY, and that the dispute has been solved in a sensible and equitable way.

By-the-by, Dr. Cook is now reported to have suddenly disappeared, and his whereabouts is a matter of speculation. All we will say at present is this: Do not be surprised if you hear within the next fortnight that the South Pole has been reached.

Willesden's old police-court is to be converted into a music-hall. This is following the example of the higher courts, which are sometimes turned into theatres.

Bones of a mammoth and of a species of rhinoceros have been found at Hackney Wick, and many nervous old ladies are leaving the neighbourhood, while others make a point now of searching under their beds every night.

"FORTUNES IN EGGS," the title of an article in a contemporary, is perhaps an exaggeration, but the persevering prospector may sometimes find a chicken in one.

"It is estimated," we read, "that there are half a million fewer pigs in the United Kingdom to-day than there



Mrs. Jones (convulsed by the Vicar's comic song). "DEARY ME! I'M SURE 'E'S A WONDERFUL MAN FOR A PARSON. NOBUDDY COULDN'T CALL 'IM TIGHT-LACED!"

were last year." Frightened away by the Budget?

Dr. BODE, we hear, objects to RICHARD COCKLE LUCAS's bust being re-named "The Floorer of Dr. Bode."

"Once get a customer's boot off and entertain him with the right sort of patter," says *The Shoe and Leather Record*, "a sale is usually effected if the victim has the required amount of cash on his person." A threat to turn him out into the street with only the one boot on would, we should say, usually do the trick.

Paris, according to *The Express*, is Chantecler mad, and the tradesmen are selling Chantecler hats, Chantecler umbrellas, Chantecler cravats, and even Chantecler socks. There is even talk of a Chantecler play making its appearance soon.

We hear that as the result of the action of certain libraries, a Society for the Protection of Writers of Pernicious Books is to be formed at once. The only troublesome point is the question of the Chairman. There will be no difficulty in selecting a Vice-Chairman.

The KAISER is designing for the members of the Imperial Aero Club a blue uniform with large gold buttons and a peaked cap surmounted by airship propellers. The KAISER has always been fond of testing the loyalty of his subjects.

The Art of Indexing.

From Christmas Catalogue of Books: "*Country and Gardening*: Chats with the Chicks, by Mrs. H. L. Sandford." Author (we trust) of *Half-Hours with the Hens*.

A STRAIGHT ISSUE.

THE peculiar interest which is being taken in the forthcoming General Election has encouraged *Mr. Punch* to send round the country a Special Referendum Commissioner with the view of eliciting answers from the electorate to the plain question—*Are you going to vote for, or against, the Budget? and, if so, why?* From the replies so far received he has selected at random a few specimens for publication. They prove how thoroughly the British Public recognises that for once it has before it a simple, clear and straightforward issue.

I.—WHY I SHALL VOTE FOR THE BUDGET.

1. Because I'm against the Lords for having let so many rotten Bills pass. They want reforming.
2. Because I disapprove of the Budget, but disapprove of my wife still more, she being a Militant Suffragette, and I want to annoy her.
3. Because, though I regard the Super-tax as iniquitous, I have my hopes of being made a Liberal Peer. [Private and confidential.]
4. Because, though the Budget knocks me hard, it knocks my neighbour harder still.
5. Because I've tossed up and it came like that.
6. Because Tariff Reform "means work for all," and I don't want to change the habits of a lifetime. ["Weary Willie."]
7. Because, though the Budget does not actually mention them, I am in favour of Welsh Disestablishment and Home Rule.
8. Because I can't get that Chinese Slavery poster out of my head.
9. Because I hear rumours of ASQUITH's retirement, and I'm an old man and don't want to miss the fun of seeing LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON fighting over the spoils.
10. Because Beer doesn't agree with me.
11. Because Tobacco makes me sick.
12. Because I have a cure of souls in the neighbourhood of York, where the Archbishop comes from, and he voted for the Budget.
13. Because I consider the Liberal Government much more revolutionary than the Lords, and I love revolutions. ["Red-cap."]
14. Because, though I don't myself think the Budget a good one, I have the most tremendous faith in Mr. URE's passion for Truth. If he says it is so, then it is so.
15. Because all my poor relations in Ireland have an old-age pension a-piece, and not one of them over 55 years of age.
16. Because I want to get the Anglo-German War over as soon as possible, and then we can all settle down comfortably.
17. Because down Limehouse way we look on LLOYD GEORGE as one of us.
18. Because our Tory Member didn't ask me to his last garden-party.
19. Because a man's a man for a' that.
20. Because I'm in favour of a Single Chamber.
21. Because I voted Tory last time, and I'm a pendulum.
22. Because my chauffeur is a naturalised anarchist and I dare not neutralise his vote.
23. Because I love all foreign nations and would hate to see 'em taxed for our benefit. I call it a beastly selfish policy.
24. Because *Mr. Punch* is obviously against the Budget, and, though I am also against it, I consider that he ought to be impartial.

II.—WHY I SHALL VOTE AGAINST THE BUDGET.

1. Because *Mr. Punch* is obviously in favour of the Budget, and, though I am also in favour of it, I consider that he ought to be impartial.

2. Because I have a living in the diocese of Bristol, and my Bishop voted against the Budget.

3. Because, though I thoroughly approve of the Budget, my wife is a Militant Suffragette, and it is as much as my place is worth to go against her.

4. Because, after I'd subscribed a lot to the Party Funds, ASQUITH refused to make me a Bart.

5. Because my Liberal paper seems to be taking Lord ROSEBURY under its protection, and I always make a point of disapproving of him ever since he won the Derby.

6. Because, if they had had the pluck of a rabbit, the Liberals would have gone for the Lords long ago.

7. Because I am a member of the I.L.P., and we made this Budget, and LLOYD GEORGE annexed it without proper acknowledgment, and so I shall vote against him just for spite.

8. Because of the filthy weather we've been having under this accursed Government.

9. Because, though I am very fond of the Budget, I shall support the Lords for having consulted my views in the matter.

10. Because I'm a PERKS man.

11. Because I'm told that the Lords have "thrown the Constitution into the melting-pot," and this interests me very much, being a plumber.

12. Because our Liberal Member buys his meat at the other butcher's.

13. Because I have eleven daughters of uncertain age and the Budget puts no tax on bachelors.

14. Because I tossed up and it came like that.

15. Because, though the Budget suits me nicely, my wife thinks it best for us to be on the side of the Aristocracy.

16. Because, being an intelligent Liberal, I can't stand the hysterics of *The Daily Chronicle*.

17. Because I'm bored to death with all this junk about Backwoodsmen. As if the regular Unionist Peers wouldn't have had a thumping majority without them.

18. Because I voted Liberal last time, and I'm a pendulum.

19. Because the Budget puts no export duty on Wax Busts.

20. Because my Liberal organ says that "the Lords have declared war on the People," and, though I know it isn't true, I rather respect them for it, being a bit of a bull-dog myself.

21. Because, man for man, in point of statesmanship, intelligence, and knowledge of affairs, the pick of the Peers are as good, any day, as the pick of the Commons, notwithstanding their hereditary disadvantages.

22. Because my chauffeur is an admirer of Mr. BALFOUR's philosophic works, and I dare not neutralize his vote.

23. Because I am a plural voter, and the Liberal party, to which I belong, thinks I ought not to use more than one vote. So I shall just vote once for the Budget, and five times against it.

24. Because on principle I disapprove of all Budgets.

O. S.

"Clean smart girl wanted as general . . . App'y personally to Lord Nelson, Caistor-on-Sea."—*Eastern Daily Press*.

That as a consequence of the Budget a blameless peer should have had to descend to advertising for a general servant shows us from what a reign of terror the Lords have delivered us.

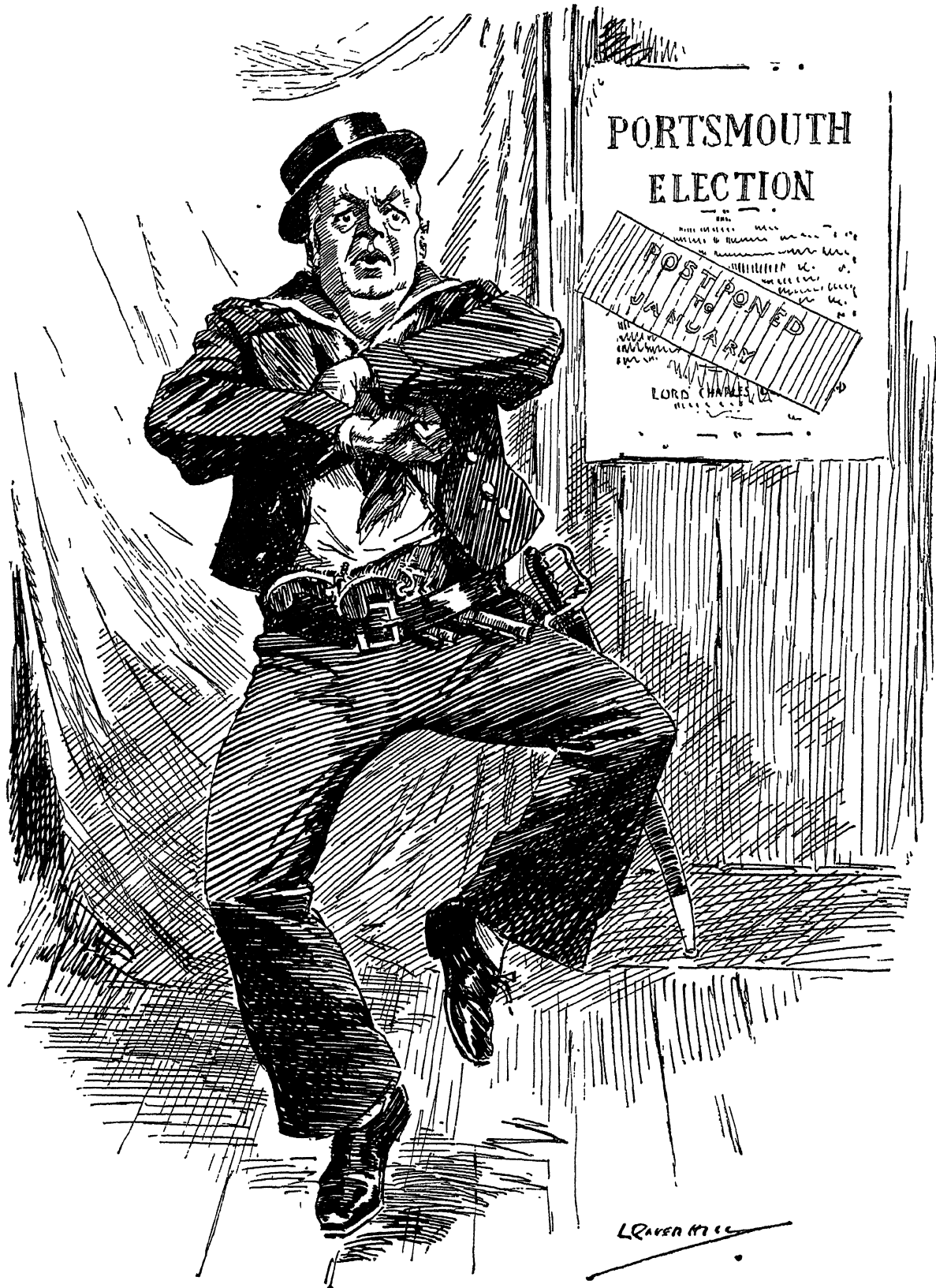
"By Public Request,

Gilbert and Sullivan's Famous Opera,

'OUR MISS GIBBS.'"

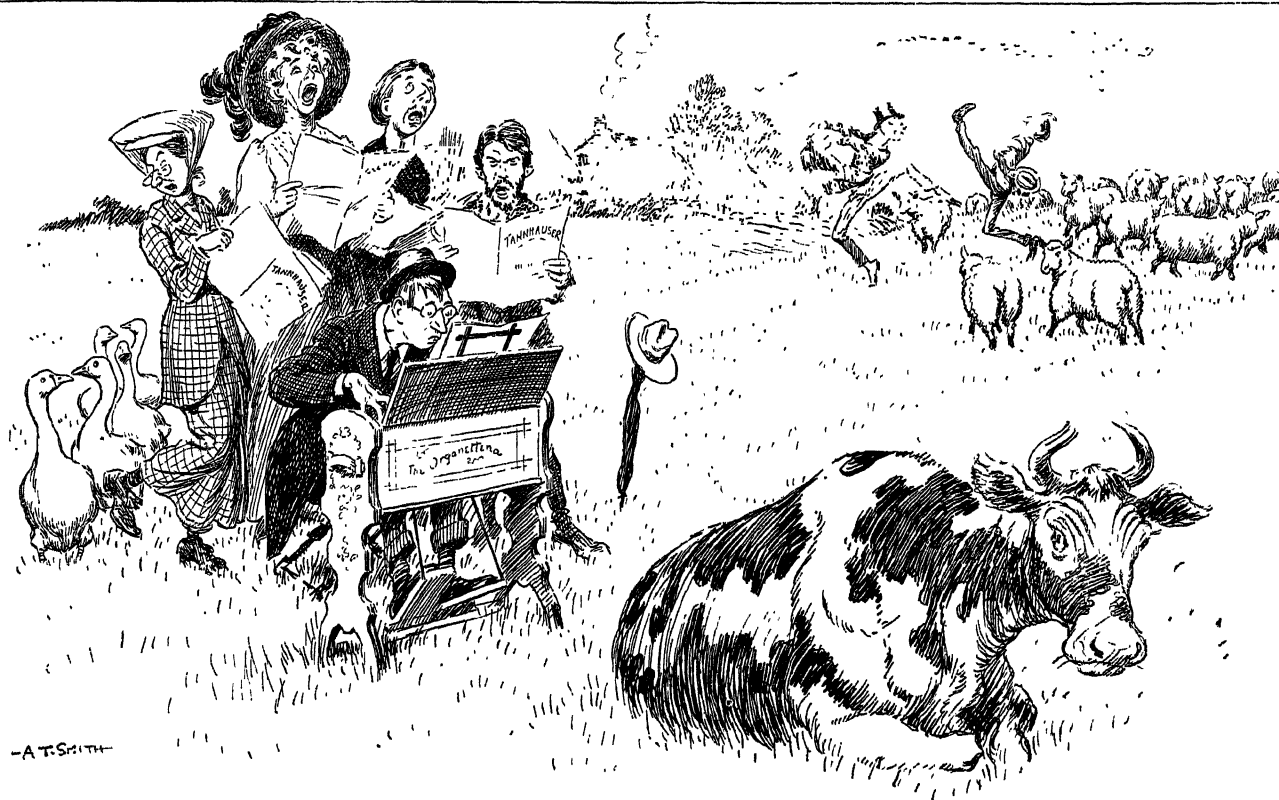
Advt. in "*The Advocate of India*."

Next week IBSEN's masterpiece, *The Whip*.



TWO MONTHS' HARD.

CHARLIE BERESFORD. "ALL VERY WELL DOING THIS SORT OF THING FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO WEEKS AND WEEKS AND WEEKS——"



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 5.

THE POOR DUMB ANIMALS' AMUSEMENT LEAGUE.

WOMAN'S WHOLE EXISTENCE.

["There are few housekeepers nowadays who take time to enjoy their linen closet, as did their grandmothers."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

My sisters have a passion
For being up-to-date ;
To wear the latest fashion
Is all in all to Kate ;
Elaine seems quite unable
To leave the club bridge-table,
While empty-headed Mabel
Does nought but roller-skate.

With weird Maud Allan dances
Godiva charms her set ;
The poor deluded Frances
Is now a Suffragette,
And Mary, too, is taking
To whips and window-breaking,
Which rapidly is making
An "Anti" of Annette.

But as for me I'd banish
Such notions far away,
For views so bold and mannish
Inspire me with dismay.
I loathe the noise and din in
The life I find my kin in—
I only want the linen
Of mother's mother's day.

For me there is no rapture
In all the world that beats
The thrill with which I capture
A moth among the sheets.

When, spotless in their places,
I pile my pillow-cases,
Not Youth in Love's embraces,
Knows any sweeter sweets.

In rows of reasoned order
Behold my white domain—
Fair cloths with hem-stitched border,
And borders that are plain ;
It makes my heart-strings tingle
To see how bed-spreads mingle
With double sheets, and single,
And snow-white counterpane.

So leave me, safely wedded
To peaceful housewife's rôle,
Ready with needle threaded
To darn the starting hole.
Let me but spend my leisure
Among my laundered treasure,
I ask no giddier pleasure
To satisfy the soul.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

VARIOUS suggestions have already been made with regard to the future of the great Sydenham glasshouse, one of the most remarkable being that which recommends its conversion into a great aeronautic centre.

In old days, when a great man had rendered conspicuous services to his country, his grateful compatriots were

in the habit of rewarding him by the gift of an estate as well as of a title.

This is a generous practice which might well be revived, and assuredly there never was a greater abundance of eligible tenants for glasshouses.

Already we understand that a movement is on foot for acknowledging the unsparing and long-continued exertions of the LORD ADVOCATE on behalf of social reform. Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, we are informed, has decided to lay the scene of his next and most extravagant excursion into the realm of fiction in the Kingdom of Uritania, and the inhabitants of the canton of Uri—the scene of the exploits of the heroic TEL—are about to send a deputation to congratulate their eponymous hero on his magnificent assertion of the rights of the democracy against their ducal oppressors.

It would, we venture to submit, form a fitting culmination to these graceful tributes if the Crystal Palace were presented to Mr. URE as a residence and recreation ground for that great hierophant of the Higher Political Criticism. The Palace, with a little adaptation, would form a home stately enough to answer the requirements even of so august an occupant, and the grounds might be laid out as a golf course abounding in sporting hazards and presenting every variety of lie.

LETTERS TO A MARTIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—I quite agree with you that there is in the whole universe no more distasteful and wearisome job than that of canal-building. Still, as you say, one must live, and if you don't build canals you will die for want of moisture—a dreadful fate from which our happy climate in the meantime exempts us. It is good of you to suggest that I should cheer your short periods of leisure by my letters. I'll do my best—no man can do more—but I ought to warn you that we're not always so gay and irresponsible as you seem to think us. We have Budgets and constitutional controversies and riots about female suffrage, and discussions, not easily settled, about the hundred worst books; and there are gloomy and depressing dramas and many thousands of political speeches; and Dr. BODE, of the Berlin Museum, threatens us with war because the late Mr. R. C. LUCAS, a sculptor, inserted two square feet of British bed-quilt in a wax bust which he modelled some sixty years ago with the plain and dastardly intention of deceiving German connoisseurs into the belief that LEONARDO DA VINCI had had a hand—possibly two hands—in its manufacture. All these matters afflict us strangely, so that we might occasionally come to look upon canal-building as an agreeable dissipation; but, when all is said and done, we do manage to have our lighter moments.

I wonder if I might tell you something about women? You've heard about them, of course, those stern, logical, silent directors of our welfare. When the French, more than a hundred years ago, wanted to embody the abstract idea of Reason, they naturally chose a woman, and they put her triumphally in a car and danced and shouted round her, calling her a goddess. What else could they have done? I mention this little historical incident merely to show you with what awe and respect we encompass the sex, and how worshipfully we treat it. Bless you, my dear Sir, we men know our own wretched qualities well enough. We strive in vain to better them, and of course we never fail to recognise how immeasurably those qualities are bettered by the companionship and example of women.

Have you ever seen two or three women at tea together and endeavouring to say good-bye and to part from one another? No, of course you haven't—it was an idle question. I'll wager that when your people have seen enough of one another you just shake hands or rub noses or execute a gambade (pardon me if I misdescribe your valedictory symptoms), and so make an end quickly and separate. That's how we do it, too, we men, I mean; but if you think that's how the women do it, you're very much mistaken. Let me try to give you a specimen in brief.

You are to imagine, then, that four ladies have come together for the sole purpose of settling the date and the agenda for the annual meeting of the Women's Clothing Guild, a parochial institution of the committee of which they are members. They have been having tea, for the afternoon

is well advanced, and they have been discussing almost every subject except the particular one that brought them together. A mere man, a transient embarrassed phantom, has flitted uneasily across the scene, but he has now vanished on the plea of work or letters, and the ladies have the drawing-room to themselves:—

Hostess. I never saw anything like it before. Diamonds, you know, about half-a-dozen of them, in the middle of the day, and a great blazing ruby thing dangling from her neck. She really is, you know, isn't she?

First Guest. Yes, she is. You've hit her off exactly. That woman's a public scandal—No more tea, thank you. Well then, just the teeniest half cup: one lump—and the extraordinary thing is that all the men run after her. I've told John that, if I see him so much as nod to her, I'll put him on half rations. She's like a woman I read about in a book the other day called *Love the Wayfarer*. Now that's a book if you like.



THE VOGUE OF THE PICTURE VEILS.

He. "WHO'S THAT IN THE VIRGINIA CREEPER?"

She. "THAT'S ANGELA."

He. "NONSENSE! WHY, SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS COMING IN COPPER BEECH."

Second Guest. Isn't it! I think the Vicar's wife—I forget her name—is just a perfectly splendid character: family prayers twice a day and ten children to bring up on £300 a year. It's too touching for anything.

Third Guest. I don't care for these very good people in books myself. And, by the way—though I can't imagine what put me in mind of her—has anybody seen Mrs. Porter lately?

The Hostess. Well, you can't help seeing her hat, anyhow. It's the most awful hat in the world.

Third Guest. My dear, if she were only half as respectable as her hat I shouldn't have anything to say. Haven't you heard about her?

The Rest (in chorus). No, do tell us!

[I omit the details of Mrs. Porter's career.]

The Hostess. I always knew there was something wrong about that woman.

The Rest (together). So did I.

[At this point the guests, and lastly the hostess, rise in a slow and lingering succession and then stand still aimlessly.]

First Guest. Well, I'm afraid I shall have to be going now. It's John's time for getting home, and—

Second Guest. My dear, I always told you you spoilt that man. You never get anything out of a man if you pamper him.

Third Guest. I must get home too. I'm really much too late already.

Hostess. Why are you all in such a hurry? Do sit down again. Well, if you must you must.

[They do not move.]

First Guest. I'd all but forgotten the one thing I wanted to say. You know the Concert some of us have been getting up? Well, my tenor has cried off—flu or something—and left me in an awful hole.

[They discuss this for ten minutes more, all standing, until at last the three guests squeeze themselves reluctantly out of the door, and the hostess is left alone.]



The Vicar. "NOW, CHILDREN, WHAT IS A FALSE DOCTRINE?"

Inspired Maiden. "PLEASE, SIR, BAD MEDICINE."

Hostess (suddenly to herself). Good gracious! We've never settled about the Guild!

[She dashes after them and shouts, but they are too far gone, and only silence answers her.]

* * * * *

There, my dear Sir, is a fairly accurate picture drawn from the life. Some day I may give you one or two more.

Yours in space, AN EARWORM.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE DRAMA.

["We ask why we, alone among British subjects, are to be allowed to exercise our profession only on the impossible condition that we hurt nobody's feelings."—Extract from letter to the Press on the Censorship Committee's recommendations, signed by the Dramatic Committee of the Society of Authors.]

You who would envy the dramatist's lot
Cherish this feeling no more, but dispel it on
Being informed that his cupboard has got
Quite an unusual skeleton.

Mark him as, flushed with success, or perhaps
Wearing excitement's peculiar pallor, he
Stammers his thanks for the cheers and the claps
Lavished by stalls and by gallery.

Seeing him thus, you'd suppose he enjoyed
Life with an almost unvarying cheeriness;
Yet with one grief is his pleasure alloyed,
Turning his triumph to weariness.

Others have licence to utter their mind,
Wielding a pen that is ruthlessly critical;
Now and again to say something unkind
Even of leaders political;

He, he alone, in this land of the free,
Forced to compose with meticulous nicety,
Wishing, like Balaam, to curse, must agree
Meekly to say *Benedicite!*

Is he just itching to serve it up hot?
Yet, like a parasite born or a cringer bred,
He must "hurt nobody's feelings—" that's what
Takes all the gilt off the gingerbread.

Couched upon roses, he feels but the thorns.
Must, then, his tongue never show its uncivil edge?
Must he alone spare his fellow-man's corns?
Dramatists, strike for your privilege!

A contemporary quotes the following from *Life*:—

"It may be all right for a man to wear padded shoulders, if he doesn't forget, and pick a quarrel with a man who was born that way."

But are men born with padded shoulders? "*Nascitur non fit,*" says the poet.

"There was no money in the safe, and the burglars had to retire bootless."—*Daily Record.*

The necessity for removing the footwear before retiring will be explained in our next instalment.

BOOKS FOR THE BILLION.

A BULKY OUTPUTTER.

(Special.)

SOME years ago one of Mr. A. Leveson Tiles's admirers made an interesting calculation as to the bulk of his output and the measurement of paper and ink used in its production. The figures relating to one series alone were truly momentous. It was found that if these volumes were placed flat one upon another they would form a monument nearly one thousand times the height of Greeba Castle, the loftiest private house in the world; that the paper used in their production, if made into big sheets, would suffice to wrap up the Himalayas, the Andes and the Cordilleras in separate parcels; and that the printer's ink employed would suffice to fill the Caspian Sea ten times over.

Since that day more than three hundred new books have emanated from the prolific pen of Mr. Tiles, and at the present day there are nearly one hundred pages in the British Museum Catalogue filled with entries under his name.

Messrs. Mark Marmion & Co., Mr. Tiles's present publishers, are now issuing a New Series of Glory Books for Boys and Girls.

FOR THE HOME AND THE PLATFORM.

BALLADS OF BRAVE BANTLINGS.—Edited by Albert Leveson Tiles. Large crown 8vo, red limp lambskin, 1s. net; crimson crash, 1s. 6d. net; paste grain gilt (boxed), 3s. net; Persian yapp, gilt top (boxed), 4s. net; pink porpoise hide, with luminous paint top (oxidised corners) and differential gear, 10s. net.

Ballads of Brave Bantlings is a fearless budget of poems suitable for recitation in kindergartens, crèches, &c., while the binding renders it peculiarly well adapted for all gatherings of a festive and yappy character. It aims at celebrating the intrepidity of infants as shown in the pages of history, on the field of battle, in the fight for the franchise, the cause of freedom and the service of humanity.

"There is no better volume of recitations with chits and counterchits for their theme."—MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

"*Ballads of Brave Bantlings* has converted me to Baby suffrage."—MR. JAMES DOUGLAS.

"I estimate that if you sell twenty million copies of your new book, your output will then exceed that of the authoress of *East Lynne*."—THE EDITOR OF *The Statist*.

"Mr. Leveson Tiles is the finest outputter in existence."—*Golf Illustrated*.

"The prolificacy of Mr. Tiles is truly magnificent. Frankly, he is the Lope de Vega of the nursery."—*Daily Chronicle*.

THE KID REVIVER.—Stimulating short stories for backward brats, including valuable copyright and other pieces by COULSON KERNAHAN, G. B. BURGIN, HENRY JAMES, DANTE, ALFRED AUSTIN, and other Wits, Humorists and Laugh-compellers. In crown 8vo, Chinese chow yapp, glacé top with bevelled edges and reciprocating Pasteurized book-marker, 5s. net.

"No sane boy and few sane men could fail to be more nobly demented after reading this intoxicating *olla podrida*."—*Morning Leader*.

"Mr. Tiles has achieved the difficult task of exactly meeting the crying need for good, witty, sparkling but withal refined pabulum for the mind of the ingenuous youth."—COUNTESS SCHLICK.

"To describe the new house one feels the need of the advertising agent, but to say that the window frontage is a vision of loveliness to the woman of any and every grade of society is to speak with only meagre justice."—*The Westminster Gazette*.

But what need of an advertising agent when articles like this (in praise of a certain shop) appear in the news columns? And, by the way, isn't this what Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES wanted?

"He holds a record for the bow and arrow, having at the national meeting in France, to the amazement of the assembled archers shot an arrow thirty-six yards—no less than twenty-seven yards further than the longest shot ever known to have been made by an Englishman."—*Ideas*.

We can but faintly imagine the scene. The orgy of enthusiasm which celebrated the occasion of the previous record of nine yards must have been completely outdone.

"Wasn't it Macaulay who wrote:—

Lives there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
Returning from some foreign strand:
'This is my own, my native land?'"

So ends the patriotic and impressive outburst (several pages long) of a South African tradesman who wants to get an air rifle off his hands. The answer is "No."

Advertisement of a vacancy for a teacher:

"The post is resident and the salary offered from £40 (FORTY POUNDS) per annum, with Laundry expenses according to qualifications and experience of a candidate." B.A.'s are allowed as much as three collars a week.

"Wanted an instructor or instructress capable of teaching the English language without impoverishing it with the usual solecisms and unintelligible jumble of French words. No English need apply. Germans preferred."—*Advt. in French paper*.

Another ruined industry.

NEW BUDGET PROPOSALS.

THERE is not a man in this country, excepting such as are happily penniless, who is not sick and tired of Budgets. It is not that people object to pay; the trouble is caused by the Government choosing how and when payment shall be made, instead of leaving it to the discretion of the individual.

Why should not the country be financed by voluntary contributions? Everybody would then be happy: the man who did not care to pay on beer and tobacco could pay on what he liked—or, rather, on what he didn't like—and the black stain of income-tax perjury would be removed for ever from the country's escutcheon, if there is such a thing.

In the front of every house a securely locked money-box should be fixed. Any householder or lodger or other responsible citizen not contributing to the box with decent frequency would, of course, be liable to criticism by his neighbours. Indeed, public opinion would quickly make the frequent insertion of coin in this box one of the conventions of our land.

The boxes would be cleared periodically by officials who would come round in broad daylight and make no attempt to conceal the contents from the inquiring gaze of the onlookers. Special provision might be arranged for reporters and press photographers on clearing days.

It stands to reason that any man, in the occasional moments of unusual joy that come to the average person—such as a discovery that the gas-meter has been registering to the detriment of the company—would be more inclined to rush out to his Budget box and slip in a shilling, out of sheer gratitude, than to work out the figures on his tax paper and (failing to make them wrong) write a cheque in cold blood.

Sufficient guarantee that the funds forthcoming would be adequate surely lies in the oft-repeated assertion of the tax-payer that he does not mind paying his share towards the nation's expenses, provided he can pay in the way he likes best.

Finally, it must be remembered that this is supposed to be a free country, where even the notion of compulsory service in defence of our homes sends a cold shudder down the backs of the Sons of Liberty. Why not be consistent, and bring both taxes and rates into line with the admirable voluntary system which makes our Army what it is?

"The Czar while proceeding to Italy will avoid Australia."—*Beira Post*.

He will have to be careful, though.

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—I. MR. HALL CAINE.



CHILDHOOD. THE FAVOURED ISLE.



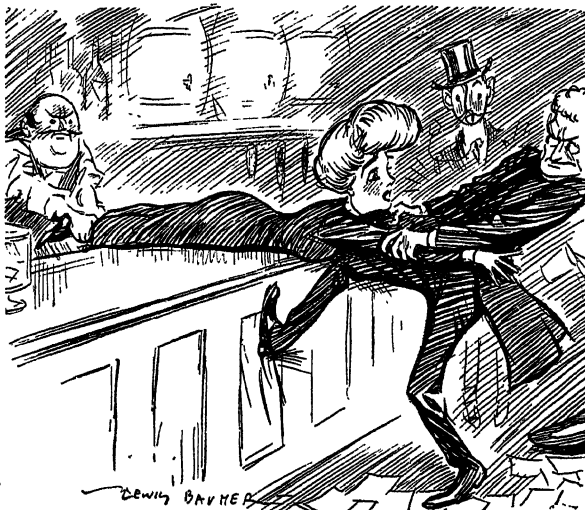
THE PARTING.



SETTLING DOWN TO WORK.



THE RECOGNITION.



THE RESCUE.



THE RETURN. KISMET.



Basil. "MUMMY, TELL US A STORY ABOUT FAIRIES AND WITCHES AND IMPS."

Mother. "THERE WAS ONCE A LITTLE IMP AND ITS NAME WAS BASIL."

Basil. "PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER KEEP TO WITCHES AND FAIRIES."

SCORN NOT THE BARD.

SCORN not the bard. There is a folk
That treats him as a kind of joke,
A weak and tepid card,
The strong man's mocking and a shame;
He may be that, but, all the same,
Scorn not the bard.

The flowing mane that you resent
Is there for use, not ornament,
To help him in his song;
When gravelled in his dire employ,
A handy tress wherewith to toy
Gets him along.

His taste for turning things about
And wrong way on and inside out,
Is not to be denied;
An irritating trick, I grant;
But, as to helping it, he can't!
You've never tried.

It is the painful truth that he
Is prone to warble of the sea,
And overapt to cling
For ever to some hackneyed tune
Of ladies' eyebrows and the Moon,
Of Love, and Spring.

But, tho' his scheme is bound to pall,
Let us be candid. After all,
This is no fault of his;
However hard it be to stand,
The man must sing of something, and
It's all there is!

You argue that you don't see why.
To tell the truth, no more do I!
I only know it's true;
Indeed, at such a point we touch
On things too deep for me and much
Too deep for you.

Fate has inscrutably decreed
The presence of the poet's breed
In every time and state;
He is the fruit of Fortune's whim;
If you dislike it, don't blame him;
Go and blame Fate.

E'en you, I take it, don't suppose
That he deliberately chose
To tend his homely trade;
It's that that comes so bitter hard—
Poor beggar, he was *born* a bard!
He wasn't made.

Then, readers, far from showing scorn,
Remember that you both were born
Alike of common clay;
For you are you by Nature's laws:—
The bard is but a bard because
He's built that way. DUM-DUM.

R. I. P.

AN acute French traveller wandering
observantly through England once re-
marked that every town seemed to have
several men named Job Masters, and he
wondered that no confusion resulted.
Alas, a time has come or is about to

come when no traveller, French or
otherwise, will ever say this again. For
Job Masters is dead. The game is up.
Where once was his stable is now a
garage; where once was his horse is
now an internal combustion engine;
where once was his "fly" (strange but
cherished misnomer!) is now a motor
car. The end may not be quite yet,
but it draws near and nearer every
moment. And being so near, and this
being an age of haste and anticipation,
let his epitaph be written:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF POOR

JOB MASTERS,

Who, patient as his great namesake,
waited steadily to be employed,
on no nourishment but a straw.
He was always ready to drive anybody anywhere,
in rain or shine, heat or cold.
His horses were old and his carriages
were older,
but they were all we could get
and we had to put up
with them.
His watchwords were Livery and Bait,
and he will be sadly missed.
His end was Petrol.

What an irony of circumstance it will
be if, when the melancholy day arrives,
Job Masters has a motor funeral!

Commercial Candour.

From a bootmaker's advertisement:
"8 YEARS' WEAR! 12 HOURS' EASE!"



THE ORDEAL BY FIRE.

DAME ASQUITH. "HERE, I SAY, YOU'RE COOKING MY PET BIRD!"

LANSDOWNE. "WELL, MUM, IF HE'S THE PHOENIX YOU MAKE HIM OUT TO BE, THAT WON'T HURT HIM. HE'LL RISE FROM HIS ASHES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, November 29.

—Two fine speeches to-night, akin inasmuch that each was grievously handicapped by deplorable infirmity of acoustical properties of Chamber. Difficult for audience to follow at full length some eloquent passages in Lord MORLEY's stately oration. Lord JAMES in this respect even less successful.

Enough caught to make it clear JAMES was taking another important step in a career which reflects pride upon English political life. SARK knew him first thirty-six years ago in House of Commons. He chummed with HARCOURT on Front Bench below Gangway. Mr. G. was still Premier, his mighty majority won at polls in 1868 having faded to nothingness. His enemies were those of his own household. None more artful and active than his two young friends seated below Gangway on his right hand. Indiscipline on part of really capable followers had its not unaccustomed reward. In recess of 1873, following on Prorogation of a Parliament destined never to meet again, HARCOURT was made Attorney-General, HENRY JAMES Solicitor.

Must have been strange experience for HENRY JAMES, speaking to-night amid chilling silence of his later love, once more to win the cheers of representatives of Liberal Party. Temporary severance from men he has worked with for just upon a quarter of a century painful, he admitted. But where honest conviction compels he is inflexible in obeying its impulse. Neither private friendship nor promise of personal aggrandisement influences him.

There was a time, midway in his career, when the greatest prize of his profession was within his grasp. Had he only stood by his old chief when in 1886 Mr. G. unfurled the Home Rule Flag, the Woolsack was his. But, though for HENRY OF NAVARRE Paris may have been worth a Mass, for HENRY JAMES the Lord Chancellorship was worth naught compared with the treasure of an unsullied conscience. While still in the prime of life he deliberately fell out from the race for office. Now, at another critical epoch, conviction forces upon him severance from long-time political friends.

Business done.—LANDSDOWNE's amendment to Finance Bill further debated.

Tuesday.—At half-past eleven CREWE having made an end of speaking, House presented a scene beheld only half-a-dozen times in half a century. Looking down upon it, one was chiefly struck by the superb reticence of our Old Nobility. Here they were fighting for their legislative lives. Within half-an-hour they would take an irretrievable step fateful to themselves. Yet there was no sign



"DEATH-BED THREATS."

of turbulent emotion, no cheers or counter-cheers, such as would have rung forth in the Commons had analogous provocation presented itself.

Chamber more crowded even than on opening night of debate. Every bench on either side occupied. Late comers stood packed together shoulder to shoulder in the space behind and flanking the Woolsack, just as if they were mere Commoners thronging the Bar. Privy Councillors were wedged in behind the rail that marks off the steps of the Throne. Difficult to say where the throng of upstanding Peers terminated and where the Privy Councillors began. It seemed to be all one crowd.

In the front centre, only partially guarded by the sanctuary of the Woolsack, sat the LORD CHANCELLOR, submerged in the unwonted tide of humanity. But for his full-bottomed wig, a patch of light grey set in the mass of black coats, his presence would not have been recognised.

Round the side galleries, continuing the length of the seldom frequented seats behind the canopy of the Throne, was flung a garland of fair women. For the most part they added colour and brilliance to the scene by the dainty hues of evening dress and the sparkle of diamonds. Some, taking their seats when debate opened at half-past four, still wore their morning dress.

CREWE spoke for an hour and a half. A stern sense of duty led him to review the arguments for and against the Budget Bill. The effort not nearly so effective as his first utterance in the historic debate.

"I beg to move," he then said in response to the voice of the Clerk at the Table who, citing the Order of Business, remarked "Finance Bill; second reading."

What was the use at this time of night, or indeed at any time during the past nine days, of defending the Budget in detail? It was stillborn when laid on the Table of the House; the sooner it was buried the sooner to sleep. Happily, if the first hour of CREWE's harangue was undeniably dull, the last half-hour made amends by its polished irony. The half-hour would have amply sufficed.

A murmur of applause from the back benches followed his sitting down. LORD CHANCELLOR putting the question for the Second Reading of Budget Bill in curiously business voice, a faint cry of "Content!" rose on his right.

"Those that are of the contrary opinion say 'Not content!'"

There was nothing approaching a roar from the serried ranks of the Opposition 350 strong. Still there was no doubt the Non-contents had it, and the LORD CHANCELLOR, not mincing matters, said so.

In the Commons, when division takes place upon motion made from Treasury Bench, SPEAKER invariably declares that "the Ayes have it." In this respect the Lords have the advantage in the matter of admission of actual fact.

Odds overwhelmingly against the Bill. The forlorn hope gallantly led by CREWE resolved to die fighting. Division challenged, the crowd slowly moved towards the Bar that gave exit to the No lobby. So dense was the throng it seemed it would never squeeze through. But no one was in a hurry. Those behind refrained from crying "Forward!" Those in front were too well bred to cry "Back!"

The faithful few supporting the Government kept their seats for fully ten minutes after the opposing host began to melt away by the Bar. Why



"I am not aware that these abstract resolutions encourage anybody, and I am sure they do not frighten anybody."

should they hurry? There was room and to spare in the Aye Lobby, through which they would presently stroll at leisure.

The Primate, quitting his corner seat below the Gangway, turned sharp to the left; looked as if he were going out to swell the scanty numbers supporting the Second Reading. Halting by steps of Throne, he took sanctuary within neutral quarter. Finding at hand the familiar rail reminiscent of the altar enclosure in another place, he laid his hands upon it and regarded the moving scene. As he stood there, with gold cross gleaming on his white robe, he looked as if he were about to say a few words to his dearly beloved brethren. He refrained, and from this coign of vantage heard the figures of the Division announced—For the Second Reading, 75; against, 350.

So the Budget upon which the Commons spent seven months' hard labour finally sank into the abyss. No shout of triumph rose from the victorious host; no groan of despair testified to the dolour of the defeated. Just a buzz of conversation as Noble Lords, unused to the exercise, tried to work out in mental arithmetic the little sum setting forth the precise majority.

The day's work was done; midnight boomed from Big Ben; thing was to go off home to bed; which Noble Lords proceeded to do.

Business done.—The Budget's.

House of Commons, Thursday.—On Tuesday Lords flung down gauntlet. This afternoon Commons pick it up, amid outbreak of enthusiasm in Minis-

terial camp unprecedented during existence of present House.

Great muster of Members, overflowing into side galleries. Strangers throng benches allotted to them, some sitting in couples on Gangway steps. Peers crowd their gallery, sitting silent, apparently unabashed whilst PREMIER utters a few plain words on their recent conduct.

Nearly two-score Questions on Paper. Put and answered amid buzz of animated conversation that made their purport unintelligible. Presently a rousing cheer burst forth. Members below Gangway on Ministerial side sprang to their feet waving hands and hats. It was a greeting to ASQUITH entering blushing from behind SPEAKER'S Chair.

A moment later another cheer from benches opposite heralded the approach of PRINCE ARTHUR. The champions must have encountered each other at the private entrance behind the Chair. Probably halted to talk for a moment about the weather.

At ten minutes past three PREMIER discovered standing at Table. Again a storm of cheering rose and fell. Opening sentences indicated fine fighting form. Speaking in louder tone than customary, with added deliberation, he drove home the charge embodied in the Resolution he was about to submit, "That the action of the House of Lords in refusing to pass into law the financial provisions of this House for the service of the year is a breach of the Constitution and a usurpation of the rights of the Commons."

Salvos of cheering punctuated his sentences. They reverberated from all sections of Ministerialists. For once British Liberals, Labour Members, and Irish Nationalists are united against a common enemy, represented by the quiet-looking, evidently amiable gentlemen seated in the Peers' Gallery,



MR. HAROLD COX LISTENS TO THE OLD, OLD STORY.



MR. BALFOUR'S SPEECH HAS A DISASTROUS EFFECT ON MR. KEIR HARDIE'S LEFT LEG.

presently to be butchered to make a Socialist holiday.

PRINCE ARTHUR's appearance on scene an agreeable surprise for both sides. Reported he would not be able to leave the room to which for some days he has been confined by sickness. But if there is fighting to the fore he is not the kind of man to keep out of the front line. So he came, and if his speech fell below the level at which it invariably flows the House recognised the cause and sympathised with the plucky sick man accordingly.

Business done.—Resolution vindicating Privilege of Commons carried by 349 against 134.

Friday.—Prorogation preliminary to Dissolution.

A Bridge Problem in *The Westminster Gazette*:

"Y deals and leaves it to Z who declares hearts. . . . Z's (dummy's) hand was: Hearts, 5, 4, 3 . . ."

The great question is whether Y, having executed justice upon his partner, may plead the unwritten law.

"A small piece, rather indistinct in form and colour, as the name, 'Reflets sur Peau,' indicates, by Debussy, completed the programme." It sounds even more indistinct than DEBUSSY'S "Reflets sur l'eau."

"Mr. Pound still hugs his affectations. . . . We are afraid, however, that affectation will overwhelm everything else in the long run unless Mr. Pound bewares."—*Evening Standard*. The writer should keep on bewaring too.



QUESTIONS FOR THE "BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

WHEN A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER, WHO IS YOUR GUEST, AFTER HAVING PEPPERED A BEATER, KILLED YOUR FAVOURITE DOG, AND NEARLY SHOT YOURSELF, CLAIMS ALL YOUR BIRDS, AND PROCEEDS TO GATHER THEM—WHAT (WITHOUT TRANSGRESSING THE LAWS OF HOSPITALITY) SHOULD YOU DO NEXT?

THE 9.43 A.M.

"THE bathroom pipe is leaking again," said the business man's wife at breakfast; "I wish, dear, you'd call at the plumber's on your way to the station." The business man glanced at the clock. He caught the 9.43 every morning. It was now 9.20, and the plumber's was *not* on his way to the station, but two hundred yards further on; still, the business man had only been married three months, so he smiled and nodded and said he should have to run for it.

Old Mr. Jones from lower down the road saw him shoot by as he came out of his gate. Mr. Jones was also on his way to the small suburban station. He also travelled by the 9.43, and he became troubled. He looked at his watch but distrusted it, and remembered all the watchmaker had said when he (Mr. Jones) recently declined to believe it wanted cleaning. Mr. Jones was a portly person, but he had a passion for punctuality, and he began to run. It was his rule, and he never broke it, to give the crossing-sweeper at the corner

a penny every morning, and to-day in his hurry he gave him half-a-crown by mistake.

When young Robinson, also bound for the 9.43, saw Mr. Jones running, he knew the old gentleman would not risk apoplexy or an aneurism if there were any time to spare. So gripping his pipe in the corner of his mouth he started after his puffing leader at a young gallop. Taking the corner at a sharp angle he collided with the butcher coming for morning orders. His pipe shot out of his mouth with the impact and broke in fragments on the pavement. It was a nicely coloured meerschaum. Its owner glanced at the wreck, and ran on, his empty lips gibbering.

Thirty seconds later, Mr. Brown, a pasty-faced stockbroker with a permanent frown, turned into the station road and saw young Robinson, his daily travelling companion, sprinting for the train. The sight deepened the furrow on the stockbroker's brow, and he debated how the leakage of time could have occurred. It must have been either when he broke his bootlace, or when his

wife had asked him for a cheque and would not take "No" for an answer. In any case he started jogging, though he felt seedier than usual that morning, and jogging was particularly painful.

Five other men, all 9.43 *habitués*, saw him running and caught the contagion. Two typewriting girls, who always ran when the men ran, formed the tail of the procession, and scuttled gasping on to the platform clutching their sides and their large wobbling head-gear.

When the business man walked calmly on to the platform at 9.42½ he wondered why everybody was out of breath.

A lady having ordered *Paris Fashions* over the telephone, received the following answer by post:—

"Madam, with reference to your order for 'Tariff Passion,' the Chief Office advise me they are unable to hear of this work, and I should be glad if you could kindly let me have publisher's name and address, and further endeavours will be made to procure."

The book should be written at once—by, say, VICTORIA CROSS and Mr. F. E. SMITH.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—"THE HOUSE OPPOSITE."

"MURDERS," said pretty *Mrs. Calthorpe* in the Second Act, catching my eye across the footlights, "are committed for various reasons, but four-fifths of them, I believe, from sheer boredom."



"REPENTANCE AT LEISURE" (IN FACT THROUGH THREE ACTS).

Richard Cardyne MR. H. B. IRVING.
Mrs. Rivers MISS EVA MOORE.

Whereat I smiled sheepishly, put back my pocket-knife and gave up wondering how to get at them over the orchestra. Obviously I was discovered

The story of *The House Opposite* is a well-known one. *Richard Cardyne* sees from *Mrs. Rivers'* room, at 2.30 A.M., the figure of a dark and sinister man lit up in the window across the street. The man carries a dagger, and *Cardyne*, watching him steal into the best bedroom with it, comments, "Odd, very odd." Some people would have thought even more of it. On the same afternoon the Permanent Under-Secretary of the Home Department (whose job I had never properly understood before) consults the *Right Hon. Henry Rivers* (ex-Home Secretary) about a knotty murder which has taken place at the house opposite in the early hours of the morning. *Cardyne* is calling too, and when he hears that an aged housekeeper, *Ann Carey*, has been arrested on suspicion, he realises that he has dropped right into the middle of a Hard Case. He cannot give evidence that the murderer was a man without also giving evidence that *Mrs. Rivers* is an unfaithful wife. What shall *R. C.* do?

Richard was a bad man, but he drew the line at letting an innocent woman die. He decides to wait until the last possible moment—that is, until *Ann*

Carey has been condemned to death and the petition for her reprieve has been refused—and then to reveal what he saw through the window. He waits, in fact, ten weeks; and if *Mrs. Rivers*, whose emotions we are allowed to witness, suffered a good deal in that time, I think it may safely be said that *Ann Carey*, whom we never saw at all, suffered even more. However, it is only at actual death that *Richard* draws the line. Well, the last day having arrived, *Cardyne* and *Mrs. Rivers* prepare to intervene. It is arranged that the latter shall first tell everything to her husband. The *Right Hon. Henry Rivers, K.C., M.P.*, is very busy with his evening paper when his wife begins her confession, and at the end of it he looks up and apologises: "I'm sorry, dear; what were you saying?" Just as she is about to tell him again, he drops his paper and says casually that, by the way, if he might interrupt a moment, and knowing how interested she had been, the real murderer at the house opposite has been discovered, and it was a man!

And there you have the final situation. Her own confession was, after all, unnecessary. Has he heard it? Will she ever know how much he knows? Or will he— But he comes back again for a final word before the curtain descends, and makes it fairly plain (I think) that he has both heard and forgiven.

I have hinted that there were moments of sheer boredom, and when I tell you that this story was spread over four Acts, you will understand. At least three characters were dragged on in order to fill up time; and to one of them, *Mr. Stuart Fillerby*, I owe an apology. *Mr. Fillerby* was a dark young man who defended *Ann Carey* over the tea-cups with great eagerness, saying that he knew she was innocent. Well, that looked very suspicious and I really thought then that I had found a clue But no, nothing came of it.

Miss EVA MOORE as *Mrs. Rivers* played a very trying and emotional part in a very able way, but somehow I can never quite believe in her. The evening showed her to be an ideal actress rather than a real Home Secretary's wife. *Mr. H. B. IRVING* made an excellent *Cardyne*. *Cardyne* had an enormous success with women, but his love-making on the stage to *Mrs. Calthorpe* was (for an established Don Juan) a most inept performance. Yet *Mr. IRVING* made it seem almost credible. *Mr. HERBERT WARING* as usual gets all that is to be got out of his part. Only to see him look at his watch on the stage is a joy to me; there is nobody else who can put half as much into this impressive piece of business.

II.—"LITTLE MRS. CUMMIN."

I have been reading what I said in these pages three years ago about *The Eglamore Portraits*, the novel by *Mrs. MANN* from which *RICHARD PRYCE* has adapted *Little Mrs. Cummin*. It seems (if I may say so, for want of a second



GETTING HER THINGS TOGETHER.

Mrs. Cummin MISS LOTTIE VENNE.
Clarence Eglamore MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS.

opinion) to have been a remarkably able review.

"*Juliet*," I wrote, "is delightfully drawn; the most lifelike heroine I have ever met." I was right; but not until I had the pleasure of seeing sweet Miss MARIE LÖHR play the part did I realise fully how delightful *Juliet* was.

"*Clarence*," I said, "had a habit of setting his under teeth below his upper"—(of course I was quoting *Mrs. MANN*. She must see now that it would be absurd to set them above)—"and projecting his lower lip when angry. I found myself doing this all through the book with *Clarence*—I suppose one gets into it at last." My doubt was justified; one never gets into it. *Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS*, like a wise man, did not do it once last Thursday. I suppose he had discovered the difficulty of it during rehearsals.

"She (*Mrs. MANN*) should not have let the mother-in-law die," I ended. "One has no time to get in the mood for it, hateful though that person was." Ah; but how true that is; for in the new stage version the mother-in-law doesn't die! However, I cannot, I am afraid, claim this as the result of my criticism. It is obviously the result of asking Miss LOTTIE VENNE to play the part of *Juliet's* mother. And shall Miss LOTTIE die? Not for forty thousand *Mrs. MANNs*, or we'll know the reason why.

Yet my review, I confess modestly, was not flawless—the mistake was in the last sentence. How could I have



Conscientious Patient (to Specialist). "WELL, DOCTOR, I SHOULD NOW LIKE TO COME TO A DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING AS TO FEES. MY SOLE INCOME, I MUST TELL YOU, IS TWENTY-FOUR POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS A YEAR."

called *Mrs. Cummin* hateful? Exasperating she was, certainly. That she nearly broke up *Clarence's* happy home I admit. But no one who has had the joy of seeing Miss *VENNE* play the mother-in-law will call her hateful.

All young couples should go to the Playhouse to see this jolly little farce of newly-married life. And old persons and single persons may go too—to see some extremely good acting, not only from the delightful people I have mentioned already, but also from the six other players in the cast.

The Visit (by the same authors) preceded *Little Mrs. Cummin*. It is a pathetic story, intentionally full of farcical moments, and some of us didn't quite know whether we were supposed to laugh at them or not. I think perhaps it is better to keep the laughter for the later piece. You don't want to grow too fat. M.

What they do with our little ones.
"The committee decided to permanently amalgamate the children from Cove to Bolham daily in a van."—*Western Morning News*.

HOW A HERO DINED.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily News.")

THE Budget was being assassinated. But how did its outraged author fare on that momentous evening? I will tell you. Whilst the massacre was in progress he was sitting quietly in an ordinary Strand restaurant, where I had the inestimable good fortune (owing to the fact that the seat opposite to him was vacant) of being his *vis-à-vis* at dinner. I could not take my eyes off the man: I was fascinated. I thought of the great heroes of history. I thought of JULIUS CÆSAR, of HANNIBAL, of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. He had a companion, to whom he spoke. His every gesture seemed eloquent. He is a typical Celt. I noticed that he took sauce with his fish and crumbled his bread ever so lightly with his left hand. His eyes flashed fire, his long hair covered his collar (its size I could not gauge) at the back. I thought of BYRON, of SHELLEY, of ST. FRANCIS of Assisi, of CONFUCIUS, of YOSHIDA TORAJIRO.

The fish passed, and he came to the meat. He had no evening wear, but was quietly, plainly dressed, a man of the people, without characteristic eccentricities, unadorned by rings or other fopperies of elegance. He took salt: he sipped his wine. And meanwhile the Budget was being done to death in cold blood. Yet there was nothing to indicate in his manner the tremendous issues for him and for England that were about to be decided.

And now the meal was over: he lit a cigar, he called for the waiter, he paid his bill. He was gone. And thus lived the man on the night of the Lords' great act of treason to British liberty. I thought of JEREMIAH, of AMOS, of MAHER-SHALAL-HASHBAZ. Almost mechanically I gathered up some of the spent crumbs from his plate, put them in my vest pocket, and passed out into the night.

"It was a Russian translation of Duma's 'La Dame aux Camélias'."—*Evening News*.

So that's how the Russian Duma amuses itself.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Letters of John Stuart Blackie (BLACKWOOD), addressed to his wife and edited by his nephew, ARCHIBALD STODART WALKER, make delightful reading. One is admitted to the intimacy of a brilliant mind confiding its impressions on daily life to a sympathetic companion. The letters have all the breezy frankness that marked BLACKIE's conversation, and occasionally disconcerted individuals among the company favoured by it. He came in touch with most of the leading lights in Literature, Politics and Scholarship illuminating the last half of the nineteenth century. GLADSTONE, the late Duke of ARGYLL, TENNYSON, BREWSTER, JOHN BRIGHT (whom he greatly admired), BROWNING, BUNSEN, CARLYLE, Lord DUFFERIN, Dr. GUTHRIE, HENRY IRVING, JOWETT, KINGLAKE, CHARLES KINGSLEY, LECKY, NORMAN MCLEOD, THEODORE MARTIN, Lord ROSEBURY—these are some of his associates, a galaxy which in combination of variety and brilliance it would be difficult to excel. Among many gifts BLACKIE possessed one that enabled him, sometimes in a single sentence—he rarely took more than three—to draw a living picture of a man or woman. The portrait was complete, not only in respect of personal appearance, but also of character and intellect. It is tempting to quote, but the harvest is rich and, regarded as a granary, the Booking-Office is small. The gentle reader is bidden to go a-gleaning for himself. He will not regret the enterprise.

I hesitate to describe *Godfrey Marten, School-boy*, as a classic, lest to

certain minds the term should convey an odious suggestion of XENOPHON and CÆSAR (J.); but I may safely say that no book has ever dealt more faithfully with the opening years of public-school life, and that any work from the pen of its delightful author, CHARLES TURLEY, is assured beforehand of a wide welcome amongst boys, young and old. If in *The Minver Brothers* (NELSON) he has not achieved quite such a *tour de force* as in *Godfrey Marten*, where he succeeded brilliantly in the perilous task of making the school-boy tell his own story, Mr. TURLEY's hand has lost none of its cunning. There is the same variety of types, the same sense of character, the same fidelity to life. Those who know his work need not be told that he has no use for the rather morbid sentimentality of the little-hero-business which delighted a former generation. It is enough for him to keep our sympathies always unconsciously on the side of whatever makes for the right public-school spirit; beyond that he never moralises. Naturally our interest is strongest in the earlier and more irresponsible period, while these twin brothers were still going through the plastic stages of development; but our attention is held to the end, and that, too, by a story that seldom goes outside every-day life, and only includes such adventures as put no strain upon our

credulity. "Boys," we are told, "will be boys," and certainly I, for one, look to remain in that happy and primitive state as long as CHARLES TURLEY continues to retard the work of Time by that alchemy of which he holds the secret.

There is a Provençal form of wit known as a *galégeade*—so I learn from *The Diverting Adventures of Maurin*, translated from the French of M. JEAN AICARD by Mr. ALFRED ALINSON (LANE)—and its acquaintance is a good thing to make. It involves, in a way, the same kind of notion as pulling a person's leg. One can give a brief instance which suggests something of the idea. The phrase "*nom de pas Dieu*" is a favourite expletive among Provençals who want, so to say, to swear in fun. The negative *pas* neutralises the oath from the moral aspect, but the Devil, who is on the look-out for such lapses, doesn't realise until the words are out of your mouth that you are not really swearing at all, and he finds himself sold. There are a good many more *galégeades* in the story of *Maurin*. *Maurin* is one of those happy-go-lucky fellows who know every inch of the countryside, and

can guarantee you fine sport with your gun if you are in their good books; who have a fund of humour mingled with a shrewd commonsense which is valuable to more people than care to own it; who have a rare liking for a bright eye; and who lead the *gendarmierie* the deuce of a dance and yet always come out top-dog because they have everybody's sympathy. To some extent the type is existent in England, but I doubt whether it could ever attain the perfection which it reaches in the atmosphere which M. AICARD reproduces.

In *Airy Nothings* (ELKIN MATHEWS), a

volume as modest in size as in title, JESSIE POPE justifies the many critics who recognised the high claims of her first volume of light verse. Neat and nimble and fluent as ever, she has now gained that command of technique which makes a most difficult art appear as easy as the shelling of peas. A very gentle satirist, her shafts are never barbed, but they always arrive if she wants them to. Among women writers in this kind she still has no rival; and, if the rest of her sex had her sense of humour, I should be tempted to join in the cry of "Votes for Women," knowing full well that we others would be safe in their hands. Meanwhile I commend this little volume to all who can appreciate a clean and pretty wit when they see it; and am glad that these "*airy nothings*" have been fixed in so pleasant a "*habitation*."

"Big Ben was tolling the hour of midnight. For hours before that the House of Lords had throbbed with excitement."

"There was none of the excitement which attends a critical division in the House of Commons, but instead an air of stately calm."

When the historian of the future writes about the Great Day, he will be glad to have for his guidance these contemporary extracts, both, by the way, from the same column of *The Daily Mail*.



HOME HOBBIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE LORD OF FOOTELBURY SHOES HIS OWN CHARGER.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Right Honourable LLOYD GEORGE has referred to his opponents as "criminals." Well, they certainly seem to be doing their best to get into a Tariff Reformatory. * *

A correspondent writes to *The Observer* complaining of the uncomfortable seats in the Strangers' Gallery in the House of Lords. He suggests that they should be covered with morocco leather. We understand, however, that the proprietors do not feel justified in incurring any outlay at a moment when there is some uncertainty as to who would reap the benefit of the same. * *

We have sometimes heard of a man's heart being in his mouth. *The Glasgow News* tells us of a still more remarkable phenomenon. The Archbishop of York, our contemporary informs us, is "a Caledonian from his head to the soul of his feet." * *

The improvement in Trade continues to spread. The type-founders are now working overtime making asterisks in order to cope with the huge demand which has sprung up since the action of the libraries in regard to a certain type of fiction. * *

"Blue is a trying hue for most men," says *Men's Wear*. Certain novelists are now finding this particularly true. * *

Meanwhile, the report that a powerful syndicate of writers of pernicious novels is about to found a new library to be known as Muddie's is declared to be premature. * *

The expert committee of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum appointed to enquire into the authenticity of the Flora bust are rather hard on their own institution. They declare the bust to be one of the most notable acquisitions of the Prussian collection. * *

Suggested names for the two little Polar Bears who have just been born at the Zoo (only they must promise not to quarrel):—Peary and Cook. * *

"It is not every man," says *The Great Western Railway Magazine*, "who can boast of a family of the size possessed by a packer in the company's service at Taunton whose wife recently gave birth to her twenty-third child." But then the G. W. R. M. must remember that most of us would have a difficulty in

finding room in our homes for so many piccaninnies. A packer has peculiar advantages. * *

A "leatherless leather" exhibition is to be held at the Eustace Miles Restaurant to prove that it is possible to do without animal skins. We wonder whether any other eating-houses will take up the idea, and hang out a notice:—

"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER"?

LIAR!

TRY OUR STEAKS AND CHOPS. * *

An exceptionally cold Christmas is predicted, and *The Express*, which is always up-to-date, publishes a timely

you a few facts," said Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at Carnarvon. No apology was needed. Any change in this direction is always welcome. * *

Mr. NOEL BUXTON, the Liberal candidate for North Norfolk, has acknowledged that he holds £80,000 worth of stock in a brewery, but states that this does not prevent his being a keen temperance advocate. It is a great thing to be Liberal-minded. * *

A lady writes to *The Express* asking parents, guardians, and teachers to send to her clever sayings of children for a volume which she is preparing. Since reading this our elders bring out a notebook whenever we speak, and we fear we are becoming horribly self-conscious. * *

A notable saying of the week:—The Mayor of CAMBERWELL (at a meeting of the Camberwell Borough Council)—"I will have no member of this Council called a baboon." Bravo, Sir! You show a very proper and manly spirit. * *

"Owner of Motor-car: 'Let me have my bill, please. I've had some biscuits and cheese and a glass of bitter. What has my chauffeur had?' Waiter: 'Salmon trout, half a bottle of Moselle, black coffee, and a cigar, sir!'"

"Owner of Car: 'Let me have my bill, please. I've had some cheese and biscuits, and a glass of bitter. What has the chauffeur had?' Waiter: 'Salmon trout, half a bottle of Moselle, black coffee, and half-a-dozen cigars!'" *The Statesman*.

This is one of those good stories which bear telling twice. But observe how the tobacco habit grows upon a man.

Mr. Punch greatly regrets that the following letter from the grocer has only just come into his hands:

"SIR OR MADAME,—I respectfully beg to inform you that on and after JULY 6th I shall cease to stock Wines and Spirits, as I am relinquishing the Licence. My primary reasons are conscientious objections to same, also in view of the increased Cost of Licence."

Mr. Punch is only afraid that with the death of the Budget the conscientious objections may go too.

"Four years ago Dr. Warre resigned the Head Mastership, and yesterday he received a cordial welcome back."—*Morning Post*. Another curious old Eton custom.

"Owing to the wind, a pinnacle from Bath Abbey during the night fell harmlessly within the palings. The River Avon rose five feet."—*Leicester Daily Mercury*.

The splash must have been terrific.



Mistress. "THERE, EMMA, THAT'S HOW THE GLASSES SHOULD GO." New Maid. "YES, 'M, YES. YOU SEE I'VE NEVER LIVED IN A DRINKING FAMILY BEFORE."

article, "How to enlist in the London Fire Brigade." * *

We cannot help thinking that people are jumping to hasty conclusions when they infer, from a statement made by some Eskimos to the effect that one day they saw a white house fall from the sky to the ground, that this was ANDRÉE's balloon. It may merely prove that there are jerry-builders in Mars. * *

"GOVERNMENT BOOT CONTRACTS" is a heading which catches our eye in a newspaper. We are not surprised that it should contract. It was predicted that unless the Budget were passed the shoe would pinch. * *

"I really must apologise for giving

ELECTION CORRESPONDENCE.

"SINGLE CHAMBER."—You touch upon a very real danger. As a distinguished Labour Member remarked the other day on being asked if he was in favour of the abolition of the Lords:—"What!" he said, "and let loose all those fellows on the electorate? Not me!" The prospect indeed gives us pause. Not only would all these Peers secure the franchise, which at present is denied them, along with women, aliens, and lunatics, but they would be allowed to stump the country during Election contests and actually enter the House of Commons. We should say that one hundred would get there easily on their merits (lots of them have been there before), and another hundred on the strength of their titles, for the British public still dearly loves a lord. These would form a very strong Tory element in the Commons, and your alarm is most reasonable; for, as you remark with great propriety, the idea of a Single Chamber is only thinkable on the assumption that it would be permanently Radical. Our present deplorable system, by which at worst the Lords only check legislation without initiating it, is infinitely to be preferred to a Single Chamber strongly impregnated with the decadent and putrefying influence of the Peerage.

"BARRIS HUMOUR."—"That the crowd (in Trafalgar Square) was moved by a serious determination did not destroy the sense of humour which is never absent from a gathering of Britishers. The production of a turnip, deftly carved to represent a vacuous face surmounted by a peer's coronet, raised shouts of laughter when it was hoisted on a stick with the inscription, 'The eldest born,'" You say that this passage, taken from *The Daily Chronicle*, makes you despair of British humour. Bear up; you have missed the point, which is really quite a good one. You have forgotten that that great Organizer of Monster Demonstrations, Capt. HEMPHILL, of the National Liberal Club, only escaped a turnip face through his elder brother, Lord HEMPHILL, being born before him.

"CHAOS IN THE CUSTOMS."—If you particularly want to go to the Head Office of the Customs to make a sketch for your threatened masterpiece in the manner of the late M. GUSTAVE DORÉ, we have no doubt that Mr. LAWRENCE GUILLEMARD, Chief of that Department, would give you every facility for studying Primeval Chaos on the spot. Indeed, thanks to the present smooth working of his Office, he would, I am sure, spare time to give you a personal sitting as "The Prince of Darkness," or, possibly, as "A Dragon of the Prime."

"FREE TRADER."—Are you down-hearted? Don't be that. The prayers of every good German are being raised on your behalf, that "the glorious institution of British trade freedom may be triumphantly vindicated" at the polls (*Berliner Tageblatt*). As for Herr DELBRUECK, who says, in defence of German protective tariffs, "Under our present fiscal régime our industry has conquered the entire world," I should not pay any attention to such language. It is true that he is the Imperial Secretary of State for the Interior, but he is thinking of his own Interior and not yours.

"PENDULUM."—Yes, we have read Mr. BIRRELL's quotation from Mr. BURKE to the effect that "a change in the national spirit" is "the most terrible of all revolutions," but we cannot help you. Mr. BIRRELL may have been referring to the Elections of 1906, or, again, to those of 1910. It is not always possible to see clearly into the mind of a Cabinet Minister. Mr. BART KENNEDY, however, has that power, and you should consult him. But he is very busy talking just now.

"NATIONALIST."—If you have any doubt as to whether your Irish Representatives are on the side of the People in the great struggle now impending, you cannot do better than read Mr. JOHN REDMOND's open letter to Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, who has been going round America with the hat (dear old

U.S.A.!). In that pregnant communication he says that the House of Lords has "challenged the immemorial right of the people's representatives to fix the taxes and to control the finances of the country." We can well understand that your faith was a little shaken on the occasion when the Irish people's representatives refused *en masse* to vote for the Third Reading of the Budget, thus declining to exercise their "immemorial right to fix the taxes." But words speak more strongly than actions, and this letter should restore your confidence.

"ONE OF THE PEOPLE."—Your brain must be on the soft side if you really suppose that the coming contest is between the Peers and the People. If it were it would be over before it had begun, since there are only a few hundred Peers and I don't know how many millions of the others; and, besides, the Peers can't vote. Of course the match is really People *v.* People, as it always is—each team playing at home. I see you are on the side of the People. Well, so are we. And, with any luck, we ought to win. O. S.

THE PLAINT OF AN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

They thrust a nozzle down my throat, they pumped me into shape;

They bound my windpipe tightly that my breath should not escape;

They laced me in the spotless buff, I wore it with an air;
'Twas tight, but it was comely—and one suffers to be fair.

I was a gay and buoyant thing. Alas, I little dreamt
That all this bravery was doomed to ruin and contempt;
That, when they tricked me in my best, 'twas but to undergo
The ignominy of the mire, the insult of the toe.

Men leap not on the slumb'ring hare or meditating hart;
The very evil-smelling fox is honoured with a start;
But me, in most unknighly wise, they placed upon the
ground,

And ten stern men on either side stood hungrily around.

Their boots were harsh, their eyes were fierce, their forms
were scantily clothed;

Methought they glared on me as on an object that they
loathed.

The sudden whistle pealed; and in a moment, like one man,
They seemed to fall upon me—and the jolly fun began.

They rolled me here, they drove me there: where'er I sought
to turn

There was a clumsy foot to hack, an iron head to spurn;
Ever in front was one with poised and calculating boot;
Ever behind a brutal thud betokened the pursuit.

No hand was raised to help me; save for two apart that
stand

Guarding the refuge nets, they shunned to touch me with
the hand;

And these, when fawning I approached, but hurled me madly
back,

Or punched me with the knotted fist, half-stunned, before
the pack.

Buffeted, dodging, doubling, in my panic-flight I flew
Over the breathing-line—in vain; they haled me forth anew;
With monstrous bounds they savaged me, half-maddened by
the squall

Of twenty thousand raucous throats all yelling, "On the
Ball."

Their breath grew short, their eyes were glazed; but still
in frenzied ire

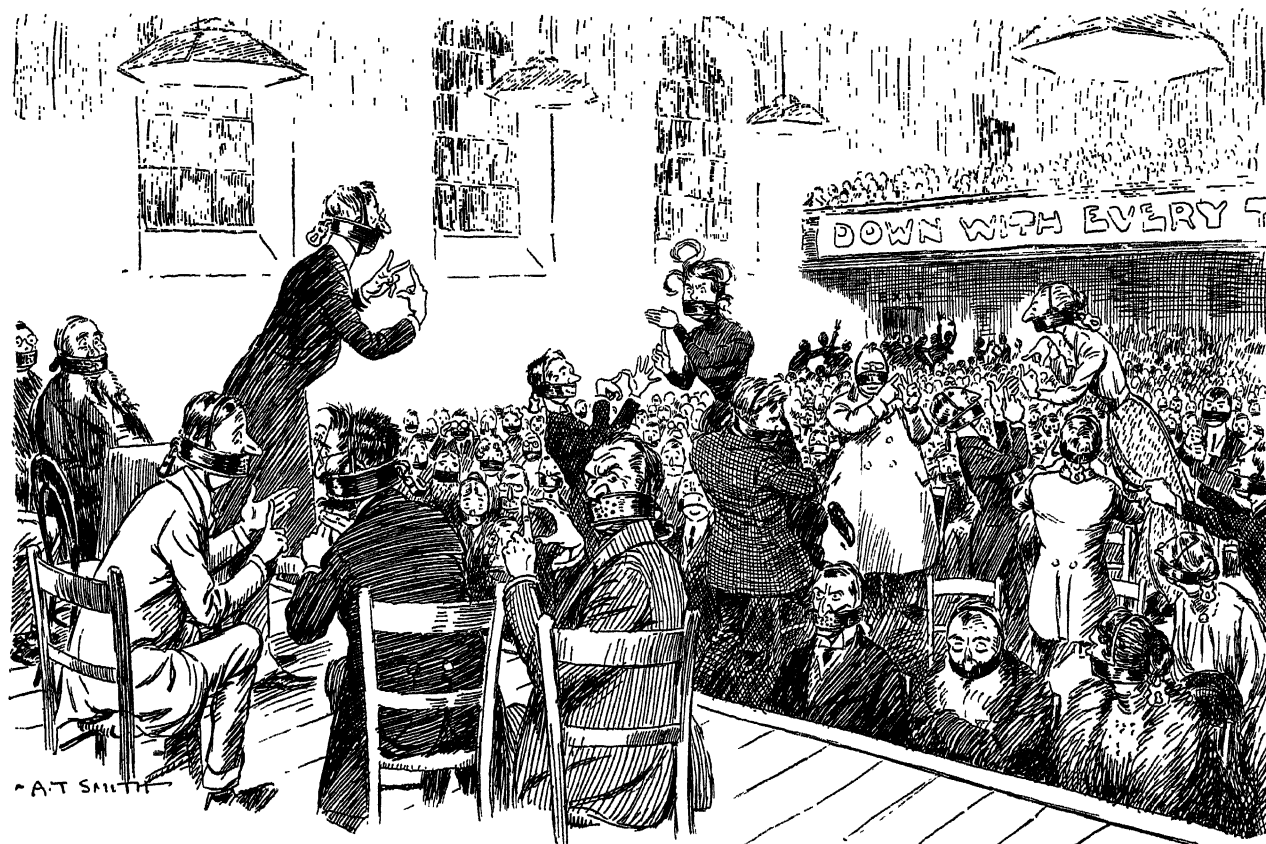
They bruised me with their mighty feet, they rolled me
through the mire;



THE COLOSSUS OF BATTERSEA.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BURNS (to his native borough). "SHIFT ME, AND YOU BECOME A 'BLASTED HEATH'!"

[“If he were defeated the borough would never recover from the indelible stigma of rejecting him.”—Report, in “The Times,” of Mr. John Burns’ speech at the Battersea Town Hall.]



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 6.

THE LEAGUE FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF SILENT INFLUENCE.

Till bloated, sullen, desperate, I let them do their worst,
Hoping, before the crack of Time, with any luck, to burst.

Shame on the callous mob that cheered! Shame on the
coward host
That fought to gain the privilege of who should hurt me
most;
And shame on him that shaped me as an orange, to my shame,
Not as my eggy kinsman of the Rugby Union game!

It is men's task to raise him up; from hand to hand he flies,
Or, folded in their warm embrace, calm as a babe he lies;
They spare to kick him in the wind, save with a courteous
grace
That lifts him through th' empyreal air, soaring aloft in space.

Ah gods, the swelling joys of such a flight! What pride to see
The world below, the wild hands stretched in welcome! And
what glee
To flatter the expectant back, and then, with impish change,
Dash edgeways down, and leap, in lively error, out of range!

What cheers attest his prowess as he travels high and far!
What hush of awed suspense awaits his Crossing of the Bar!
And ah, how sad to think that aught so vital should depend
On being made all over round, or pointed at the end.

For we were both of like estate; but Fortune's fell employ
Has made of me a rolling drudge, and him an eggy toy.
And very much I would the boot were on the other leg—
Th' Association Orange he, and I the Rugby Egg.

DUM-DUM.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE success of Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN's new novel, with the snappy title, *It Never Can Happen Again*, is said to be likely to inaugurate a new era in fiction. Novelists, who have ever been quick to discern the trend of public favour, assisted by their publishers, never renowned for an adamant and pedantic reluctance to assimilate their rivals' methods, have settled down to invent titles of similar discursiveness. Thus, Mr. JACOBS' new collection of short stories will be called *Those who go Down to the Sea in Ships*; Mr. HEWLETT's new novel, *They Love Too Much who Die for Love*; while Mr. DE MORGAN is at work upon *I Always Said the Thing was Extremely Unlikely to Recur*.

The recent decision of the circulating libraries to manage their own business in their own way has, it is well known, drawn from the Librarian of the House of Lords an eloquent protest. There is, however, no truth in the statement that Mr. GOSSE's letters to *The Times* have been bound in crushed velvet as a gift to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE with a view to so placating him that he may relent and permit the House of Lords—and its Librarian—to exist, after all.

The notoriety procured for Mr. WILLIAM WATSON by his chivalrous description of a London hostess as "The woman with the serpent's tongue," has borne good fruit, and we are already promised by other bards "The man with the camel's hump," "The woman with the elephant's ears," "The girl with the hare's lip," and "The boy with the frog's march." Meanwhile, following time-honoured custom, "The woman with the serpent's tongue" is to be arranged as a more or less unclothed dance at the music-halls.

LETTERS TO A MARTIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have heard, of course, that in this happy country of ours we are soon to be plunged into the turmoil and terror of a General Election. Already in every constituency the electors are being adjured with every variation of menace, entreaty and cajolery to march shoulder to shoulder to a certain triumph, and to allow no rust to dim the brightness of their flashing swords. Not a single stone anywhere is to be left unturned, for who knows what stone may conceal a mass of votes sufficient to determine the issue? The party pamphleteers, too, are busy with their wares, highly spiced and admirably composed. It would surprise you to read their efforts and to find how infamous we all are. Within the next five or six weeks six hundred and seventy men, all, according to one view or the other, criminals of a peculiarly atrocious kind (since their design is to shatter their country beyond hope of mending), will be returned as members of the House of Commons, and the land will have peace.

My pity in the meanwhile goes out to the candidates. Theirs is the speech-making part. Night after night they must travel from place to place in the pursuit of a majority of votes, and every night they are to be seen and heard on platforms. There is my friend Butterfield, for instance. Butterfield is a good, honest, solid man, a member of the London Stock Exchange, who has been selected to contest a County Division in the interest of Tariff Reform and the House of Lords, two great objects which divide him and his from the rapsallions who support Free Trade and the democracy. Butterfield has been a loving husband, a fond father and a pillar of finance in the City, "instead of which" he now runs about the country neglecting his business, abandoning his wife and family, and addressing political meetings. He tells me he has held more than thirty meetings in the past three weeks and hopes to hold fifty more before his polling day. He is no longer a man; he is an inexhaustible reservoir of words and phrases, which he pours out twice a night for more than half-an-hour without stopping. I heard him last week, and I am bound to say he did it admirably well.

What interested me, however, was not so much his speech itself as the thoughts that must have been passing through his mind as he uttered it. You'll say, perhaps, that a man like that can't think. You're entirely mistaken. While the pat phrases are tumbling out of his mouth he is thinking furiously, and his thoughts play him the most fantastic tricks. Let me give you an example to show my meaning. Butterfield's actual speech shall stand in the ordinary roman letters, while his thoughts shall appeal to you in italics.

You are to imagine a schoolroom in an agricultural village and an audience of fifty or sixty of the free and independent.

The chairman has had his ten minutes and has called on "our esteemed and popular candidate, Mr. Butterfield." Butterfield is on his legs. I pass over his preliminary compliments to the intelligence of his audience, and plunge into what I may call the thick of his speech:—

Butterfield. Why am I appealing to you? Why are we to have a general election? Because the House of Lords, in the exercise of its undoubted right—(*Mustn't say they rejected the Budget. That would be giving the show away*)—decided that the revolutionary proposals of this Government ought not to be passed into law without—(*This sentence is getting a bit mixed. However, now that I've begun it, I must finish it*)—a consultation, I mean, without submitting it to the judgment of the people. Is there anything wrong in that? Why, it is the Lords who are the true friends of the people.—(*A voice: "Down with them!"*)—If my friend

(*It's that confounded Radical labourer they told me about. Why can't the beggar stop at home? What does he want to come to my meeting for?*)—will consider for a moment he will see that it is his Radical friends who are afraid to consult the people—(*The voice: "Not much"*)—while we are willing to be guided by them—(*Better to leave the House of Lords and get on to the Budget and Tariff Reform*). The Radicals are very proud of the Budget—(*The voice: "They've a right to be"*). Yes, it's the only egg the Radical hen has laid after all these years, and the poor creature's going about the country—(*The voice: "The country's going to teach you your place"*)—and—(*That rascal has put it out of my head. What was I saying?*)—eventually they can only complain that the grapes are sour. Now if the Budget is such a miracle of fairness as they say—(*There's a chap in the third*

row who looks like a Nonconformist minister. Wonder if he'll be down on me)—why do they tax the working man's whiskey and his tobacco—(*Voice from the third row: "That's better than taxing his food"*)—and how—(*The Chairman ought to stop these interruptions and keep these fellows in order*)—do they dare to come to you and call this a poor man's Budget?

There—I've given you a mere extract, of course, but it will serve as a sample of the rest. At the end the Chairman said that Butterfield would be only too glad to answer any number of questions. The questions were put right enough, but I never saw anybody look less delighted than Butterfield at having to tackle them. And this is the sort of thing he has to do every night.

Yours to a turn,
AN EARTHWORM.

"The house must be suitable for the occupation of a lady, or one that could be made so with a moderate expenditure."—*Adv. in "The Field."* Money can't do it—you have to be born that way.



STUDY OF MAGAZINE COVER-DESIGNER EVOLVING
SOMETHING NEW IN NECKS.



SCENE—Children's Dance.

"I SAY, CHARLIE, WHAT'S THE ETIQUETTE? MY NEXT PARTNER'S LOOKING FOR ME AND THIS ONE'S STILL HARD AT IT."

SUPPRESSED EMOTIONS.

[Intending prosecutors will find all the information they require, except the Poet's address, in ARCHBOLD'S book on Criminal Proceedings, under the heading of "Inciting to a Breach of the Peace."]

TELL me not in noisy leaders
Life is at its crisis now,
And the crisis is the readers' . . .
Where's this crisis, anyhow?

"Revolution, riot, chaos!
Consternation, uproar, scare!"
Save in one obstreperous dray 'oss
I've not seen them anywhere.

Not in him "the wave of passion
Which has swept the countryside;"
Startled by a latest fashion,
He, to show his feelings, shied.

That irrelevant excepted,
Of the many I have seen
Not in one have I detected
Feelings from his outward mien.

Manners, goings-on and faces
I have watched and watched in vain;
Active wrath's still spent on braces,
Cursers mostly curse the rain.

People still enjoy their victuals
(Gourmands even ask for more);
Life has still its beer and skittles,
Things are as they were before.

If you've rightly gauged the Nation
(Meaning by the "Nation," us)
Let us all with acclamation
Step outside and make a fuss.

Let us do the thing by slices,
Take a sporting bard's advice;
If there's this excess of crisis,
Goodness gracious, let us *crise*!

THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW.

Damp is very injurious to pianos. It is a mistake to clean them with a hose.

Foreign bodies in the eye should never be removed with a pin. Loosen all clothing about the neck, remove artificial teeth, and keep patient amused till the doctor arrives.

Trousers will last nearly as long again if worn only half the time.

To tell if a poker is really red-hot, breathe on it and apply it to the back of the hand.

Freckles can be removed with a file, but it is a tedious process.

Earwigs will not attack dahlias if you smother them in tar—either of them.

To avoid a pimple while shaving, cover it with luminous paint, and shave in the dark with a safety razor.

There is no law in this country against dropping a penny stamp into a pillar-box, unattached to a letter or other missive.

A kick from a mouse would probably not even waken a sleeping elephant. A kick from an elephant, on the other hand, would probably injure a sleeping mouse for life.

Geysers are met with in Iceland, where some of them throw up fountains of steam and hot water 200 feet high. In England they are mostly used for heating bath-water, and are seldom more than 3 to 3 ft. 6 in. high.

"The fire broke out about nine o'clock. The night watchman promptly gave the alarm by blowing the heap of ruins, only one block being saved."—*Daily Graphic*.

"Blow the ruins," said the watchman as he fanned the flames with all his breath.

BARBARA'S PRESENT.

"If you *should* happen to be in Regent Street to-morrow at four" (ran the assignation), "just where what's the name of that street comes into it, and a lady in a very pretty new mauve coat and skirt bows to you, raise your hat and say, 'Crisis,' and she will let you help her with her shopping."

My guess at the name of the street was successful. I raised my hat and said, "Good afternoon."

"But you had to say 'Crisis,'" said Miss Middleton. "That's the password."

"I can't. I've sworn I'll never say it again. I took a most fearful oath. Several people heard me taking it, and swooned."

"But how do I know you're the right one if you don't say it? Well, I suppose I shall have to let you come. I've just lost mother; she went in at the silver department and out at the art fabrics—like people when they can't pay for their hansom."

"Yes, that's bad. The accused, who appeared to feel her position acutely, gave a false address. What are you going to buy?"

"Well, I thought I'd just help you get *your* presents first."

"I'm not giving any this Christmas. I gave a lot only a year ago."

"Oh, but haven't they paid you any wages since then?"

"Yes, a few trifling sums, only—Quick, there's your mother!" I pulled Miss Middleton hastily into the nearest shop and shut the door.

"What fun!" she said breathlessly. "Mother *loves* hide-and-seek."

Mrs. Middleton hurried past, covered with parcels, and dived into another door.

"It's quite safe now," I said. "Let's go and—"

"What can I have the pleasure of showing you?" said a soothing voice at our backs.

We turned round in alarm.

"Er—we only just—let me see, *what* was it you wanted?" said Miss Middleton to me.

"I don't really want anything. I was going to help you buy one of those—you know."

"Yes, but I've got that. I know there was *something* you said you wanted very much."

"Probably tea."

"Tiaras," explained Miss Middleton hastily. "Of course."

"Certainly, madam," said the shop-walker. "If you will just sit down," he continued, leading us to a little room out of the main stream of shoppers, "I will send somebody to attend to you."

We sat down mechanically. I leant my

stick against a show-case and balanced my hat on the top of it.

"Now you've done it," I said. "How many tiaras shall we have? I've got nearly four pounds."

"We needn't have any. We can say we don't much care about their selection."

"Or that we wanted one specially built for us."

"One goes into dozens of shops without buying *anything*," said Miss Middleton cheerily.

"I never do," I replied gloomily. "Hush, here he comes."

An attendant advanced briskly towards us. I put my hands in my pockets and tried to count my money.

"Tiaras, madam? Certainly. About what price?"

"Tell him about three pounds eight and six," I whispered to Miss Middleton. "Three pounds nine," I corrected, as I ran another sixpence to ground.

"Here is a beautiful one at two hundred and fifty pounds."

"Too much," I prompted softly.

"Oh," broke in Miss Middleton brightly, "I'm so sorry—such a silly mistake! We wanted neck-chains, not tiaras! Barbara has a tiara already, hasn't she?" she appealed to me.

"Two," I said quickly. "If not three."

"I'm so sorry," said Miss Middleton again, with a dazzling smile. "The first gentleman must have misunderstood. Of course we gave her a tiara last year."

The man was disappointed; I saw that. But the smile melted him, and he went off in all friendliness.

"Tiara doesn't sound very much like neck-chain," I remarked after a pause.

"Oh, don't you think so? It depends how you say it. Same as Beauchamp and Cholmondeley."

"And what is it when pronounced properly?"

"It's a chain that hangs round your neck, and when you don't quite know what to say to anybody you play with it carelessly. Or else you finger it absently. Like men smoking cigarettes, only better for you."

"I see. Well, here comes a hundred of the best."

The attendant got to business at once.

"This one," he said, holding up rather a jolly one, "comes out at ten guineas."

"Tell him," I whispered to Miss Middleton, "that we've only come out with three."

"That's *very* pretty," she said. "Are those moonstones?"

"Yes, madam. The fashionable stone this year."

"It's more for next year that we want it."

"I should say this season. I don't think you will find a prettier one than this, madam."

"It's very sweet. But aren't they unlucky, unless you happen to have been born in the right month?" She turned to me. "When is Barbara's birthday?"

"May," I said unhesitatingly. "I mean March."

"Anyhow," said Miss Middleton, "I know it's wrong for moonstones, because I was thinking of giving her some two years ago, and it had to be opals instead."

"We both thought of it," I said.

Miss Middleton looked at me so admiringly that I began to get reckless.

"Besides, we don't know the size of her neck," I went on. "And she never smokes—I mean she never doesn't know what to say to anybody. So I think we should be making a mistake if we gave her this. I do indeed. Now if it had been anybody else but Barbara—"

The man looked from one to the other of us in bewilderment.

"If you could show us some hat-pins instead?" said Miss Middleton hurriedly, before he could open his mouth.

"This is excellent," I said, as he retired in confusion; "we're working down well. All we've got to do now is to wait till he comes back and then say that we're sorry but we meant hairpins. With hairpins you're practically there."

"Supposing they only had gold ones."

"Then we should point out that they wouldn't go with Barbara's curiously-coloured hair. You leave this to me. I can finish it off now on my head. At the same time I'm sorry I'm not going to spend *anything*."

"Oh but you are," said Miss Middleton. "You're going to give me and mother tea."

"Of course I am," I agreed.

After tea I went back to the shop by myself.

"I want," I said, "a trifle for about three pounds. A moonstone pendant or something. Yes, that's very sweet. No, I'll take it with me."

They packed it in a pretty little box for me, and I'm going to send it to Miss Middleton on the 24th. I am putting in a card with the words "From Barbara" on it. As I said, I am not giving any presents myself this year, but I do think that Barbara should repay at least *some* of the kindnesses which have been showered upon her so wantonly. A. A. M.

"A good home wanted at once for small pony retiring from business."

Dumfries Standard.

He will have to take up a hobby of some kind now—gardening or fretwork.

WHY READ AT ALL ?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—II. MR. ROBERT HICHENS.



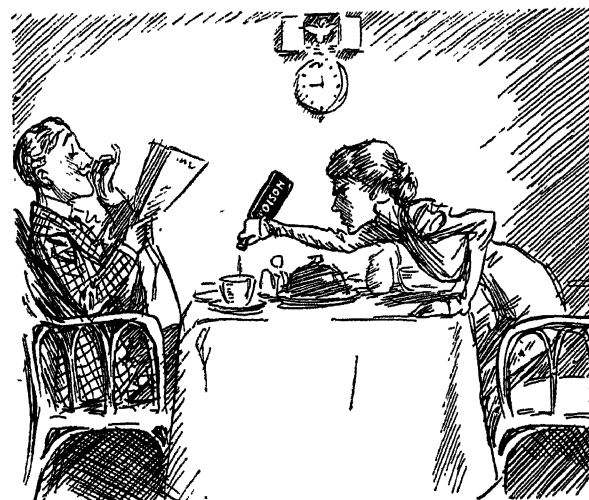
THE GLAMOUR OF THE ORIENT.



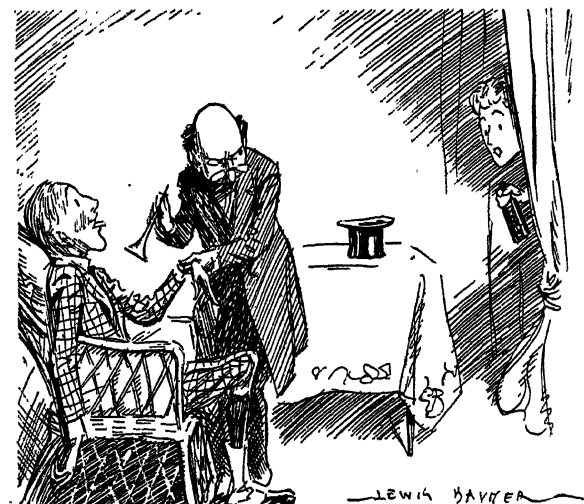
DEPARTURE OF THE HUSBAND.



BY THE MOONLIT NILE.



RETURN OF THE HUSBAND.



UNMASKED !



THROWN OVER !



Boy (having blown for taxi). "HERE, I DON'T WANT YOU. I BLEW ONCE TWICE."
Cabby. "OH, I THOUGHT YOU BLEW TWICE ONCE."

For Christmas Festivities.

["To collect for its purchaser the life stories of fifty friends is the purpose of 'The Interview Book,' a novelty among this year's Christmas gifts."—*Daily Mail*.]

Mr. Punch has not seen the work in question, but knowing the tendency of the day to false delicacy he ventures to suggest a few questions which are probably omitted from it, but could not fail to add to the liveliness of the happy season which is upon us:—

Who was your father?
How often was he a bankrupt?

Who was your mother?
What is her real age?
Do your parents get on together?
If not, whose fault do you think it is?
When were you born?
Were you ever expelled from school?
What is your income?
Have you now become temperate?

"The Takin was not a new discovery, for it was known as far back as 1838."—*The Observer*.

It was known even earlier. There was an excellent one in connection with the South Seas in 1720.

CREATURE COMFORTS.

["What greater pleasure can there be to a private gentleman," says CARL HAGENBACK in his *Beasts and Men*, "than that of maintaining and establishing personal friendships with a collection of foreign animals?"]

For years I led a dreary life;

The days passed slowly, one by one;
I fed the ducks, reproved my wife,
Played HANDEL'S *Largo* on the fife,
Or gave the dog a run.

I neither realised nor knew
The pleasures of a private Zoo.

I never loved a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
Nor ever to my lot it fell
To know a penguin really well,
Till, early last July,
I bought a small menagerie,
And oh! the difference to me!

Now, when my spouse, perverse or cold,
Induces an attack of dumps,
I feel encouraged and consoled
When in their *menège* I behold
My camels' greater lumps;
I fly from dear mamma-in-law
To Kate, my talkative macaw.

When statesmen's speeches are disgraced
By vulgar insults which denote
A lamentable lack of taste,
I seek my monkey-house in haste
To find an antidote;
I turn for manners to the lair
Of Bosco, my performing bear.

Those "lions" whom we fête and feed,
Heroes of sword or brush or pen,
Are they more dignified, indeed,
Than creatures of that nobler breed
Which decorate my den?
The more my fellow-men I view,
The more I love my private Zoo!

COLDSTREAM.

AMÉLIE DE L'ENCLOS, we are informed,
"reaches what is described as the 'four-lined C,' a note which, it is claimed, has never before been reached by a singer."

Hint for the lady's advt. manager:

*She was the first
That ever burst
Into the "four-lined C."*

"DAINTY: Always keep a lemon on the wash-stand. It will prevent the skin forming round the half moons at the base of the finger nails, and keep the latter in good condition."—*Manchester Weekly Times*.

Another useful tip to remember is that a pomegranate kept in the wardrobe prevents the hair from falling out.

"The Scherzo is a fine wild piece of music, always struggling to fly away into space, restrained by the Composer, ably assisted by the players."—*Madras Times*.

Why do the players' blisters hurt so?
Because they're grappling with the Scherzo.



DISILLUSIONED.

AVERAGE PEER (*on the stump*). "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN——"

BRITISH WORKMAN. "'ULLO—WHERE'S 'IS SINISTER EYE, AN' 'IS RAVENIN' MAW, AN' 'IS BLOOD-STAINED DAGGER AN' ALL, SAME AS IN THE PAPERS?"



PEEROTS ON TOUR.

*Chorus (with conscious pride). "Yes, we sat upon the Budget on the flo-o-or,
A thing we had nev-ah done befo-o-ore."*

(Lords Lansdowne, Halsbury, Londonderry, and Curzon.)

THE FALL OF THE BLOOD.

I HAVE scarcely got over the shock yet, although it happened more than twenty-four hours ago.

We called the youth "The Pedigree Pup." He traced his ancestors back to the CONQUEROR. Not that there was much harm in that, but he was always ramming the allegation down our throats, and it used to get on our nerves. Otherwise he was a harmless well-dressed idiot. With regard to his pedigree, as a matter of fact, none of us believed in it—and in any event it seemed an insufficient excuse for him—and you may be sure his trusted intimates never lost a chance of telling him so.

But two of us felt sorry about this yesterday.

Yesterday we were out with him when on a sudden he fell heavily on his back on the pavement. A confounded piece of banana skin had done it. And when the

Pedigree Pup tried to rise he couldn't. With a groan he fell back again. At first we thought he was trying to draw us, but when we bent down to help him up we saw a sight which made us feel queer. Blood was trickling from the side of the Pedigree Pup—and *its colour was blue.*

You never saw such shame-faced sceptics as we were then. "We're sorry, old chap," we said, just before he noticed what we had seen. Then he looked at us reproachfully, and swooned . . . It was the work of a minute to call a cab and to rush him to a hospital.

Our feelings during the diagnosis may better be imagined than described. We had to wait only ten minutes, but it seemed as many hours. "If he gets over this, we'll never chaff the poor old fellow again," we said.

At last the doctor—much too young for his job, it seemed to us—appeared.

"Well?" we asked in unison.

"Your friend has sprained his ankle," he said.

"But the blood, doctor?"

"What blood?"

"Why, the blue blood."

"Ah, I had forgotten that," he said, and smiled in what we regarded as a callous manner.

"We were fond of our friend," I said reprovingly. "In falling, he surely broke an artery?"

"A very natural mistake," he said kindly. "So many amateurs find a difficulty in distinguishing between an artery and a fountain pen."

* * * * *

"For some informality in front of the Durham goal posts, Gamon had a free kick allowed, but he made a wretched attempt with him to shake hands and say good-bye, for he was later."—*The Yorkshire Post.*

GAMON must remember to be in time.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE BLUE BIRD."

To Mr. JOSEPH HARKER who painted the scenery; to Messrs. CAYLEY ROBINSON and S. H. SIME who helped him in designing it; to Miss INA PELLY who arranged the dances; to Mr. LYALL SWETE who produced the play; and to Mr. HERBERT TRENCH who had the courage to present it, I am greatly in debt for some extraordinarily beautiful spectacular effects in *The Blue Bird*. And there was M. MAETERLINCK, too. I must not forget him, for, after all, it was he who provided the matter to work upon. But he would have fared indifferently without the assistance of these others. I do not complain that his work was a medley of pantomime, fairy-tale and allegory. New dramatic forms are always welcome if they lend themselves to presentation on the stage. My complaint is that this is not good pantomime nor right fairy-tale nor sound allegory. As pantomime it has not stuff enough in it to go round, and it has too little "relief" for what stuff there is. As fairy-tale it lacks cohesion and really provides no story, as *Peter Pan* does, to hold the imagination of children. As allegory, it is wanting in the logical consistency that is demanded of symbolic work.

The main idea, I am authoritatively informed, is the search of Mankind after Happiness. But this quest is conducted in the most unlikely quarters—now in a graveyard, and now among the cavernous haunts of the spirits of disease and war and death. And, when one has the Idea symbolised by two little innocent children in search of a Blue Bird, the unlikelihood of this course of inquiry almost touches the limits of the grotesque. The fact is that a few disconnected ideas have occurred to M. MAETERLINCK, some of them drawn from the realm of poetic phantasy, others founded on hard fact: as that there are no dead; that those whom we call the dead are just asleep, and wake up to the old life whenever the living remember them—a very gentle thought; that Nature—both the animal and the vegetable world—is the enemy of man; that the dog is a beautiful exception; and so forth. A fairy poem might possibly have been built up round these ideas, with everything left to the imagination. But when you try to stage them; when you try, in the prosaic atmosphere of a theatre, to illustrate your fancy by

concrete instances, you are forced into all kinds of inevitable crudities. This peril does not escape the intelligence of M. MAETERLINCK, and so he attempts to disarm ridicule by a little merriment of his own, not always well-timed. Take the graveyard scene. He wishes to illustrate the poetic thought that there are no dead. So, after some incongruous frivolity on the part of the questing boy, midnight strikes, the lights are turned down, and when they are put up again the graves are seen covered with stiff rows of funeral flowers

impious laughter. Two children, blue and unborn, are already in love with one another; a third informs the little human boy, *Tyltyl*, who is only half his size, that he hopes shortly to become his baby-brother. *Father Time* seeks to relieve the situation with some mild facetiousness; but it is really the splendour of the scenic background that saves it.

I know I shall be called profane and a Philistine. I know that, if I were a good critic like the others, I should approach a work by M. MAETERLINCK with the awe due to a Master of Symbolism, and attribute any apparent failure on his part to my own want of poetic insight. Well, I must bear these reflections with what meekness I can command, and meanwhile invite the others to go and see *Peter Pan* once more, and recover their childhood.

The performance was excellent. Little Miss OLIVE WALTER, as the boy *Tyltyl*, was the best child I have ever seen on the stage. She maintained an admirable interest and curiosity in the various wonderments which it was her business to investigate, and did not attempt to conceal her very natural indifference to the lectures of which she was from time to time the innocent victim. I cannot share the general enthusiasm for the dog and cat, not caring much for half-human hybrids. Give me the uncompromising actualities of Drury Lane.

Next to the extreme beauty of the scenery (and I wish, by the way, that more gauze had been used to give the right vagueness to things of the imagination), I cherish most the memory of Miss INA PELLY as *Water*, a charming study in the manner of the nymphs of Mr. WATERHOUSE's pictures, and her exquisite dance in the Third Act. If only some of our "classical" performers had her youth and litherness and grace of limb.

As a great admirer of Mr. HERBERT TRENCH's enterprise, I wish I could forecast a long success for his latest presentation. But, in spite of its many delightful fancies, I am afraid that the children will want a more enthralling tale, and one with less of death in it, and that their elders will feel that in this effort to realise abstract ideas the stage, not for the first time, has overstepped the limits proper to its art.

But I am grateful to M. MAETERLINCK, for, until I had seen his *Blue Bird*, I never appreciated at its full worth the genius of Mr. BARRIE. O. S.



VIVE LE SPORT!

GOING OUT AFTER BLUE BIRDS.

<i>Tyltyl</i>	MISS OLIVE WALTER.
<i>Mytyl</i>	MISS PAULINE GILMER.
<i>Tylö, the Dog</i>	MR. ERNEST HENDRIE.
<i>Tyllette, the Cat</i>	MR. NORMAN PAGE.

(the critic of *The Times* pauses in his rhapsody to give a catalogue of their Latin names). A poet, just using words without pictures plain or coloured, and trusting a little to my imagination, might trace for me, in the flowers that spring from a grave, the symbol of immortality, and I should be content. But this stage-mechanism leaves me cold and sceptic.

I may add that the subsequent exhibition of a dancing skeleton in Act V. did not help much to confirm M. MAETERLINCK's statement that there are no dead.

Take again the pretty fancy of a region inhabited by unborn children waiting for their birth. Realized in concrete form, the scene invites to



QUESTIONS FOR THE "BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

IF YOU HAVE RIGGED OUT A GUEST TO ENABLE HIM TO COME OUT BEAGLING, IS IT PERMISSIBLE, WHEN YOU SEE HIM NEGOTIATING BARBED WIRE, TO REMIND HIM OF YOUR VESTED INTEREST IN A PORTION OF HIS WARDROBE?

A CASE FOR LOYOLA.

I MET him, where one meets most of the odd characters, in a public-house. He was drinking the national beverage, now reduced once again to its traditional price, and drinking it not the less readily on that account.

We had no introduction save the circumstance that we chanced both to be taking refreshment at the same time—and, after all, is not that a bond? He did not begin to talk at once, and very likely would not have done so had not a little man come hastily in, received his drink, laid his money on the bar without a word, also without a word drunk it, and hurried out again.

"You might guess a hundred times before you could say what that man does," said my neighbour.

I gave it up at once. He might have been anything requiring no muscle, and there are so many varieties of such professions. An insurance agent, but he was too busy and taciturn; a commission agent, but he was alone; a cheap oculist, but he would not be free at this hour. I therefore gave it up at once.

"He's a conjurer," said the man.

"Not on the stage: goes out to parties and smokers."

I expressed the necessary amount of surprise and satisfaction.

"Odd what different things men do," he continued. "There's all sorts of trades, isn't there? I often sit for hours watching men and wondering what they are. Sometimes you can tell easily. A carpenter, for instance, often has a rule pocket in his trousers that you can spot. A lawyer's clerk has a certain way with him. Horses always leave their mark on men, and you tell coachmen even in plain clothes. But there's many left to baffle you."

"Yes," I said (for I, too, am a "bromide"), "it needs a *Sherlock Holmes*."

"And yet there's some to puzzle even him," said my man. "Now what do you think he'd make of me?"

Upon my word I couldn't say. He was just the ordinary artisan, with a little thoughtfulness added. A small, pale man, grizzled and neat, but the clothes were old. The shininess and bagginess of the knees suggested much kneeling; nothing else gave me a hint.

"I give that up too," I said.

"Well," he replied, "I'll tell you, because you're a stranger. I'm a worm-holer."

"A worm-holer?"

"Yes, I make worm-holes in furniture to make it seem older and fetch a better price."

"Great heavens!" I said, "I have heard of it, of course, but I never thought to meet a worm-holer face to face. How do you do it?"

"It's not difficult," he said, "to make the actual holes. The trick is to make 'em look real."

"And what becomes of the furniture?"

"America chiefly," he said. "They like old English things there, the older the better. Guaranteed Tudor things will fetch anything . . . we guarantee all ours."

"And you have no conscience about it?" I asked.

"None," he said. "Not any more. I had a little once, but there, the Americans are so happy with their finds it would be a shame to disappoint them. I look on myself as a benefactor to the nation now. I often lie awake at nights—I sleep badly—thinking of the collectors in U.S.A. hugging themselves with

satisfaction that a chair which QUEEN ELIZABETH might have sat in is theirs at last. Just think of their excitement and joy. No man who brings such simple and honest feelings to his fellow-beings is a rogue. You admit that?"

I am no casuist. "Tell me how you came to be a worm-holer," I said.

"It was out of gratitude," he replied, "to a dealer who had been kind to me. I wanted to repay him. I had no money, only ideas and some ability. He had up to that time been on the straight, as we say. I showed him how to make much more money and save himself and his family from ruin. He had no chance in the ordinary way; as a purveyor of spurious antiques—always, mark you, giving pleasure and happiness—he could succeed. "Because," he added, as he finished his beer, "it's not what *is* that counts but what one thinks it."

He wished me good morning and walked out.

"Good heavens!" I said again. "Where am I?"

And I am still wondering.

A SPORTING TRAGEDY.

"Athletics," according to Miss MAY SUTTON, "are the best antidote for premature love affairs."]

IN early youth he loved and wooed,
And oh! his ways were wondrous gentle;

For sports, which he considered rude,
He did not care one continental;
But, though her heart he strove to gain
With many a tender word and deed,
he

Found all his amorous efforts vain
Because she thought him far too weedy.

"The man who marries me must show
Some skill at outdoor exercises,
Have scored his century or so
And won his share of sporting prizes.
In time, perhaps, I'll love you well,
And may consent to have you by me,
But *now* you cannot even tell
A cut past cover from a stymie."

He strove to bang the hefty four,
He learned to bowl the googly twister,
To lean upon the lusty oar,
Disdainful of the frequent blister.
All sports proved potent to delight
One who had been so limp a lover,
From over-flying WILBUR WRIGHT
To under-studying a shover.

But, though the prospect of her hand
First turned his taste in this direc-
tion,
Sport's fascination gripped him, and
Stified his premature affection.
The passing years have left him free;
Her words on Man are simply cutting;
A solitary spinster she,
While he's—improving in his putting.

AT THE KNEE OF AN IDOL.

BY ALBERT DE TOMPKYNS, M.P.

[With acknowledgments to Mr. Arthur Ponsonby's fascinating treatise on the iniquity of riches, "*The Camel and the Needle's Eye*."]]

... BUT while the possession not merely of riches B. D. A. (Beyond the Dreams of Avarice), but of wealth beyond the standard of a full competence, has been shown to be damaging to the owner and dangerous to the community, it would be undesirable to enforce an abstinence from the amenities of life calculated to interfere with the happiness of the Enlightened Unit.

In arriving at a clear definition of the sumptuary limit, nothing is more helpful than the concrete instance. Let us, therefore, begin with boots. Man is a walking animal, but unhappily, deprived of his pristine horny-footedness by the enervating influence of an advanced civilisation, cannot dispense with these cumbersome and costly leather cases. Under Socialism, as WALTER BAGEHOT once acutely surmised, every man would have one boot. Possibly, if he were alive now, he might be tempted to add "and one roller skate." But setting aside this solution as alas! too Utopian, we have to ask ourselves the following soul-shaking (or shall we say sole-shaking?) question: How many pairs of boots ought the Enlightened Unit to possess without becoming a danger to the community?

Here the opinions of experts are in acute conflict. Lord ALTHORP, that stalwart Radical, has pronounced the irreducible minimum for a self-respecting single-chamber man to be sixteen pairs, and absolutely condemns the use of elastic sides. Sir JESSE BOOT, on the other hand, places the figure as low as six. We shall probably not be deviating from the norm of sociological exactitude if we split the difference, and say that the Enlightened Unit should not possess more than eleven pairs of boots and shoes.

Another cognate question of vast importance for the community is that of camels. How many camels may a man possess without incurring the stigma of opulence and passing into the dread limbo of mirthless misery, for, as Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE remarks: "A millionaire seldom smiles." Statistics compiled by Mr. GRAYSON reveal the terrible fact that the son of a peer recently kept a private menagerie. In Paris it is a common practice for decadent gentlemen and ladies to perform in a private circus. But the associations of the camel are such as to repel the sympathies of all right-minded humanitarians. The camel suggests Egypt, that ever-present witness of our tyranny and

oppression. The camel has been celebrated by Mr. KIPLING, the apostle of a debased Imperialism. And lastly, in the witty language of that great theologian, BERNARD SHAW, "The man who keeps a camel generally gets the hump." Taking all these considerations into account, it will, we think, be readily admitted that there is no urgent need for a Self-respecting and Enlightened Unit to keep camels at all, but that, if he does, he should not run to more than four, or say two dromedaries. As the great NAPOLEON truly remarked, "*Il faut se borner*." Before we quit this branch of the subject let us say that the question whether peers should or should not keep private menageries is implicitly answered in the title which collectively symbolises the credentials of our hereditary legislators—Lord No Zoo.

Another question of poignant interest at this moment is that of yachts. How many yachts, for example, may a baronet or, to be concrete, may Sir THOMAS LIPTON possess? Yachting, when the owner is a genuine seaman, is a healthy and invigorating pursuit? We think we shall not be deviating from the standard of good taste and economy if we say that no person possessing a full competence ought to own more than one steam yacht, one racing cutter, and three motor launches. A larger number would probably lay the owner open to a charge of ostentation, which, if he is a man of humane views and a supporter of the land taxes, might prove embarrassing to his *amour propre*. In this context we would also suggest with all respect that no Radical M.P. ought to give more than sixteen Fragonard dinner-parties in the course of a single season.

When we approach the discussion of the bi-cameral system in a fitting spirit of dispassionate detachment, a number of problems of vital interest literally leap to the eyes. How many times ought a "backwoodsman" to go to a Gaiety burlesque to justify his being denounced in *The Chronicle* as the "*ne plus ultra* of devilish decadence"? How many times must a peer succumb to inebriety before he is entitled to be called (1) a drunken helot, (2) as drunk as a lord? These are only a few of the perplexities which beset the path of the earnest sociological inquirer in search of the sumptuary limit. Sauerbeck's Index Number is no doubt a useful but by no means an infallible guide, and an emotional stimulus can always be obtained by the perusal of the treatises of Crittenden, Blamphin, Orella Corre and Alpheus Boker. But in these, as in all other psycho-political investigations, the honest observer should rely chiefly on his own prepossessions, eschewing the mirage of statistics and the *fata Morgana* of fact...



THE TOY-SHOP OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

IN VIEW OF THE TENDENCY TO REALISM IN TOYS, IT IS FEARED THAT VERY SOON NOTHING BUT THE ACTUAL ANIMAL WILL SATISFY OUR YOUNGSTERS.

THE BIRDMAN

(By one who is a bit sick of the title).

His nerves are sublimely unflustered;
Selecting a suitable date,
He can vanquish the kite or the bustard,
And storm at Olympus's gate;
Behold him, my free Muse!
Astounding the sea-mews,
And leaving the petrel behind him pumped out and irate.

The lord of the welkin, the satrap
Of fowls o' the air, he may spurn
(As he sits in a sort of a rat-trap,
Tied up with a windmill concern),
From the shrike to the hoopoe
His subjects, and pooh-pooh
The whole feathered tribe—till it comes to a difficult turn.

If I sought some aerial roamer
To send Araminta my love,
Should I turn to the strong-winged "homer"?
Should I plead with the Paphian dove?
Should I crave for the swallow,
My fair one to follow?
Not much! when the gyroscope packet is pounding above.

Old Jupiter's minions are jealous;
The roc of the rose-coloured East
And the birds of which scientists tell us,
The stout pterodactyles (deceased),
Would rise in their anguish
From graves where they languish,
To learn that the skies had been pinched by a parvenu beast.
For observe how (to quote the reporter)
The monoplane leaps from the ground
(When the wind's in a suitable quarter)
And after a bump on a mound
Bolts up to the ether,
All England beneath her,
Twelve yards from the earth and completes an unparalleled round.

This only I ask of the papers
That term him the prince of the sky—
Can the airman compete with the capers
Of gnats, when the sunset is nigh?
Can they swoop like the creatures
That tickle one's features?
Or soar with the verve and the grace of the bluebottle fly?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

My private belief is that MAUD DIVER became so strongly attached to that excellent former creation of hers, *Captain Desmond*, V.C., that she wrote *Candles in the Wind* (BLACKWOOD) solely for the pleasure of bringing him into it. And small blame to her. Accordingly, when her latest hero, *Alan Lawrence*, has been brought to the last limit of human endurance, suddenly there enters, the god from the car, an English officer "whose fine-featured face seemed oddly familiar." So that was all right! *Desmond* locked away the too-tempting revolver, nursed *Lawrence* through a sharp attack of fever, and generally straightened things up all round. Amongst other worries, *Lawrence* was vexed with himself because he had fallen in love with the wife of Somebody Else. I do not think he can have read many Anglo-Indian novels, or he would have known that they seldom have any other foundation. Eventually, however, *Videlle*, who, to make matters worse, is tainted with black blood, dies of plague, and my only reason for sorrow was that this naturally ends the book, which, so long as hero and heroine were kept apart, was interesting, and even in parts thrilling. Not by reason of the plot, which, as you see, is no great matter, but for the setting. This is quite wonderfully well done. Miss DIVER's pen-pictures of the tremendous Afghan frontier bring all the romance and terror and mystery of this fringe of Empire home to the reader with a force that must surely leave the smallest Little Englander gasping and enlarged.



Salesman (lately promoted to curio department). "THIS NECKLACE, MADAME, WAS ORIGINALLY MADE FOR THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, WHO GAVE IT TO ANNE OF AUSTRIA. WE'RE SELLING A LOT OF THEM."

I like a book that flings a crowd
Of fighting actors on the stage,
With threats and curses shouted loud
And pistol-shots on every page—
A book that sends my heart, long pent
Below, a-fluttering to my mouth;
And that's what RANDALL PARRISH meant
To make *My Lady of the South*.

It hails from Messrs. PUTNAM'S SONS,
And when I say it hails, it's true;
It fairly buffets you with tons
Of points which ought to thrill you through.
They don't—not me, at least—and yet
It rather puzzles me to trace
Just where our RANDALL fails to get
His finger on the vital place.

The reason isn't that he bores
By giving a transparent plot;
Or that the Yankee Civil War's
A hackneyed period; it is not.

He has an eye for types of men;
He does not hug the beaten track;
He starts his story well, and then
He somehow seems to lose the knack.

The sex problem, it is true, looms frequently in *Love and the Wise Men* (METHUEN), but Mr. PERCY WHITE has treated the subject so amusingly and discreetly that it will shock the puritanical as little as it will entertain the prurient. "Modern education," says *Spenser Kirke*, "is suffering from the blight of a false delicacy which makes schoolmasters ashamed to teach the young that they are as much a part of the world as kittens," and obsessed by this idea he sends his nephew, *David Kirke*, and *Philip Herriott* to the Institution "Bard" at Rouen, in which the most modern system of instruction was supposed to prevail. The result, however, was that the two boys became intensely alive to the emotions which were to have been subdued. *Mme. Bard*, along with *Patricia Harcourt*, a charming girl who lived inconveniently close to the Institution, played ducks with all educational theories, and *David* and *Philip* left Rouen precipitately. After this set-back *Philip* went placidly to Rugby, and as he managed to go there in his sixteenth year and also succeeded in watching a Gentlemen v. Players' match at Lord's in August I think that he had more than his ordinary share of luck. *David's* education in the meantime was supervised by his uncle, and things went smoothly enough until *Patricia* arrived in England. Then, in spite of systems and philosophy, *David* fell in love, and so did *Philip*, and so, to round off the comedy, did *Spenser Kirke*—although his charmer was not *Patricia* but *Philip's* mother. Perhaps it

is a pity that the story does not end with the uncle's downfall, for *David's* pursuit of a wife is a little out of harmony with the prevailing spirit. Still, so full of delicious irony and so free from sarcasm is *Love and the Wise Men* that I am more inclined to congratulate the author than to criticise.

"In a letter to Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., Mr. Waldron states that the demands of his duties requiring my presence in Dublin, I make it impossible that he should stand as candidate at the forthcoming General Election."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

So if Mr. HARRINGTON has a seat which isn't yours, no doubt they are the ones.

"To-day's Cross-Country Passages.

(By arrangement with the S. E. & C. R.)"—*Daily News*.

In disgust at our friendly hint, the S. E. & C. R. has (it will be seen) given up arranging the weather for cross-Channel passages, and now confines itself to the land.

From "Hints to Memsahibs" in an Indian paper:—

"To clean furniture: Rub on the following: 1 of beeswax to 1 spirits of turpentine; strain through coarse muslin."

For heavy pieces of furniture the muslin should be very coarse.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN is a next door not a next door? For solution of this riddle address the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, marking the envelope plainly "Cardiff Tailor."

We are pleased to see that the exemplary sentence of three months' imprisonment has been passed on a man for a fraud on the War Office. There is something peculiarly unsportsmanlike in taking advantage of the innocence of this institution.

Superstitious persons are saying that a proof that death is hovering over the House of Lords may be found in the titles which the two newest peers have chosen. Admiral Sir JOHN FISHER becomes Baron FISHER of Kilverstone, and Sir ARTHUR GODLEY is now Baron KILBRACKEN of Killegar. In each title there is a distinct suggestion of homicide. *Absit omen!*

Mr. BALFOUR is taking a fortnight's rest. His message to his colleagues:—"You make the speeches: I'll do the rest."

In his racy speech at the Authors' Club on Naval Gunnery, Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT apologised for the fact that "by force of circumstance his remarks had to be rather like *Hamlet* with the Prince of Denmark left out." But surely, writes an old lady, the KAISER is not yet Prince of Denmark?

The Political Stakes. Scratched.—*The Chaos.*

"The dwellers in glass houses," said Mr. BIRRELL at Bristol, "have begun to throw stones at the Constitution." Does this figure of speech, we wonder, shadow the acquisition of the Crystal Palace by the Government as a home for evicted peers?

"If manners make the man, clothes make the woman," says Mrs. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST. Nothing was said as to what makes the militant suffragette, but we think it cannot be manners.

The statement made by a police inspector at East Ham to the effect that in the county of Essex all birds are protected on Sundays is, we are in-

formed, not strictly correct. During the summer a sparrow hopped into an Essex church, the door of which was open, and was allowed to remain there during the whole of the sermon.

More signs that we are in for an arctic winter! During the cold snap last week seventy Polar bears suddenly appeared at the Hippodrome. It is many years since so many have been seen in London.

porters, some of whom seem just now to prefer the offensive to the defensive.

De mortuis, etc. "A very pretty little play, and quite original music," a lady was overheard to remark on leaving His Majesty's Theatre after seeing *Beethoven* (since deceased).

The late Mlle. GRAJEAN, of Paris, we learn from *The Express*, has left a will bequeathing a small annuity to each of her two hundred pets—including $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ a day to her fowls. The birds, we hear, already realise that they are now of independent means, and are sturdily refusing to lay eggs.

TOM LEWIS, the plucky little hero who was decorated by the KING last week, has been interviewed by a newspaper man. He expressed the opinion that the music at St. Paul's was "fine," that the Zoological Gardens were "fine," and that the performance at the Hippodrome was "fine." Fortunately he was not asked what he thought of the weather, or a reputation for splendid consistency might have been damaged.

Lord CURZON, speaking on the House of Lords at Oldham, exclaimed: "What cant it is, what humbug, what nypocrisy, to talk about an effete oligarchy when they are continually pouring Radical recruits into it!" This is praise from "Sir Hubert," and the Radicals are purring.

The Willesden Board of Guardians has completed a roll-call of the inmates of the workhouse, and has discovered among the paupers a Civil servant, a poet, a chartered accountant, a piano-

forte maker, and a number of clerks and tradesmen. Peers are evidently too proud to give their correct designation.

Rumours of a grave political scandal reach us. It is said that a certain Liberal M.P. who is going about the country predicting an enormous majority for his party has entered into a competition, started by a contemporary, which offers a large money prize for the most accurate guess at the result of the election. The scandal is that he there predicts (*on dit*) a majority for the Conservatives.



Bus Conductor (at Hyde Park Corner). "ERE, WOT YER WANT TO GET DOWN 'ERE FOR? Y'ASKED FOR THE MARBLE ARCH. THIS AIN'T THE MARBLE ARCH."

Passenger. "WELL, ANYHOW, IT'S WHAT I CALL THE MARBLE ARCH."

Too old at sixty.—CODDEN'S doctrines?

"In many respects," Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES told the members of the Kit Marlowe Club, "SHAKESPEARE was a very plain, ordinary, straightforward person." Mr. HALL CAINE, however, denies indignantly that he was very plain.

Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN expresses surprise that Mr. ASQUITH should have made no mention of National Defence in his pronouncement on Liberal policy. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN forgets that the PREMIER has to consider the feelings of his sup-

INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENT.

COME let us call a sacred truce!
 So shall the hustings' hideous hum
 And lips that bandy loud abuse
 Respect The Season and be dumb,
 Silenced by pudding of the stodgy plum.

Here's Christmas on us with its brood
 Of ancient memories, dear and tried,
 When decent souls may well exude
 A goodwill not to be denied
 Even to people on the other side.

Let us adopt a festal cheer,
 And, for a little breathing-space,
 Admit that even in a Peer
 There may be points of saving grace
 Lurking behind his lordship's "turnip-face."

Let us allow that even LLOYD,
 For all the bricks he loves to heave,
 Is not so hopelessly devoid
 Of manners as you might believe,
 But has a small behaviour up his sleeve.

Let us presume that SANDY URE
 Is grievously misunderstood,
 Having a conscience quite as pure
 As little WASHINGTON's, the Good,
 Who couldn't tell a whopper if he would.

Let us give out that WINSTON C.
 Is loyal and would still remain
 A Jonathan to DAVID G.,
 Although the Tories (come to reign)
 Askel him, like WHITTINGTON, to "turn again."

Let us infer that Mr. Bung
 Has got no privy axe to grind,
 But simply prays to serve among
 The benefactors of his kind,
 And views the Budget with an open mind.

Let us ignore the Navy ghost,
 Nor count for gospel all we've read
 About the Teuton's "*Am Tag*" toast,
 But follow REGGIE's lead instead,
 Sleeping in natural places, such as Bed.

Let us believe that, in his heart
 Grateful for bounties we bestow,
 JOHN REDMOND cannot bear to part,
 To leave our well-loved isle, and go
 Away from where the Old-age Pensions grow.

Let us, in fact, not judge at all.
 Myself, I take a genial line,
 And with a temper purged of gall
 Give voice to pity half-divine
 For those whose views don't happen to be mine.

O. S.

Telepathic Suggestion.

"The electrical equipment of the car is so arranged that the mere fact of wishing to inspect any of the high-tension apparatus causes the whole of this to be connected to earth, and thus made safe before it becomes accessible."—*Railway News*.

Supposing three passengers in the car wished to inspect the apparatus, three didn't want to at all, and one hadn't thought about it much, what *would* happen?

LETTERS TO A MARTIAN.

MY DEAR SIR, —I like to fancy you pegging away gallantly at your particular section of the Amalgamated Martian Canal Works, Unlimited, and still finding time in the midst of these absorbing tasks for the consideration of matters that interest us on this circulating ball of ours. You tell me you're death on Psychical Research, for instance—isn't there a dash of levity about the expression?—and you want to know if we're doing anything in the matter. Well, I'll do the best I can for you—though I ought to warn you that I'm a philistine in these things. I'm without the proper amount of reverence or credulity—you can call it what you like—and the spirits will not come when I do call them, either from the vasty deep or from anywhere else.

The truth is you ought to apply to Sir OLIVER LODGE. He's a Professor and a Knight, having attained to the latter dignity on account of his eminence in the former. He can tell you all that may be learnt about the subject. What he doesn't know isn't knowledge. You could write the particulars of his ignorance within the circle of a threepenny-piece and have plenty of room left for the Kings of Israel and Judah and the iniquities of Germany according to that war-desiring Socialist, Mr. ROBERT BLATCHFORD. Sir OLIVER has written and published a fat book. Its price is 7s. 6d. (net) and its title is *The Survival of Man: a Study in Unrecognised Human Faculty*. What is this outcast Faculty which the heartless mass of men has hitherto refused even to bow to? It is the Faculty of communicating with the greater mass which, not to put too fine a point upon it, has died and been buried. Sir OLIVER LODGE, however, hasn't lost courage—not he. He keeps pegging away, just like you. Listen to him:—"The boundary between the two states—the known and the unknown—is still substantial, but it is wearing thin in places; and, like excavators engaged in boring a tunnel from opposite ends, amid the roar of water and other noises, we are beginning to hear now and again the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side." It sounds all right, doesn't it? The mention of water is particularly comforting, but it must be confessed that it doesn't carry the humble investigator very much further.

However, you mustn't be put off by a little thing like that, you must go on, or rather I must go on for you, and then we shall discover a vast amount of assorted beliefs. There was once in our land of the living an amiable and cultivated man named MYERS who took a deep interest in spirit manifestations, and believed firmly that after death he would be able to communicate with his surviving friends. To prove his good faith and to test subsequent investigators, he wrote out a message and sealed it up in an envelope, proposing to communicate its contents to his friends after his death. He died, and his friends set to work with a properly authorized and duly entranced medium. The medium delivered *her* message all right, but when the envelope was opened *her* version was something hopelessly different from what MYERS had written.

You would have thought that this fantastic fiasco would have settled the whole thing. Not a bit of it. They've got some ladies to take fresh messages from MYERS in what they call automatic script. Two of these initiates, it appears, have the power of reproducing on paper what MYERS thinks, and they do it in the queerest crabbed language, in scraps of Latin and far-fetched allusions; and then the two scripts are put together, and by long puzzling you get the authentic stroke of the pickaxe and you realise that the boundary is wearing thin in places. Was there ever such a farrago of rubbish? In truth they are worrying MYERS, not to death, but beyond it, and if the mediums may be relied on he's losing his patience, and no wonder. Less than six months



REDMOND'S CONCESSION.

MR. JOHN REDMOND. "AND SOON WE'LL BE FREE FROM THE DEGRADING TYRANNY OF THE SAXON."
IRISH PEASANT. "AN' WHERE WILL WE BE AFTHIR GETTIN' OUR OULD AGE PINSIONS FROM?"
MR. JOHN REDMOND. "OH, WE'LL STILL TAKE THEIR MONEY!"



SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 7.

THE LEAGUE FOR THE RESCUE OF NERVOUS AND ELDERLY PERSONS FROM LONDON TRAFFIC.

after his death he was appealing to them "not to break him up so"; and "NELLY," a famous, but not a cruel, medium, said some very severe things about her mother (also a medium), who, it appears, wouldn't let MYERS go to sleep as he desired. "You must tell her not to," added NELLY.

If you want to know more about NELLY and her mother (whose fleshly name is Mrs. THOMPSON), and if you would learn about Mrs. PIPER, who is a sort of chief prophetess—she comes from Boston, Mass.—you had better try to get Sir OLIVER's book; but perhaps on the whole you'll prefer to go on with your own digging and pickaxe-work.

Yours in a tunnel, AN EARTHWORM.

"A very easy way to place coal on a fire at night to avoid the usual noise, especially in a sick room, would be to have a black velvet glove made large and easy (the shape of baby's first glove with just the thumb), and one can then pick up any size piece of coal and place it where one needs it without a sound. A hook to hang it on near the corner of the mantelpiece would be a sure way of knowing where to find it."—*Woman's Life*.

How simple! Having placed the piece of coal on the hook you would be quite sure where to find it next morning; no need to say to yourself, "Let's see, where *did* I put that piece of Wallsend?"

"One Jogendra Dutta, of Chittagong, has been arrested for offering a bride to the Additional Sessions Judge of Backerganj."—*The Statesman*. Yet it was a kindly thought.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE HOP MARKET.

THIS winter, according to the views of the best experts, we are to be "tarantulated" by a number of new dances of the most alluring and catchy description.

Old composers have redescended into the arena to compete with their youthful rivals, and the hitherto despised native-born melodist is gradually coming by his own.

One of the features of the hour is the number of amateurs who have sprung to fame as composers of dance tunes. Thus, Mr. Nathaniel Buffles, a venetian-blind-maker of Haringay, has composed a delicious waltz, entitled "Crème de Menthe," and Miss Nettie Tibbitts, who keeps a poultry-run at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, is responsible for the favourite "Cluck, Cluck" barn dance.

Of successful foreign importations it may suffice to mention that Moritz Wern, a Hungarian bandmaster, has written a "Rêve de Dalila," that Odön Klingsor, a Croatian conductor, has perpetrated a "Messalina Two-Step," and Joris Sweelinck, of Dubbeldam, a "Jezebel Polka."

Not only are the names of all the famous heroines of history being requisitioned, but living luminaries are also being called into service. Mr. Caradoc Ap-Jenkins of Criccieth has celebrated the prowess of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in his "Budget Break-down," and Professor de Rougemont has dedicated his "Yours Truly" waltz to the LORD ADVOCATE, who also is honoured in a set of lancers entitled "A Merry Winston and a Happy New Ure."

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

[These Notes have been supplied by impartial representatives of both Parties. Mr. Punch prints them here in the hope that everyone of his readers will find among them something to make the Christmas holiday happier.]

A Great Opportunity.

MR. THOMAS TUTTLEBOY, who has just been chosen as the People's Candidate for Wopham, has a splendid chance of snatching a notable victory for progress. At the last election the reactionaries' majority was 8,834 in a poll of close on twelve thousand. Should Mr. Tuttleboy wipe this out he will have achieved one of the most stupendous personal successes of the election. He is enthusiastic at the wonderful opportunity of distinction which has been afforded him, and is brimful of confidence that he will at any rate reduce his opponent's majority by several hundreds.

The East Wilylebone Split.

It is early yet to prophesy who will be returned for East Wilylebone, but it really looks as if the unfortunate split in the Unionists' ranks will be the means of losing a safe seat to the Socialist and Pro-German party. The patriotic candidates for last week were Mr. Rupert Gubb (U. and T.R.) and Mr. Soaper Touchwood (U. and T.R.), but in order to admit of a straight fight against the Radical they have both retired, and Mr. James Sporrin (U. and T.R.) and Mr. Hope Billson (U. and T.R.) have been selected in their place. On Monday of next week the claims of Sir Archibald Hemp (U. and T.R.) will be considered, while efforts are being made to secure *The Evening News* man for Tuesday, if he should be disengaged.

The Pensions Lie Again.

Once more the heartless lie about old-age pensions is going the rounds, and once more Mr. BALFOUR with consummate skill has nailed it to the counter. Mr. H. E. Bulge, the candidate for the Chiltern Hundreds, recently wrote to his leader as follows:—

"DEAR MR. BALFOUR,—A small boy has been spreading a rumour here to the effect that you and all your colleagues on the front bench voted for the Old Age Pensions Bill on the second and third readings, and that the House of Lords was enthusiastically in favour of it. Please nail this dastardly lie to the counter."

Mr. BALFOUR replied yesterday:

"MY DEAR BULGE,—The report is undoubtedly a lie. Only a fool would believe it, and only a knave would say it, and I have no hesitation in nailing it to the counter. Yours very sincerely,
A. J. BALFOUR."

An Earl's Warm Reception.

The contempt felt for the Peers by all

thinking men was well shown at Upperby yesterday, when the Earl of Aldwych attempted to speak on behalf of the Food Tax and Revolutionary Candidate. The result was entertaining to a degree.

"Ladies and Gentlemen—(Hooray)—I have come here to-night—('Oo stole the common from the people?')—That was a long time ago, I'm not going to speak about that now—(Well, we're going to)—A man is not responsible for what his ancestors may have done—(If it wasn't for your ancestors you wouldn't be a heart)—That's nothing to do with it—(Yes it 'as; don't be so ungrateful)—Are you going to listen to me? I've got my back to the wall—(Walbottle, 'e means)—Damn it, will you—(Naughty!)—Ladies and Gentlemen—(That's right, Hughie, don't you mind the horrid men. You begin all over again, dearie)—I only ask for fair play—(Did you give the Budget fair play?—Yes, we did—(Oh, Percival, 'ow can you? and on your birthday too!)—Look here, do you think I want to talk to you?—(Do you think we want to listen to you?—Evidently you don't—('Ow bright Little Stanley's getting)—Very well, then, you needn't—(That's right, ducky, you get along to bed, Perkins will bring your tea up in the morning)—But I'm just going to say one thing; if your beastly Radical gets in and the Germans come, don't ask me to defend you—(Ow, mercy, mercy!)"

Pinking and the Elections.

An interesting situation has arisen at Little Froglands. One of the industries of the constituency is that of pinking, and much doubt has been expressed as to which way the pinking vote would go. Last week the National Society of Pinkers asked the following questions of each Candidate:

(1) Will you, if elected, do your utmost to further the interests of the pinking trade?

(2) Do you approve of State aid to pinkers?

The Liberal Candidate has replied:—

(1) By all means.

(2) Certainly.

The Unionist Candidate's answers were:—

(1) Yes.

(2) Yes.

After considering these replies at a meeting which lasted some hours, the Society decided to recommend that its members should vote for the Liberal Candidate. The pinking vote is therefore gained for progress.

A Cessation of Hostilities.

The two Candidates for N.E. Sparkton have decided to observe a truce during the Christmas holiday, and no meetings will be held between the 23rd and the 27th. It is the proud boast of Englishmen that they are always ready to sink

political differences in the face of a great national festival. But, as soon as the armistice is over, Sir Moses Hoggenheim and Mr. Otto Steiner will be fighting as fiercely as ever!

The "Voice" again.

"A Voice" was in deadly form again last night at Craven Ash, and quite spoilt the effect of the Radical's attack on the House of Lords. For instance:

"... We have been accused of bringing in this Budget from motives of revenge. That is a baseless accusation. Our one motive was revenue."

A Voice. "Wot O!"

Later on it interrupted with even more deadly point.

"And while we are pledged to economy," the Candidate was saying, "we are none the less absolutely determined to maintain the Navy in a condition of invincible superiority."

A Voice. "Yus, I don't think!"

The effect of this was withering.

Shot and Shell for the Campaign.

There is no such thing as "Free Food." You have to pay for everything you eat.

(The above is issued as a leaflet, at 1s. 6d. a thousand, by the *Turiff Reform League*.)

Horseflesh is cheaper in Germany than in England. You cannot get it at any price in this country.

(The above is issued as a leaflet, at 1s. 6d. a thousand, by the *Free Trade Union*.)

A vote given to the Liberal is a vote sold to Germany.

Linoleum.

Number of million feet manufactured:

In Germany (1908) ... 32,156

In England (1902) ... 33,259

See that this is driven home into the mind of every elector.

Germany is now building one super-Dreadnought a month (cf. *Daily Mail*). In 1912 they will have 52. What will the price of food matter to you then?

The Duke of SUTHERLAND owns more than a million acres. There are some men who do not own one. Is this fair?

Sugar Sifters.

1908 England ... £181,236

Germany ... £179,997

(Brazilian silver at 5s. an oz.)

1732 England ... 512 men

Germany ... 27 men

(Less re-exports and including cost of freight.)

English increase per cent., 25. German increase per cent., 84.

What have you got to say to that?

A. A. M.

"FLIGHT WITH CINEMATOGRAPH."

Daily Mail.

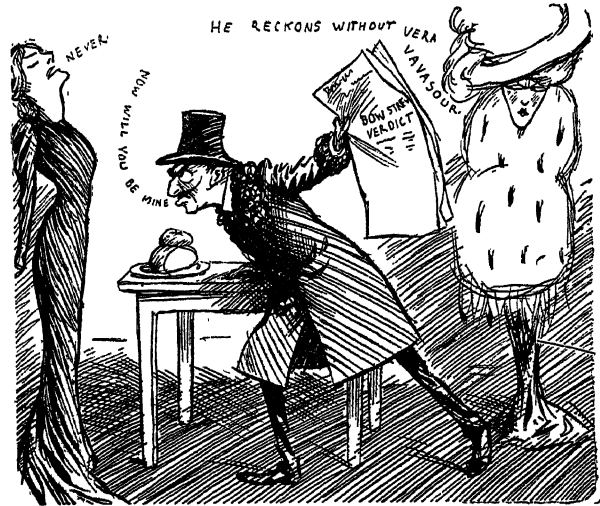
"Elopement with Typewriter" is a fairly common headline; this is something new.

WHY READ AT ALL ?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—III. THE FEUILLETON-WRITER.



WHO KILLED SIR RUPERT ?



ALONE IN LONDON.



PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.



THE HUMAN SLEUTH-HOUND.



A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.



AFTER MUCH TRIBULATION.

MOTORBIKOLOGY.

I AM the possessor of a motor bicycle which is distinguished (as witness printed documents in my possession) by being "the most unrivalled motor bike on the market." I therefore feel well within the mark in stating that my pattern of machine is extremely unique, and that what is true of mine is *more* than true of other motor bicycles. On the strength of this fact I come forward as a Discoverer in a science which has been called, I regret to say, "Motorbikology." My root discovery is: (a) that no correct estimate of the speed and running cost of a motor bicycle has yet been published; and (b) that the popular belief that a motor bicycle travels at a speed ranging from twenty-five to forty miles an hour, at a cost of less than a farthing a mile, is entirely erroneous. I will give my conclusions, and the scientific evidence upon which they rest, without comment.

I.—Personal Declaration.

I, during twelve months, ran my motor bicycle 6,654 miles. Time occupied, 1,251 hours. Cost of running, £189.

II.—Grand Conclusion.

A $3\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. motor bicycle travels at an average speed (*net*) of five miles an hour at an average cost of seven-pence a mile.

III.—Analysis of distance travelled.

Reading of cyclometer	...	Miles.	7,732
Deduct for error due to optimism of cyclometer	861	Miles.	
Deduct distance running with bicycle in starting	217		

Total deductions 1,078 1,078

Total distance travelled 6,654

IV.—Analysis of Time spent.

Number of hours running...	394 $\frac{1}{4}$
Hours taking in petrol, repairs by roadside, asking way, etc.	207
Hours in garage repairing, tuning up, and finding out what was the matter	563
Clerical work abusing Railway Company, complaining of oil, corresponding <i>re</i> gosling, marmoset (see below), etc., etc.	86 $\frac{3}{4}$

Total hours ... 1,251

V.—Analysis of Cost of Running for Twelve Months.

4% interest on £63 (cost of machine with accessories)	...	£	s.	d.
Depreciation on cycle for one year	...	32	15	0
Renewal and repair of tyres	...	7	3	0
Petrol	...	4	7	0
Lubricating oil	...	3	5	4

Brought forward	...	£	s.	d.
Compensation—Gosling, 4s.; marmoset, £2 17s.	...	3	1	0
Legal fees incidental to last item	...	4	12	8
Charges at various garages	...	11	14	0
Surgeon's fee attending gunshot wound	...	4	4	0
(Spark plug blew out and shot me in leg)	...			
Druggist's a/c do.	...	14	7	
Surgeon's fee attending 2nd gunshot in old wound	...	15	15	0
Nurse for three weeks	...	11	10	0
Druggist's a/c do.	...	2	4	0
Five pairs trousers burnt	...	8	15	0
(Heating of engine lights up rider's trousers.)	...			
Allowance on clothing otherwise injured	...	6	6	0
Leather coat, leggings, etc.	...	4	17	0
Tools, small parts, replacements, taxidermist setting up marmoset, carbide, lamp-oil	...	14	9	0
Dinner at Ritz Hotel to owner of marmoset on amicable settlement	...	6	8	0
Licence, fees, tips to persons pushing, etc., etc.	...	7	3	8
First fine and costs	...	2	3	6
Second fine and costs	...	8	13	0
Third fine and costs	...	17	6	0
Sundries and incidentals	...	9	3	4
Total cost	...	£189	0	5 $\frac{3}{4}$

A PRESENT FOR A GOOD BURGLAR.

A STUDY IN ADVERTISEMENT FICTION.

CHAPTER I.

"BUT," said I, stepping rather suddenly into the dining-room, "either I am dreaming or you are a burglar."

"Of course it is not for me to say," he answered, toying idly with a jemmy, whatever that may be, "but I should guess that you are dreaming. I notice that you have got pyjamas on."

"Have I?" I said.

Asbestos Pyjamas do not shrink in the wash.

CHAPTER II.

"I notice," I continued, "that you do not directly deny that you have come here to do something naughty."

"I may be a burglar," he answered, "but I am no liar."

The Boston Syndicate will teach you any profession in three lessons.

CHAPTER III.

"Burglar," I said, "I do believe that you meant to burgle my Christmas-tree. I could have forgiven you anything but that."

"Given?" he said quickly.

"Forgiven," I corrected. "As it hap-

pens I have no tree to burgle. To think that I am a nephew and yet have not been given a Christmas-tree, and that, if I had, you would have burgled it!"

"Say what you like about your aunts," he said, "but for myself I only dropped in to see if I could pick up a Christmas card or two." He tried to look me in the eye without laughing.

"Let us rather drink each other's health," said I. "An excuse like that deserves something wet. After all, I suppose that I was wrong. Of course there is no such word as 'burgle.'"

Insure your Christmas-tree against Fire and Dishonesty at the Moon Office.

CHAPTER IV.

We drank.

Drink and Enjoy (if you can) Smith's Non-intoxicant Gooseberry Squash.

CHAPTER V.

"A merry Christmas to you," said I, in my cups.

"Thanks," he answered.

"No trouble," said I, deprecatingly.

"Nor expense," he added, sarcastic-like. "This liquor has a nice golden tint about it. I suppose there is no more gold in the house, is there?"

"Lots down the cellar," I said, rising.

"A man who takes a hint as quickly as that," he said, commanding me to be seated, "ought to take the right hint. . . . Now, try and guess this one. When you are playing bridge and you dare not go no trumps, hearts, clubs or spades, what do you declare? And if so, where are they, and is the safe door locked or only just pushed to?"

"The safe is locked," I told him, "and it is only a meat safe. Personally I should leave it to dummy."

"No diamonds worth declaring!" he sighed. "And yet you wish me a merry Christmas. But I suppose that every cloud has. . . ."

"Not this cloud," said I. "The forks are only electro, and bad electro at that. By the way, when I said that about Aunts, I did not mean to include Aunt Mary. Though she has not got a silver lining, she has at least remembered what a good nephew I am to her. After all, what is mere silver compared with the kind thought?"

Buy Brumjum Forks and Spoons. They are not worth stealing.

CHAPTER VI.

"In the cupboard above your head is the handsome vase which," I continued, "was sent to me by Aunt M——"

"Thanks," he said, rising to go, "but I happen to be a nephew myself."

All seasonable Contributions should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.



Boy. "WHAT HAS HE BEEN DOING, MOTHER?"

Mother. "I DON'T KNOW, DEAR, BUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING VERY BAD INDEED."

Boy. "I KNOW. HE MUST HAVE BEEN CONTRADICTING HIS MOTHER."

ANNOYANCES OF A NIMROD.

"I was too near to shoot, had no time to raise my gun, and there was the lioness coming in the other direction. I had the presence of mind not to turn my back on the rhinoceros, and stepped aside, but it did the same. I then stepped to the other side, and was distinctly relieved to see it pass on."—Extract from a letter of the Acting District Commissioner of Baringo.]

WHEN I was casually making
Some punctures in a lioness,
I heard a sound of branches breaking
Behind my back, and muttered
"Bless!"

Clad in a sort of leather "lino,"
And much too near for me to pot,
There came a most enormous rhino
That seemed in haste and rather hot.

I waited for a while *in loco*
Until the homely-featured brute
Had wellnigh barked me with his boko;
Then I meandered off his route.

But he, with that amazing rudeness
That stamps the larger types of game,
Invalidated all my shrewdness
By spotting it—and did the same.

So, anxious to avoid collision,
And feeling death involved a bore,
I acted with extreme decision,
And two-stepped to the right once
more.

That did the trick: his shoulders shrug-
ging,
The pachyderm (a great release)
Departed thence and left me plugging
My wounded lioness in peace.

But still it made my hair untidy;
It seems a shame one cannot make
A simple bag of large *felidae*
(Such as are found in Afric's brake)

Without this ever-present trammel—
The risk that, from another track,
Some utterly extraneous mammal
May want to barge one in the back.

"Lord Denman puts the case in a nutshell as
a red herring to save the House of Lords."
Daily Chronicle.

This reminds us that *Saved by a red
herring*, or *Put me among the nuts*, is
the title of our new election serial.

Commercial Candour.

The Breeders' Gazette advertises the following testimonials in the American edition of an English magazine:—

"I am continually surprised at the number of persons who regard *The Gazette* as one of the choicest pieces of literature that comes to their homes, and who eagerly read its pages."

PROF. W. A. HENRY,
America's Foremost Agricultural Educator.
'That little story by Robert Jameson in *The Gazette* of June 23 is as near literature as anything we find these days in the periodicals.'

MILTON O. NELSON,
Secretary Northwestern Cedarman's Association."

A modest little paper, *The Breeders' Gazette*.

Mr. Punch's suggestion for a Christmas Card:—

Mr. ——— wishes you
A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

(Have you any books of mine? If so,
please return them.)



THE UPPER PICTURE REPRESENTS THE "SPORTING SHOTS" WHICH THE SQUIRE HOPED TO OBTAIN BY REARING WILD DUCK AND FLYING THEM FROM THE TOP OF THE HILL; THE LOWER ONE REPRESENTS THE INGLOURIOUS REALITY.

CHRISTMAS, 1909.

[The author has been instructed by a Child of the Period to compose the following lines on his behalf.]

ONCE more the silly season comes
When grown-ups overload their tums.
And self-respecting babes must school
Their saner selves to play the fool.

We moderns are not quite so green
As our poor parents must have been,
Nor can we view as aught but bosh
This silly Santa Clausy tosh.

The ancient myth's a bit too thin!
I've seen the van-man handing in
All Santa Claus's gifts. What's more,
The bills were settled at the door.

Oh, if my poor dear parents knew
The modern infant's point of view,
And learnt that it was shared by me,
How disappointed they would be!

It pleases them to talk a lot
Of fairy tales and tommy rot
And make a most mysterious fuss—
It pleases them, and don't hurt us.

On Christmas-eve they love to tread,
Like stealthy burglars, round my bed—
I never knew what pure delight meant
Until I saw their young excitement.

As stage conspirators they creep,
Poor darlings, thinking I'm asleep,
Though I can scarce control my features
While watching these pathetic creatures.

So once again I make pretence
To bid adieu to common sense
And, just to humour these good folk,
Play once again the worn-out joke.

And this must be my lame excuse
For putting stockings to a use
For which, though meant to be suspended,
The bally things were not intended.

Life's Little Ironies.

"Mr. — should have given a lecture on Tuesday night on his travels in the land of the Esquimos, but owing to a chill he was unable to deliver the lecture."—*Local Paper.*

Our beastly climate again. So different from the Arctic Circle.

CHRISTMAS HINTS.

WOMEN are always at a loss to know what to give to their men-folk at Christmas. They might give a worse present than a blue plush tobacco-pouch embroidered in silver—but it would be difficult.

A new game for the long winter evenings has just been invented. It is exceedingly simple and only requires a sense of humour and a little cotton-wool. The game is called "Deaf Man's Buff" and is a pleasant change.

It is an unhealthy practice to lick the gummed side of postage stamps—and to lick the other side is silly. The best way is to leave a packet of envelopes in a basin of water all night; in the morning your stamps will be found to stick readily wherever required.

"2590—Parcel lady's clothes: Coat, skirt, blouses, hats, boots, shoes, trousers; fit youth 16-17."—*The Lady.*

The Suffragette telegraph-boy is apparently retiring from business.



QUESTIONS FOR THE "BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

A LADY (WHO CHANCES TO BE THE ONLY PERSON BESIDES YOURSELF UP AT THE DEATH) ASKS YOU TO GET HER THE BRUSH. YOU FIND IT IN THE POSSESSION OF RAVAGER, THE MOST SAVAGE HOUND IN THE PACK. WHAT IS THE DIGNIFIED COURSE TO PURSUE?

IT IS A LIE

- THAT in the year 1831 Mr. ASQUITH said that nothing should ever shake his faith in the House of Lords.
- THAT LEONARDO DA VINCI always stuffed Victorian bed quilts into his wax busts.
- THAT President TAFT weighs only 7 stone 4 lbs.
- THAT SANDOW lives entirely on *moules marinières*.
- THAT Mr. ROBERT BLATCHFORD is really trembling.
- THAT Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN has bought the SALTING Collection.
- THAT East Marylebone is an earthly paradise of contented Unionists.
- THAT COOK and PEARY have signed articles of partnership.
- THAT Mr. ELLIS BARKER has a pure English accent.
- THAT one can have quite a decent game of billiards with three hard-boiled eggs.

That, strictly speaking, a large outfitter's three hundred yards away from a castle is a small tailor's next door to it.

That any good thing can come from a Radical Government.

That any good thing can come from a Conservative Government.

THE REAL MARTYRS.

He was lying, a mass of bandages, in his hospital bed, and I asked the doctor to tell me who and what he was.

"We don't know," he said. "He hasn't spoken yet. He was brought in late last night and is still unconscious."

Just as I was passing on, the bandages stirred and the man opened his eyes.

"Hullo!" he said, looking at me.

"Hullo!" said I, recognising his voice.

"You? What on earth are you doing here? What's the matter?"

"But where am I?" he asked, and

then took in his surroundings. "Great Scott, it's a hospital!"

"Of course. You're hurt. You must have had an accident," I said.

He thought silently for a little while and then remarked, "Of course. I was thrown out of the Town Hall at last night's Liberal meeting."

He began to laugh.

"But you're not a Suffragette," I said.

"No," he said, "that's the joke. I called out, 'Down with women!' and they thought I said, 'Votes for women!' and threw me out. I must have put the accent on the wrong word, and all they heard was 'women.'"

"What is that you're saying?" a feeble voice inquired from the next bed. My poor friend repeated the story.

"It's true enough," said the feeble voice. "I ought to know, because I was sitting next to you. I know it was a mistake, but it didn't help matters a bit, and one of the stewards broke my head. And," he quavered piteously, "the stupid thing is that I'm a Liberal too, and dead against the Suffragettes."

PIANISTIC PERILS.

AWFUL EXPERIENCES OF MR. BAMBERGER.

THE reality of the perils to which magnetic artists are subject has once more been vividly brought before us in the poignant narrative of the attempted kidnapping of a young pianist by an infatuated countess which appears in the columns of *The Daily Chronicle*, a paper notoriously averse from sensationalism of every kind.

That this is no new danger is abundantly made clear in the thrilling recital of his own experiences with which Mr. BAMBERGER has graciously condescended to regale our representative.

Mr. BAMBERGER, who was reclining in a sumptuously upholstered armchair at the house of his father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, was clad in a dazzling kimono surmounted by a tasselled Zingari smoking-cap. His clear-cut features indicated genius; his brow exhaled the sublime. Mrs. BAMBERGER, a *petite* figure clad in a shimmering gown of some soft material, crouched picturesquely on a *cinq-eto* saddlebag stool at the feet of her sultanic spouse. When our representative had recovered from his natural nervousness at the proximity of these two superhuman figures, Mr. BAMBERGER began his recital:—

"One of the most extraordinary experiences which I ever underwent was when fulfilling an engagement at a Court concert in Dahomey. The performance was attended by the whole corps of Amazons, with their *generalissima*, the Princess Ju-Juba, a superb brunette. Mrs. BAMBERGER, who was sitting in the front row, suddenly became conscious of a sense of acute compression in the region of the jugular vein and discovered that she had been lassoed from behind by the Princess! With a violent effort she disengaged her neck from the noose and, removing a diamond-hilted hatpin—the gift of the Emperor MENELEK—from her *toque*, drove it with unerring aim through the hand of her

assailant. The confusion caused by the incident was terrific, but by a happy thought I improvised an *intermezzo religioso* of so narcotic a nature that the Amazons were all thrown into a state of comatose impassivity, and were successfully removed on stretchers by the attendants.

"I had another narrow escape," continued the great virtuoso, "in Tiflis, where a Circassian Duchess, after I had

lightning velocity we plunged down into the waters of the Caspian. Five minutes afterwards I was picked up by the yacht of the Khan of Khokand, which happened to be cruising in the vicinity, but the Duchess was never seen again. Entangled in the wreckage of the car she sank like a stone to the blue depths of the Caspian."

Mr. BAMBERGER wiped away a tear and proceeded: "Having refused a duke-

dom in Circassia, it was not to be expected that I should accept the offer of a mandarin in the Yang-tze valley. But I had more than all my work cut out to escape from the minions of Prince Pung, who was bent on securing me as the husband of his aged stepmother, a venerable lady of some ninety summers with a singularly lurid past. Suffice it to say that, at the suggestion of my faithful tuner, I was smuggled out of the palace in the interior of my Bluthstein grand and conveyed in a junk for several hundred miles down the river, until it was safe for me to emerge from my lair. During all that time I was fed through an orifice in the top of the piano and had nothing to eat my food with but a tuning-fork.

"The story of my capture by Nihilists in Odessa you know already. In all I have been kidnapped twenty-nine times—a record amongst living pianists. Indeed, I doubt whether Liszt himself equalled this number. Most of my kidnappers were Countesses, but I had a

most humiliating experience in Manchester, when I was abducted by the widow of a Jubilee Knight."

From *The East Anglian Daily Times* we extract the following clerical intelligence:—

"Whereas the Rector of St. Giles' has a net value of about £90 a year, the Vicarage at the village of Newport has an endowment of three times that amount."

A scheme for the official valuation of Rectors should certainly be tacked on to the next Socialist Budget.



Phyllis (up from the country). "BUT, DICK, THIS IS JUST LIKE THE LAST PIECE YOU BROUGHT ME TO SEE HERE."

Dick. "MY DEAR PHYLLIS, DON'T BE ABSURD. THIS IS *THE NAUGHTY GIRL OF NICE* AND THE OTHER WAS *THE GRASSE WIDOW*. SURELY YOU KNOW THAT NICE AND GRASSE ARE TWO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PLACES."

declined her offer of marriage sixteen times, resorted to drastic measures to break down my opposition. At my last recital, while I was playing CHOPIN's Funeral March, a bomb was exploded on the platform. The room was filled with an asphyxiating vapour, and when I recovered consciousness it was to find myself in the car of the Duchess's dirigible balloon, heading straight for the Caspian. 'Be mine,' cried the infatuated Circassian. 'Never,' I replied with implacable disdain. Swift as thought she severed the cords that attached the car to the balloon, and with

A PANACEA.

[Mlle. CLAIRE DE SERVAL recommends us to fast for two days a week regularly, as a cure for diseases of the mind and body. She herself has fasted for as long as forty days, during which time her brain was more active and clear than usual; anxiety, worry, care were all suspended, and she was able to regard a precarious future with serenity.]

If ills of the flesh should assail me,
If toothache should rage through my head,
If I'm seized with bronchitis,
Sore throat or gastritis,
And ready to wish I were dead;
I know that all physicks will fail me—
The days of the doctor are past—
I only desire to
Be left to retire to
My own little chamber and fast.
In peace and silence there
I watch the weeks slip by;
No chop, no steak, no ales, no cake
Come near to make my organs ache;
I munch a little air,
A little light I try,
And day by day I grow more gay,
And fleshly sorrows fly.

When ills of the spirit depress me,
When the future seems dark and forlorn,
When I'm filled with misgiving
And can't earn a living
And wish I had never been born;
When fortune declines to caress me
And shows me a face overcast,
There's only one favour
I'd trouble to crave her—
A month or two's nice quiet fast.
And as the moments flew
I'd learn to raise my head,
For this great thought with joy is fraught:—
Now I've been taught to live on naught,
The future I may view
Without a trace of dread;
If food's *de trop*, what matter though
I cannot earn my bread!

No doubt there are some who would quail at
The rigorous cure I commend.
Some people would label
The joys of the table
Life's principal object and end.
Even I, when I started, would pale at
The thought of a forty-day fast;
But the comforting fact is,
With plenty of practice
I've come to enjoy it at last.
Yet every now and then
I feel my courage slump;
There comes a fear that spoils my cheer
And bids the tear of grief appear:
Suppose some silly men
To this conclusion jump
That they have met a Suffragette—
Suppose they ply the pump!

Our Overworked Judges.

A contemporary on the need for more of them:—

"But perhaps the most convincing evidence of all is the practice now pursued by several of the judges of sitting half an hour, or even longer, every day but Saturday, in order to keep pace with the business."

THE PROVINCIAL EDITOR'S LETTER-BAG.

II.

DEAR MR. HEDGES,—I am venturing to send you a box of cigars to smoke during the festive season. They are, I think, not bad, and I know that you are one who can appreciate tobacco when you meet with it. May I congratulate you on your article on the proposed iniquitous diversion of the Charton Road? It seemed to me admirable both in substance and manner, although, if a criticism might be found, it would probably bear upon the lenience of your pen and your too kind generalisations. But a busy man like yourself, with a thousand duties, many of them small and vexatious, to perform (and, indeed, Mrs. Scrase and I often marvel you can get through it all), and a new-comer among us too, cannot of course be in a position to know, as I, for example, must, with premises right on the present road, how utterly unnecessary and contrary to public interest this step is.

You look at the case from the broad standpoint of a publicist; whereas I, who have lived here all my life, see it also as a born and bred Eastburian. To me and mine, and I assure you to most of the town, this change would be a blow too severe to contemplate without emotion. Call us sentimentalists if you will—there is no disgrace in that—but we, like yourself, are something more too. We stand for what is right and just against the new and predatory faction which follows Mr. Garner. It is therefore that I say, More power to your elbow!

The cigars, I ought to tell you, are of the famous 1899 crop, and are absolutely ready for smoking. But you should keep them in a warm place. If you have a cupboard near a chimney so much the better.

With all the compliments of the season, believe me, dear Mr. Hedges, Yours cordially, SIMON SCRASE.

III.

MY DEAR HEDGES,—Christmas being on us, I take the opportunity of sending you a case of sherry, a wine which is, I am glad to say, coming into fashion again. So far as I am concerned it never went out, and my father before me was true to it too.

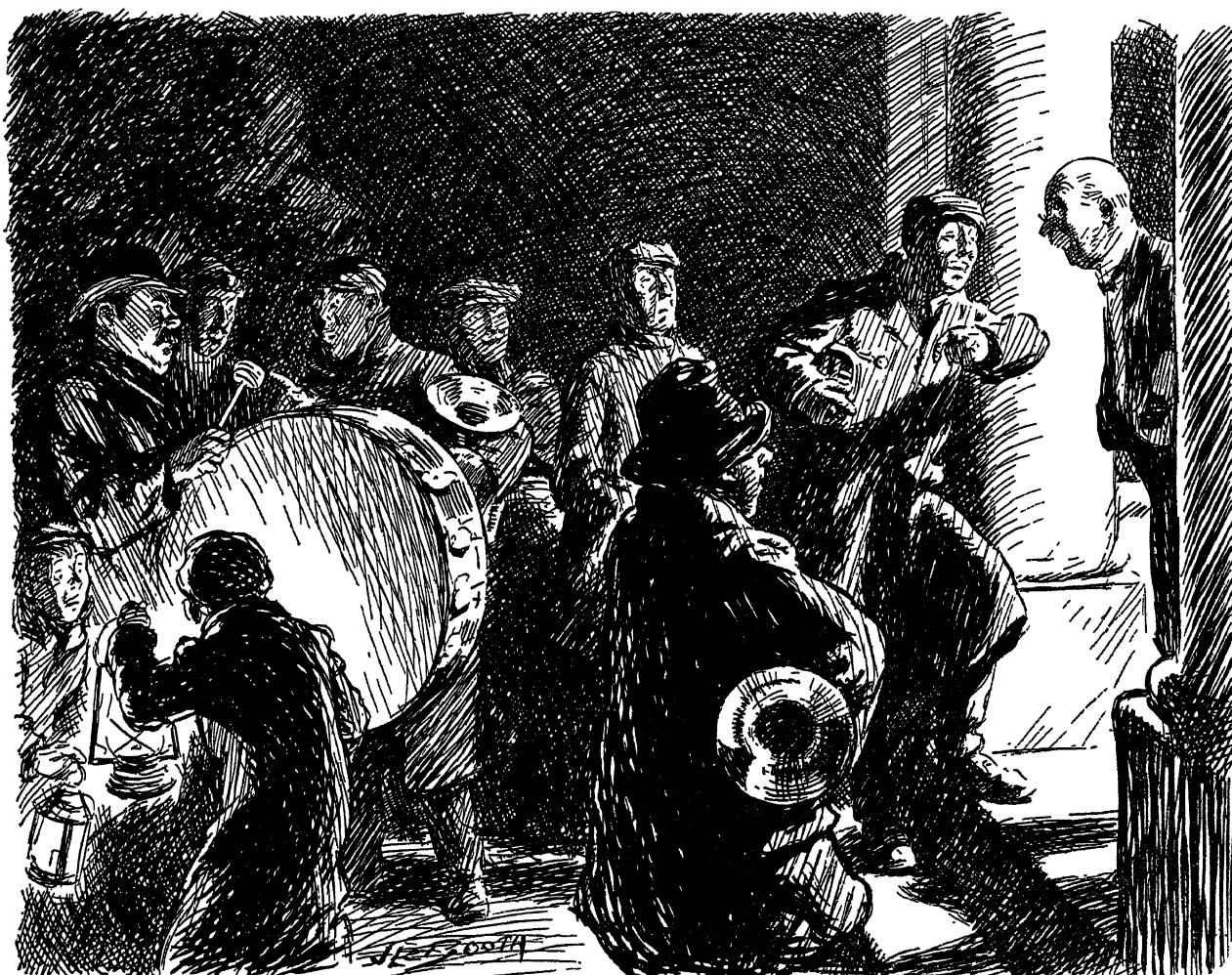
If you would bring Mrs. Hedges to supper on Boxing Day it would give Mrs. Garner and myself very great pleasure, and we would have a jolly evening and forget for once that there were any troubles or differences of opinion on anything, or that there existed so trumpery an affair as this Charton Road diversion, on which I see you take a surprising and, for you, not too well-informed line.

I wish you had consulted me before writing that article, as I am probably the only man in Eastbury who really knows all the facts. No doubt certain persons on the present road will suffer, but the public good is the only thing to be considered—the welfare of the greatest number. Moreover Lord Aberley gives the land, and that means much, especially when you remember how important is his goodwill to Eastbury as a whole. But this is talking shop, and that I have no wish to do.

Let me have a line saying that Mrs. Hedges and you will honour us, and hoping that the wine will be to your taste believe me, with all good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Yours sincerely, RUFUS GARNER.

"He [the foreigner] may dump his goods on our shores below cost price . . . by the aid of the profits he makes in our free markets he may undersell us in the neutral empire of the world."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

You see how it's done? What clever beggars these foreigners are, making their profits by selling under cost price.



THE LITTLE RIFT.

Householder. "No, I SHAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING. YOU PLAY ALL OUT OF TUNE."
 Cornet (confidentially). "WELL, I'LL TELL YOU 'OW IT IS, SIR. THERE'S SOME OF 'EM 'AS A GRUDGE AGAINST OTHERS, AND DOES IT O' PURPOSE."

CHRISTMAS REPORTEES.

THERE is a painful lack of originality about the replies to the usual salutations on December 25th and January 1st, and the British Public collectively does not appear able to devise a more brilliant reply than "The same to you and many of 'em!" on these occasions. We think there is room for a more delicate exhibition of tact and recognition of our acquaintances' *amour propre* at this season of the year. Some familiar phrases may be made to do quite well and perhaps gain additional point when serving to rebut the inevitable greeting. As witness the following brief list of rejoinders:—

To a Policeman.—"Pass along, please!"
 To a Bridge-playing Friend.—"Leave it to you, partner."

To a Public-house Acquaintance.—"Give it a name!"

To an Army Man.—"Pass visiting rounds," or "Pass grand rounds" (if a Field Officer).

To a Railway Employee.—"By your leave, please!"

To a Member of the Profession.—"So long, old dear!"

To the Driver of a Metropolitan Stage Carriage.—"Higher up!"

To a Domestic Servant.—"It's granted!"

To a Crossing-sweeper or Costermonger.—"Not 'arf!"

To Mr. URE.—"*Tu quoque!*"

To an M.P. (actual or prospective).—"Many Happy Returns!"

To a Newspaper Proprietor.—"Not Too Many Returns!"

To a Teuton Fire-eater.—"Am Tag!"

To a Candidate for Charity.—"Don't mention it!"

To a Colonial.—"Bully for you!"

To John Bull generally.—"Wake up, England!"

These repartees might also be judiciously interchanged where the assailant is smaller or less pugnacious than yourself, and quite a pleasing element of

surprise and briskness would be thus imported into a somewhat stale conversational gambit.

Commercial Candour.

Notice on the advertisement curtain at the Grand Theatre, Halifax:—

"A smart business firm will shortly occupy this space. Watch it carefully."

We will, indeed.

From a New South Wales Paper:—

"I, P. BLANCH, Challenge to Chop WILLIAM DART, within a month from date from £1 up, and will allow him 10 seconds on a 12in. log."

William's respite is very short. However—there it is. A pound off the best end of the neck for us.

"The only book of its kind in the world. There is no more useful reference handbook of its kind in existence."—*The World*.—Advt. in *The Weekly Times*.

The World seems to us to put the matter very fairly.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is at least one adjective that can with propriety be applied to the work of WILLIAM DE MORGAN—prodigious. As a mere record of achievement the thing disarms criticism. Not, I think, that his latest book, *It Never Can Happen Again* (HEINEMANN), is quite equal to the best of what has gone before. Indeed, my personal feeling in reading it was one of slight disappointment, and even a slight disappointment that lasts throughout two volumes becomes a serious matter. The tale is told with all, and more, of the now familiar charm, but in itself is a poor, uninteresting thing. *Alfred Challis* had married, apparently, his Deceased Wife's Sister, so that when subsequently he fell in love with *Judith Arkroyd* he determined to elope with her in a motor before the passing of the Bill could make him an errant husband.

But being upset out of the motor he lost all memory of *Judith* (a catastrophe to which Mr. DE MORGAN's characters seem peculiarly liable), and returned to the domestic but illegal hearth. And, after all, not only did it transpire that poor *Marianne* was not the sister of his deceased wife, owing to that lady's having previously married someone else who was still alive, but that, on account of an irregularity in her own family, she was not even the sister of anybody. So there you are; though you do not arrive there without innumerable digressions and pleasant irrelevancies, which those who love Mr. DE MORGAN's work for this very quality will much enjoy. Others perhaps will be tempted, as I was, to urge the author (in the words of the old Lancashire story) to "get eendways wi' the tale!" Still, a pleasant enough book, and now that Mr. DE MORGAN has once more proved that such can be written and appreciated in these bustling days I hope he will give the lie to his title and let it happen many times again.

Bold, bad bishops are rather uncommon in present-day fiction, though one has been appearing before the footlights. VINCENT BROWN, however, has portrayed a prelate who is a villain of the first water. I imagine Mr. BROWN, a weary toiler through miles of unprofitable villainy, in search of a thoroughly rousing plot, bursting suddenly upon the Episcopal Bench and exclaiming, like XENOPHON's people, "The see! The see!" The supposed autobiographer of *The Screen* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) is the natural son of the man who becomes Bishop of Lerechester, and the plot turns upon a rood-screen erected by the hero's mother, to which exception is taken by this militant Low Church divine with a past. His son has become the proprietor of *The Lerechester Observer*, and after a period of fruitless negotiations threatens to publish "The Love Letters of a Bishop" in his responsible organ, which is "a power in three counties." Although the Bishop feels compelled to resign, the sensation fizzles out, and there is no very stirring incident in the book. Possibly its most interesting features are the wrangle in the Chapter

House, and, from a psychological point of view, the narrator's evident conviction that blackmail may become a solemn and sacred duty. As for the *Bishop of Lerechester*, I frankly do not believe in him, and should recommend Mr. BROWN to study some more probable types of the prelacy, beginning, let us say, with his Right (though eccentric) Reverence of *Rum-ti-foo* in *The Bab Bullads*.

Among the saddest experiences of life is the feeling that one grows every day more and more proof against the allurements of life with a single companion on an island in the South Seas. I can remember the time when nothing could have suited me better than living as HERBERT STRANG's two young heroes live in *Palm Tree Island* (HENRY FROWDE and HODDER AND STOUGHTON). How I should have rejoiced in the circumventing of that mutinous crew; how gladly would I have braved the terrors of the shipwreck and the unknown perils of the land to which the raft floated; with what enthu-

siasm would I have entered into the making of tools from flint, the building of the hut, the cultivation of bread-fruit, the domestication of wild pigs and wild poultry. It says a good deal for Mr. STRANG's story that, having long since resigned my share in such delights to the younger dogs, I should have been moved with a desire to live it all over again. This is due very largely to the discovery that the desert island idea was still capable of original treatment. I hope that Mr. STRANG, having turned his skilful hand to it, has not exhausted its possibilities. Meanwhile I commend *Palm Tree Island* to young adventurers, and advise them not to let the excellent coloured pictures distract them from the uncoloured ones, which show them how to make all sorts of useful things out of the most unpromising materials.

I have not yet got at the literary and artistic contents of Mr. TOM SMITH's Christmas publications, for that would mean the premature destruction of their gorgeous bindings; but if you can judge of crackers by their outward show, then indeed ought these to be all glorious within. Of sterner stuff, good for business men and housewives, are the practical diaries of Messrs. T. J. and J. SMITH. They confine themselves to facts and open spaces for more facts. On the other hand some of the charming calendars of Messrs. HILLS & Co. are on the borderland where fact meets fancy. Many of them take the form of booklets devoted to a single theme, as in the case of a delightful calendar with old-world instruction for garden-lovers. A novel feature of the almanacks of the "At-a-glance" Calendar Co. is a little red frame on a movable wire for setting apart the day that is from the others that have been or are going to be.

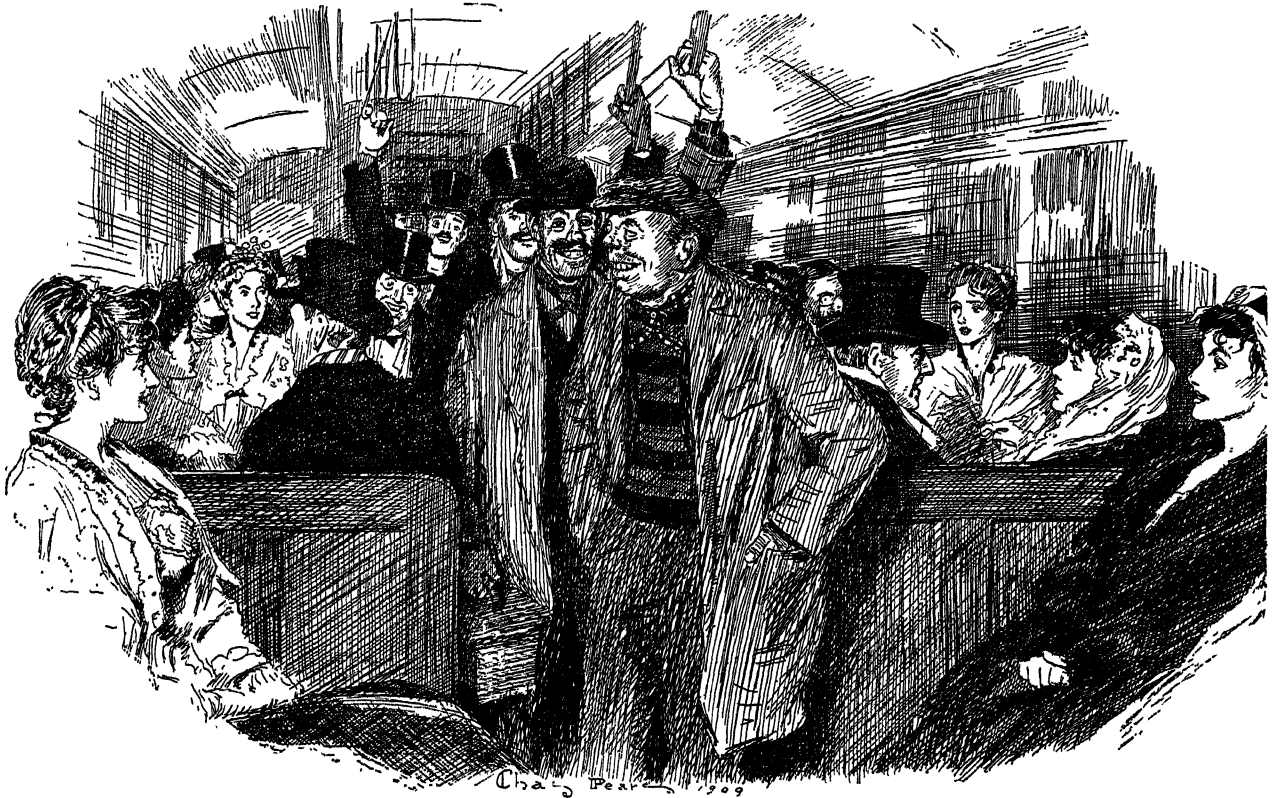
"There is no more dramatic story in the Old Testament than the manner in which this king and his army were discomfited, and even those who are not too familiar with the pages of Hezekiah are probably acquainted from their schooldays with Byron's Assyrian."

Evening Standard.

It is pitiful to think how many people there must be who have never even heard of the Book of Hezekiah.



Prospective Lodger. "OH, WE SHAN'T WANT MUCH FOR MEALS!"
Landlady. "I DO 'OPE, SIR, YOU AIN'T ONE O' THEM 'ERBACEOUS BOARDERS!"



"LOR, BILL, WE 'VE GOT INTO A FUST-CLAWSS CARRIAGE."

"YER DON'T SAY SO! AND ME WIV ODD SOCKS ON!"

1910: A FOREWORD.

FOREWARNED is forearmed. Thank me for that information and push on with this article. Its perusal will repay you a thousand-fold.

Forewarned is forearmed. Beware, you cannot be too ware, of 1910. During your recent past, while dancing, sticky hand in sticky hand, round the Christmas-tree, spilling the candle-grease on your best suit and wondering how much this show was going to cost you, you may have tried to forget the inevitable future. You may, in a foolish optimism, even have brought yourself to regard it as evitable, have even hoped to escape 1910 altogether by going to bed on December 31st, 1909, and staying there for 8,760 hours. This is a delightful idea, but impossible of execution. However well trained your servants might be, it is certain that one of them would be officious enough not only to come and call you, but to see that you got up, long before you had got into three figures. I regard my own staff (one charwoman) as a model of discretion and discrimination, but even she would not let me stay in bed much beyond April without doing something drastic and overbearing. Have I ever told you about this charlady of mine? No? Then I will not do so now. She can talk for herself.

Nineteen Ten is so called because it is the nineteen-tenth. It was pushing enough to get ahead of Nineteen Eleven, but not being on the spot at the end of Nineteen Eight it was superseded by Nineteen Nine. A little more attention to business, a little more promptitude on its part and we might have finished 1910 by now and never so much as heard of 1909. Think how nice and dry we might have been!

In its number of days and nights 1910 will bear a curious resemblance to other years you have known. There will be three hundred and sixty-six or three hundred and sixty-five of both, accordingly as the number 1910 is exactly divisible by four or not. That you will have to find out for yourself. Personally I cannot do this sum in division, and so am only going to have three hundred and sixty-five. Take it for the present that you are only going to have that number yourself and wait till you get to February the 29th to find out for sure. If you never get there, you can tell that you are going to be done out of the three hundred and sixty-sixth day. If you have not touched it by the time you are Maying, you probably never will. February the 29ths do not occur in any other month than February. Thank goodness there is only going to be one February in 1910.

The year will be chiefly famous for

the fact that grouse shooting will begin on August the 12th, a thing which will delight you if you are a sportsman, but depress you not a little if you are a grouse. There will be a Scottish Quarter Day on November the 11th, and Fire Insurance Policies will expire unlamented early in January. I keep the best for the last. In the first place, on one of these three hundred and sixty something days, best known to yourself, will occur the empty-umtst anniversary of your birthday. In the second place, we are going to have fifty-three Saturdays but only fifty-two Mondays.

For the rest, I wish you a happy, a very happy New Year. The year, I take it, remains "new" till about the end of the first week in January. After that it is just "the year," and you can be as unhappy as you like.

Sporting Notes.

"Speaking on the condition of the Navy, Earl Cawdor said he spoke upon the subject with baited breath."—*Sunday Chronicle*.

Stop press news:—Earl CAWDOR has just caught his breath.

"The death of his elder brother Prince Baldwin in 1891 made Prince Albert the hair-presumptive."—*Evening News*.

We regard this *jeu-de-mots* as ill-timed.

RECEIVED WITH THANKS.

CHRISTMAS is all very jolly (and so is Boxing Day), but there comes a time on Tuesday or Wednesday, if you're well enough, when you simply must sit down and write to Uncle John and Aunt Maria to thank them for their kind presents. It will save a lot of trouble, I think—not to mention blotting-paper—if I compose the letters for you, and then you can just copy them out in no time; taking care, of course, to alter John into Herbert (if necessary), and steam engine, or whatever it is, into bicycle lamp. And as quite elderly people hate writing letters just as much as you do, I'll put in some for them too. The first Wednesday after Christmas is no day for original composition.

I. From Archie (10) to Uncle Dick.

DEAREST UNCLE DICK,—Thank you awfully for your book with Rupert the reckless on the Orinoco it is a ripping book. Rupert and his intrepid band go searching for treasure on the Orinoco it is ripping, Rupert says the tressur is but a cable's length from us my intrepid comrades we can toss a buiscit to it, but Elastic Six the Indian squar puts him on a beastly false sent. I have just got up to the false sent it is ripping. Thank you awfully for sending it to me.

I hope you have had a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, we have had a ripping Xmas we are just going skating so I must stop now. I will let you know about Rupert when I know if he bagged the trejfur I bet he scalps the squar for putting him on a beastly sent. It is a ripping book, thank you awfully.

Love from ARCHIE.

II. From Nancy (8) to the same.

DARLING UNCLE DICK,—Thank you, darling, for the lovely book. I think it is lovely. I like it very much. I hope you will have a happy Xmas darling, my book is lovely. We have had a very happy Xmas and are quite well. I hope you are quite well. How is your darling dog Rags, have you told him about my lovely book? You must see, darling, that I have nothing more to say, so I must stop, mustn't I? Good-bye, darling Uncle Dick. Your loving NANCY.

P.S.—It is lovely about my book.

III. From Mary (13) to the same.

MY DEAR UNCLE DICK,—Thank you for your truly kind present which I shall enjoy reading very much. I have had many nice presents this Christmas, including a work-basket from Mother, a writing-desk from Father, a violin-stand, and many other nice presents. I am a very lucky girl, am I not? I must now tell you about Christmas. Well, we had a very nice Christmas, including a

Christmas-tree and a dance, and I think the children enjoyed it very much although Archie overate himself and had to go to bed early. I myself enjoyed the dancing best, it was a very pretty dance, and I had some nice partners. I think dancing is so delightful, I could dance all night. I shall soon be coming out and then I shall go to proper dances, which will be delightful.

Now I must close as the children want me to come and skate with them. Hoping you are quite well, I remain,

Your affectionate niece, MARY.

IV. From Harold (23) to Aunt Eleanor.

DEAR AUNT ELEANOR,—How perfectly ripping of you! As Kipling says, "A merciful man is merciful to his hot-water bottle," and this waistcoat which you have worked for it is just the thing for the cold weather. No, I certainly won't send it back, it fits splendidly. The least bit tight across the shoulders perhaps, but it will soon work that off.

We have had a very jolly Christmas here: lots of mistletoe (not that I care for that sort of thing myself) and dancing and theatricals. Some of us were going to have skated this afternoon, but young Archie has just come in dripping, and says that the ice doesn't bear after all. He's got to go to bed and have hot blankets and brandy, which makes the second time he's been to bed this Christmas. Bar the ordinary times, of course. He says he doesn't mind much, because he can finish his book; one Dick gave him, which, from all accounts, is horribly exciting. They are filling a hot-water bottle for him; but I'm blest if it's going to borrow your waistcoat, Aunt Eleanor. I expect, though, it has a trousseau of its own.

With my love and again very many thanks, Ever yours affectionately,

HAROLD.

V. From Dorothy (2) to the same.

(Dictated.)

DARLING GRANNY,—I love you. You good granny, I fought you comed by ve train and you wasn't. Pussy runned away. My sweet old granny, I love you a happy new ear. Dear old granny, how is Rags? I dreamt Rags was red and he didn't. I love you ninety-nine,

DOROTHY.

VI. From Thomas (4th) to the same.

(By proxy.)

DEAREST MUMMY,—You are too good to me! The sweet little gaiters are just what Baby wants when he takes his motor out! They are beautifully made, and it is so kind of you to have thought of it. I have shortened him this week, and the length over-all will be 23 for that frock you are making. How good of you! Baby and I are so happy. Perhaps you had better make it 24, and I can easily

put a tuck in. The width you wanted for the bonnet is three and a-half—how nice of you to think of it! Baby will be pleased. He has plenty of socks, dear, thank you, but if you have actually begun them the size will be the same as last time. Thank you so much, Mummy darling. Baby is grateful.

How funny! I was just saying that I must buy him some more gloves, and now you tell me you are wondering if he wanted any. It is sweet of you. Now it's no good asking me to measure his hand, because it's too tiny and dear for anything, but you'll know about what size. How proud Baby will be!

Good-bye, and will write about the things for Dorothy to-morrow. Baby sends his love, and so do I, and we both thank you very much.

Your loving ELAINE.

P.S.—I enclose a letter from Dorothy.

VII. Archie (10) to Messrs. Hamwich & Co.

DEAR GENTLEMEN,—Will you please forward on appo., as per catalouge, your five shilling Latham monoplane, gar-renteed to fly 50 (fifty) yards for which I enclose five shillings (5s. 0d.). It's the one on page 187 of your catalouge that you wind up, and it flies. I enclose the money. Can you forward it at once as I want it to-morrow, and please forward instructions how to fly it; I will pay carriage forward when I get it and I enclose five shillings (5s. 0d.) (In a postal order).

Hopping that you will forward this at once as per my esteemed order,

I remain, Yours affectionately,

ARCHIBALD

A. A. M.

THE NEW PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

[Among the season's novelties in ladies' furs are a coat of lion skin and a monster muff of bear.]

TIME was, if anyone expressed

A fixed resolve to cross the main,
To compromise the jungle's rest,
And give its fauna needless pain,
The thought would flash across my mind:—

"This gentle youth is far from happy;
Corinna must have proved unkind,
Or Sophonisba somewhat snappy."

But now appears a puzzling doubt.

My pity may be misbestowed
On one whose taste for dining out
Is merely martyred to a mode.
The girl will name the wedding morn,
When he enables her to try on
The latest thing in furs, as worn
By every leading bear or lion.

To a Certain Radical Orator.

If at first you don't succeed,
Lie, lie, lie again.



A CLOSE TIME COMING.

HECKLED PEER. "THANK HEAVEN I'VE ONLY TAKEN THIS JOB ON TILL THE 8TH."

[After the Issue of Writs the Peers are supposed to take no further part in Election contests.]

THE MYSTERY OF AN UMBRELLA.

It was quite an ordinary umbrella to look at, with a silver-studded bamboo handle, but the very first night Maurice brought it home I noticed a change in him. All through dinner he tried to avoid my eye, and, when he failed, began to talk hurriedly about the news on the posters, and for the first time in our hitherto happy married life he retired to his study immediately after the meal. Mamma was staying with us, certainly, but that did not explain Maurice's flight, for he was genuinely fond of her, and it was our custom after dinner to discuss some subject for the improvement of our minds, for Mamma had given us a beautiful Encyclopædia in twelve volumes as an aid to culture.

On this night Mamma and I discussed the Milky Way alone. We had got to "ASTRONOMY" in the "A's." But it fell flat, and when I heard Maurice's foot-step outside I whisked to the half-open drawing-room door to ask him to join us. He did not see me, and I drew back in amazement. He was in his shirt-sleeves and his stockinged feet, his hair was ruffled and his face flushed. He approached the umbrella-stand on tiptoe, carefully abstracted the new bamboo-handled umbrella without making a sound, and then, with a queer uncanny gleam of cunning in his eye, tiptoed softly back to his study.

Full of forebodings, after Mamma had gone to bed I went to the study door, but before I could turn the handle I heard Maurice's voice raised in sudden, violent anger. He was talking to the umbrella, for I heard him address it by name. Then his rage changed to pleading, and after that silence. I crept away to bed and cried myself to sleep.

Next day was Saturday; Maurice did not go up to town, but remained locked in his study with the umbrella from breakfast to lunch. I had occasion to pass the study door several times, and heard him talking to it, sometimes in the form of entreaty and sometimes with a wild outburst of anger. In the afternoon he took it out with him, though the sky was unclouded, and spent the evening alone with it in the study.

On Sunday morning he declined to come to church, and I went alone. The house stifled me. What was the matter I did not know, I dared not think. Mamma met me on the doorstep when I came back. She was very white. "My dearest child," she said, "Maurice is mad. Come and look at him."

I followed her with trembling limbs into the garden, to the study window which opens on the terrace. I peeped into the room. There sat my poor husband at the table with his umbrella

up! As we watched, horror-stricken, he rose and began to pace up and down the room with his head thrown back staring up into the umbrella, which he slowly revolved above him.

"We must get help," said Mamma, and we went together to Dr. Jackson, who plays golf with Maurice, and told him all about it.

"A curious form of dementia," he said, "but not uncommon. I'll come round at once and have a talk with him."

As he opened the study door I heard a click, as Maurice hastily put the umbrella down. The interview began with a gentle hum of talking, then Maurice's voice was suddenly raised in anger and a chair fell over with a crash. I rushed in.

"What the dickens does he mean by asking if I've got madness in the family?" cried Maurice. "I'm sane enough, aren't I?"

"Yes, my dear chap," said Dr. Jackson; "but we're all mad in one particular, and yours is—"

"The umbrella!" I sobbed, throwing my arms round my husband. "Has the umbrella bewitched you, darling, that you won't be parted from it, and talk to it and sit holding it above your head?"

Maurice burst out laughing.

"Well," he said, "it's a good thing you've found me out, for I believe I *should* have gone mad if I'd tackled it alone much longer. I've been trying to paste one of the new umbrella star maps into the inside of the beastly thing for a Christmas present for you, dear. You see, each section of the map fits a section of the umbrella and will be a great help in our astronomical studies, as we can always have a portable stellar universe above our heads. But the wretched umbrella wouldn't keep still, and then I got the sections mixed up—and look here, Doctor, now you *are* here you may as well lend me a hand."

The Doctor did; but Mamma and I retired to shed tears of thankfulness and wash away the traces with *eau-de-Cologne*.

From a letter in *Country Life* :—

"It may be useful to those who suffer by frosts to know that wood ashes sprinkled over the leaves of a plant—say cucumber—which is frosted will be quite unharmed."

Luckily there are less troublesome ways, if the need is imperative, of preserving wood ashes from frost.

"Miss Druce fortunately did not have much plate about, having had a large quantity stolen while in London some time ago."—*Mid-Sussex Times*.

Some people have all the luck. For ourselves, we are constantly losing our plate for want of previous burgling.

AFTER THE FAIR.

The proposal has often been made, but this year it is really to be carried into force, and *The Santa Claus Exchange and Mart* will be on the stalls in a few days. From early proof-sheets which have been sent to us we make some typical extracts :—

ANYONE IN NEED of a large variety of charming Christmas Presents to send away quickly as New Year's Gifts should apply at once to the undersigned, who represents a family richer than usual this year in duplicates. No reasonable offer refused, but would prefer to take five pounds for the lot—123 articles, many of them silver, all good.—Apply, etc.

TEDDY BEARS.—What offers for 14 Teddy Bears of mixed sizes, all new and never used, the owner having an old one to which she is devoted? Would take in exchange seats for *Peter Pan* or *Blue Bird*.—Apply, etc.

OLD-FASHIONED GENTLEMAN who likes to do things for himself wishes to dispose of a patent pipe-filler, a patent razor-strop, a folding walking-stick, an automatic cigar-lighter, an electro-plated egg-opener and a damp-detector for strange beds.—Apply, etc.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE perfect modern toy representing hospital operating-room, with surgeons, instruments, patients, etc., all complete, for good-sized old-fashioned doll's house.—Apply, etc.

TO UNCLES.—Uncles in need of silver match-boxes are requested to write to advertiser, who has nine to dispose of. All in perfect condition, although, as is usual with such things, the striking department is defective. Price 5s. each.—Apply, etc.

WHAT OFFERS for a pen-wiper that looks like a packet of tobacco, a paper-weight that looks like *Bradshaw*, a pencil-case that looks like a Mauser cartridge, and a pin-cushion that looks like the President of the French Republic?—Apply, etc.

FREE TRADER would like to find purchaser for a calendar of mottoes from the writings of J. L. GARVIN.—Apply, etc.

FANCY SLIPPERS—A BARGAIN.—The Rev. Narcissus Ockson finds himself this Christmas with more slippers than he can possibly wear (not being a centipede), all very beautifully worked and designed, ranging in size from sevens to tens. He begs to offer these to fellow-workers in the Church at half-a-crown a pair (or one-and-threepence each).—Apply, etc.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Diana (taking a toss). "Hi! CATCH MY HORSE!"

LITERARY VENTRILOQUY.

To Messrs. Latch and Bolt.

GENTLEMEN,—I am delighted with the reviews of my three books for school-girls published by you this autumn, viz., *Tippie's Holidays*, *The Merry Flapper*, and *Dot and her Clums*. All my books for the schoolroom are published by you and you alone, and these are the only three books written by me for YOUNG GIRLS this autumn.

With kind regards,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) ELSIE SCREED.

To Mr. Wineymann.

DEAR SIR,—I am immensely pleased with the eulogistic notices of my three novels for men and women of forty, published by you this autumn, viz., *Middle-aged Sinners*, *The Infatuation of Amanda Bodger*, and *The Neurotics*. All my full-blooded novels are published by you alone, and these are the only three books written by me for PEOPLE OF MATURE AGE this autumn.

With gratitude,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) ELSIE SCREED.

To Messrs. Archdeacon.

GENTLEMEN,—I am simply charmed with the reviews of my three books for very young children, published by you this autumn, viz., *A Squeaker's Romance*, *The Princess of Totland*, and *The Romance of a Teeny-Weeny*. All my "Tot books" are issued by you and you alone, and these are the only three books written by me for CHILDREN UNDER EIGHT this autumn.

With sincere goodwill,

Yours most truly,

(Signed) ELSIE SCREED.

To Mr. Badleigh Wale.

DEAR SIR,—I am more than content with the reviews of my three books for Countesses of advanced age published by you this autumn, viz., *Reminiscences of the Regency*, *Horrible Happenings*, and *The Eloping Grandmother*. All my old people's books are issued by you and you alone, and these are the only three books UNFIT FOR THE PERUSAL OF ANY ONE UNDER EIGHTY written by me this autumn.

With sincere regards,

Yours very faithfully,

(Signed) ELSIE SCREED.

SONG OF THE EARLY WORM.

It was the Early Worm that lay
Serenely tucked in bed.
He said, "I know that it is day,
But I'll not raise my head
Till I have heard the Early Bird
Fly far away," he said.

"The benefits that may be gained
By rising with the sun
Have been too artfully explained,
And may be overdone.
Upon my word, the Early Bird
Gets more than half the fun.

"Some proverbs when they are reversed
Are every bit as true,
And early rising may be worst
For me, though best for you.
Dear Early Bird, I have preferred
To wait an hour or two.

Fired by the enterprise of *The Daily Telegraph* in publishing a *feuilleton*, *The Sporting Times* is thinking of catering for the serious public with a column of "Mothers in Council," to be conducted by "Amelia"; and there are hopes that *The British Weekly* may be encouraged to devote some space to "Turf Tips" in the interests of Sporting Nonconformists.

CHARIVARIA.

So that the polling day for the Blackburn Parliamentary election may not clash with the football match between the Blackburn Rovers and Accrington Stanley, who meet on January 15th, the Mayor has provisionally fixed January 14th as the polling day. This determination that politics shall not interfere with sport is characteristic of the spirit that has made England what it is.

It is rumoured that a large contingent of American girls is on its way to this country to take part in the electoral contest. "Do not rob us of our Lords" is to be the burden of their appeal to the voters.

A gentleman, we hear, has offered to subscribe no less a sum than £1,000,000 to the Anti-Socialist fund provided fifty other persons will give a like amount before the end of the year. The offer is all the more creditable since the gentleman, we understand, is a man of small means.

"Shrinking London" is the title of an article in a contemporary. We expect that it is the effect of the rain. Most things shrink after being washed.

"There is no such thing as awful weather," said Judge WILLIS. He does not go quite so far as a distinguished literary man who reproved a friend for complaining of the weather with the words: "We are fortunate, Sir, to have any weather at all."

"The first theft was committed by EVE," said Mrs. GURNEY BENHAM in responding to the toast of "The Ladies" at a dinner of the Whitefriars Club, "but who was the first receiver of stolen property?" Men were receivers ever.

Burglars, last week, entered the residence of Mr. ALFRED SHUTTLEWORTH, J.P., and stole a valuable collection of twenty-seven snuff-boxes. Nothing else was touched. "Snuff's as good as a feast," they said.

Handkerchiefs in colours are the latest female fashion. It is the smart thing now to have one to match the nose, and, as a hard winter is promised, red is expected to be much in demand.

Among the prizes given at a recent distribution was one of ten guineas to the most truthful boy and girl attending

the school. This idea might be extended. Why not a prize, say, to the little one who commits fewest murders?

Vivette, the opera by TITO MAITEL, appears to have been discovered in a coal-cellar. There is nothing very remarkable in this. Many of our modern novels, we believe, have been traced to sewers.

The Bishop of Bristol states, in reply

is testing the eyesight of all men working on the roads. Only such persons as can distinguish minute objects, such as motor omnibuses, at a distance of ten yards will, we understand, be employed in the future.

"FARE, ONE PENNY FOR THREE STATIONS," advertises the Central London Railway, and a smart Yankee was heard asking for a penn'orth at Shepherd's Bush the other day, and choosing as his stations Marble Arch, British Museum, and the Bank.

"Have you tried Coalite?" asked one lady of another. "Oh, but I hear that there is something better to be had now, called Stovaine."

"Who's Who" is bigger than ever this year. "Who's Who?" sneered an individual whose name had not been included. "Who isn't Who, nowadays, I should like to know."

Answer to a Correspondent.—We should say that the greatest living authority on oaths is Judge BACON. "I never tip railway porters," said His Honour at the Bloomsbury County Court the other day.

"The disturbers were chiefly at the back of the hall, and as the rest of the gathering stood on the seats to watch them it was impossible for those at the front to see by what means the opposition was producing a continuous roar without inflexions or distinctive features."—*Morning Post*.

We have often noticed that the features of hooligans are undistinguished.

"The third try showed the wisdom of Solomon. He received the ball from Sibree, and at once cut through. He missed Poulton in his pass, but sent the ball straight out to Poulton, who finished off a dazzling movement."—*The Referee*.

This sounds like one of SOLOMON'S brightest efforts.

From a testimonial:—

"Having grown your Princess of Wales Tomato for three years, I can highly recommend it both for inside and out." Inside, of course; but try it externally for blushing—the homeopathic cure.

A leading article in *The Nation* is called "The Massing of the Grand Army." "And who is Massingham?" asks a young humorist.



Landlady (to lodger). "ARE YOU IN THE BATH, SIR?"

Voice between the splashes. "YES. WHAT D'YOU WANT?"

Landlady. "I FORGOT TO TELL YOU I HAD IT FRESH PAINTED INSIDE LAST NIGHT, SIR, AND IT WON'T BE DRY FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS!"

to a correspondent, "It is not legal for a layman, whether licensed or not, to speak in church." The layman is, so to say, only a sleeping partner of the clergyman.

Some of the most prominent doctors in Paris have formed a "medical orchestra," and intend to give concerts. Few persons, we suspect, have any idea what a beautiful thing is the Sneezing Song when accompanied by a performer on the nasal catarrh.

In consequence of the growth of motor traffic, the Barnes District Council

AT THE NEXT TABLE.

["For doth he not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it."—*Sir Philip Sidney on the Functions of the Poet.*]

SITTING as I did at the next table, I could not help hearing a large part of his conversation with the waiter. That is, after it had begun; but it was a long time before the waiter served him at all.

He had come in so anonymously, so to speak, and had begun reading his book, and groaning, so quickly, that the waiter, who was busy, had some excuse for attending to others first.

At last, during a lull, he approached the reader.

"You've been a long time," the reader said, dejectedly rather than with anger.

"Yessir," said the waiter. "Great pressure of orders, Sir. Very sorry, Sir."

"It doesn't matter," said the reader. "One may as well dine late as early."

Or, indeed, why dine at all?"

"Oh, Sir!" said the waiter in shocked tones. "Better dine, Sir. If we don't dine, Sir, we die."

"Well, and why not?" asked the reader. "We've got to die sooner or later: why not sooner? It's only a moment in all time, anyway—even if you live to be ninety. And one is the sport of Chance all the while, the plaything of Destiny, the toy of cruel Fate."

"Oh, Sir," said the waiter, "you're hungry, that's what it is. And when one's hungry one's spirits sink. Let me get you something tasty. What do you fancy now? Calves' head? Very good to-day."

"Calves' head?" said the reader. "Why not? Any head will do; I leave it to you. Get me your 'something tasty.'"

"Yessir," said the waiter. "And the wine, Sir?"

"Wine? Ah, yes! Get me wine," said the reader. "Let it be strong and bemusing. Let it induce oblivion."

"Yessir," said the waiter. "But not here, Sir. Oblivion not allowed on the premises, Sir. We should lose our licence, Sir."

"All right," said the reader. "Let it produce oblivion—but only at the proper time and in the proper place." And he turned to his book again and sighed.

I watched his face as it grew more grey and weary and hopeless. "It must be a corking book," I thought.

By-and-by the waiter brought the calves' head (why don't they call it calf's head, I wonder?) and a bottle of what looked like Burgundy, but whether from France or the land of the *Wellingtonia gigantea* I could not see.



"MARY, MISS SMITH TOLD US THIS MORNING THAT EVE WAS GIVEN TO ADAM BECAUSE IT'S NOT GOOD FOR A MAN TO BE ALONE. BRING YOUR WORK AND SIT WITH ME."

The man ate and drank listlessly, still reading and groaning.

By-and-by the waiter came for his plate.

"Did you like it, Sir?" he asked.

"No," said the man.

"Oh, Sir, I'm sorry, Sir," said the waiter.

"It's of no consequence," said the reader. "It will doubtless nourish me—keep me alive till to-morrow—and, after all, isn't that the idea?"

"I suppose it's part of the idea, Sir," said the waiter. "But we like our customers to enjoy themselves too."

"Enjoy myself!" said the reader. "Great heavens! do people still talk like that? Enjoy—in this world of despair and frustration!"

"I'll bring the sweets," said the waiter, tactfully disappearing.

"Oh, sweets!" exclaimed the reader to himself, smiting his forehead.

He struggled with them, however, and soon after went, still the picture of woe.

He left his book behind, and before he hurried back to reclaim it I had a glance at its title. It was Mr. HARDY'S new volume of poems.

AERO-GOLF.

A COMBINATION of two popular sports is suggested in *Flight*. It is to be called "Flight Golf," played with model aeroplanes. The competition consists in the attempt of each operator to fly his model from hole to hole in a less number of separate flights than his opponent. According to its originator, for the moment there is no need for the more enterprising of his readers to wait for any rules at all. We think this is a mistake, and hasten to supply some rules, and for the real article, in preference to mere toy machines:—

1. A full-sized course shall consist of eighteen holes from fifty to one hundred miles apart, the holes consisting of any convenient chalk or gravel pit.

2. The aeroplanes shall tee off from the race-course or football ground nearest to the previous hole, the use of pylons and starting-rails being disallowed.

3. Aviators shall be permitted to address their machines, their mechanics, or the bystanders in any language they prefer, always provided that it is not calculated to provoke a riot.

4. False starts, apologies for failure of the motor, or running along the ground for more than a hundred yards, shall be deemed to be "foozling," with a penalty of the loss of a flight.

5. If the aeroplane lie in water, the driver, unless drowned, may take it out, rinse it if he pleases, and play from behind the hazard, losing a flight.

6. Whatever happens to an aeroplane by accident, such as colliding with a tree or chimney-stack, coming to pieces in mid air, etc., must be reckoned a "rub on the green," and submitted to.

7. If the driver or his mechanic strike the opponent's machine in any manner, that side loses the hole.

8. In match-playing, an aeroplane lost entails the loss of the hole, unless any machine that has started off without an occupant be recovered within twenty minutes.

9. If an aeroplane be completely invested with fog, brushwood, haystacks, etc., only so much thereof shall be set aside as will permit the player to have a view of the landscape before he plays.

10. No houses, growing trees, railway embankments or other impedimenta may be removed when a machine is bunkered.

11. If an aeroplane splits in two or more pieces, a fresh machine shall be put down where the largest portion lies.

12. Any aeroplane that stymies another must be wheeled aside and carefully replaced.

13. On all occasions a two-plane match may pass a party playing three or more planes.

ZIGZAG.

FESTIVE AMENITIES.

It seems that the mottoes of Christmas Crackers take more doing than one might suppose, otherwise authors and publishers would not append their names and notices of copyright to compositions like the following:—

BELLS RING.
HEARTS SING.

M. F. BUCKSTALL
("OWEN SWAYLE")
(Copyright U.S.A.).

LANGHOLME, DUDE & COY, LTD.,
Boston, U.S.A.; London, England and
Paris, Europe.

IF WE NEED NOT A FRIEND,
THEN SHALL WE, IN VERY
SOOTH, NEED NAUGHT ELSE.

BISHOP PONDERTWIST.

(Copyright in U.S.A., Great
Britain and Ireland, the British
Colonies, and all countries
parties to the Berne Convention.)

VERNON SWATT & COY., LTD., New York,
and JOHN TWID, London, England, to
whom all applications for Colonial rights
should be made.

Mr. Punch's own card was as follows:—

WISHING YOU A MERRY XMAS
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

All other authors please copy.

From a Winchester exam. paper:—

"Find, by practice, the weight of 5 lik., 3 mo., 4 tras., 7 paras., 8 param., of cobweb at '000137 milligramme per 1 khya, correct to nine places."

"Wykehamist" writes that he has been practising this for hours, but whether it is that his scales are wrong, or that he wants more practice, he can't get the ninth decimal place correctly.

"Achiniji begs to announce that he is opening a new Hotel at Khandalla in the specious bungalow of the late Sir Jamsetji, known as the 'Duke's Retreat.'"—*The Times of India*.

Forward the Dukes! More speciousness.

"Wm. E. Chalk was summoned under the Food and Drugs Act, 1875, for selling adulterated milk."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.

Still, with a name like that!

"NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS. — 'D' next week."—*Rugby Advertiser*.

Well, well, let's see what it's going to be like first.

A TEMPORARY CRISIS.

THIS is the time, O Muse,
When man at large looks back,
And mourns the past that he reviews
In ashes and a sack;
It also brings the date,
Unless I've counted wrong,
When you and I must celebrate
Our century of song.

Yes, with the turning year,
Our hundredth Punchian Op.
Will, barring accidents, appear;
And, if you give the crop
A moment's retrospect,
You'll find on every page
A barren tale of gross neglect
Of duty to the Age.

It is the poet's rôle
The stormy heart to calm,
To brighten up the suffering soul
With what is known as balm,
To bid men shun the base,
'To execrate the low,
And, broadly, teach the human race
To give the Good a show.

Thus, from his purer height,
With deep and subtle lore
He brings them nearer to the light
Than where they were before.
That is the poet's use:
That is his task—and I've
A notion it's his one excuse
For being left alive.

But, if these hundred lays
Contain one song to set
The feet of man in loftier ways,
I haven't found it yet;
If they can show one thought
Of solace or rebuke,
One moral lesson, nobly taught,
It got there by a fluke.

No. From the very start
We have not sought to guide
The reader's morals, or his heart;
Indeed, we haven't tried.
How much he might have stood
Is neither here nor there;
If we had failed to do him good,
That would be his affair.

Muse, at this crucial time,
Come, let us take a pull,
And henceforth stick to the Sublime,
The Deep, the Beautiful;
Come, let us build anew,
Reform our readers' lot,
Teach them, in fact, a thing or two,
And show the Age what's what.
DUM-DUM.

"4 CAVENDISH CRESCENT, BATH, for sale, at Price 14 per cent. less than that refused just before present Government took office."—*Bladud* (This is not an oath, but the name of a Bath paper).
Vote for the Government and cheaper crescents.



Friend (to depressed son of the House, whose Father is giving a little amateur conjuring entertainment). "BUCK UP, OLD CHAP. IT ISN'T YOUR FAULT YOUR GUV'NOR'S MAKING SUCH AN ASS OF HIMSELF."

THE SHADOWS.

SPOKESBY-ON-OOZE is a delightful town—not perhaps quite so busy as your metropolis—but replete (yes, "replete" is good journalism) with refined culture and polished society. At this season of the year, too, Spokesby is at its gayest. Spokesbians never leave their town at Christmas for the Riviera—can you say as much for your Londoners? We have before us the prospect of the Primrose League Annual Ball and Supper, the Social Club Whist Drive and Hot Pot Supper, and a Dramatic Entertainment by the junior members of the Amalgamated Order of Ancient Shepherds, followed by a Supper. Yet with all these gaieties in view we are uneasy. Our mirth is forced, our anticipations are nervous, even our appetites are failing. Across our ancient constituency the shadows of Jubber and Snooks have fallen. I heard Jubber first. He was tremendous:—

"This $\frac{1}{2}d.$ tax on undeveloped land is the thin end of the wedge. When it is driven home, as driven home it will be unless the honest, intelligent, upright impartial toilers of Spokesby come to the support of a sympathetic House of Lords—and on the heart of each peer is written the words, 'The Rights of Spokesby'—what shall we see? Your ancient parish church will be given up to the impious gambols of atheistic Socialists. Your wives and daughters

will be redistributed according to the dictates of Trades Union agitators. Think of that as you sit by your firesides and gaze on your beauteous wives and sweet babes. You working men, gaunt and half clothed, will stagger down the streets of your historic borough looking with pathetically intelligent eyes for the work that is not there. Your great colonies, proud hitherto of the mutual attachment between Spokesby and themselves, will leave you with loathing. The Crown, the Church, the Country and the Empire, nay even the Corporation of Spokesby itself, will all be submerged beneath the *ignis fatuus* of a devastating Socialism. And when the German Invasion comes, as come it will, as you lie under the iron heel of a German conqueror, the nations of the earth will declare in chorus, 'Spokesby betrayed the virtuous peers and richly deserves its fate.'"

That settled me. I was determined that nothing of the kind should happen, so I went to Snooks's meeting the following night with an impartial mind and a brick-bat in my pocket.

But Snooks was just as tremendous.

"What does this 2s. tax on corn mean? Pause and think, I beseech you, enlightened and intelligent toilers of Spokesby. If it be forced on you by the autocratic action of an irresponsible House of Lords let me tell you calmly, quietly, and with a full sense of responsibility, what the consequences will be.

Your old-age pensioners will barter the bounty given them by a generous Liberal Government for a single meagre loaf of rye bread. Your good wives will starve themselves to save the scanty morsel of horse-flesh, which will constitute your mid-day meal, for their puny, crying babes. The wail of the starving will be ever in your ears. And all the time fur-coated Peers will hover over you in expensive aeroplanes drinking the costliest brands of champagne and crying out, 'We have taken the Spokesby toiler's food and land—now let us annex his air.'"

I took my brick-bat home with me.

This is the awful problem that darkens our festal season—Starvation-and-Jubber or Ruin-and-Snooks. Even if they run a dead-heat the mayor has a casting vote. My only hope was in the Unionist Free Traders; but can they with only six candidates get a working majority in the House of Commons? I fear not. Still the time calls for action. As a Briton I must do something. I have therefore resolved in view of the pre-vailing uncertainty to defer paying my Christmas bills till after the General Election.

"Miss Meehan again appeared and sang 'Sweet is True Love.' . . . The words are very nicely strung together."—*Mayo News*.

It is all very well to praise TENNYSON now that he is dead. But what did *The Mayo News* do for him in his lifetime?



Alarmed Motorist (after collision). "ARE YOU HURT?"

Butcher Boy. "WHERE'S MY KIDNEYS?"

TWIN SOULS.

NONE can deny it: when a wanton par
Announces that your boyhood's queen has chosen
To get engaged elsewhere, it is a jar,
You feel as if the pumps of joy were frozen;
Yes, Clara, when I found that news, amid
The talk on toques and tippets,
A wet, wet tear descending from its lid
Watered the social snippets.

I thought of all the *tête-à-têtes* we'd had
Since both of us were young (and slightly tubbish)
The golden memories of the past, egad!
The times they told us not to talk such rubbish;
Of how we'd watched the lamplight's glimmering sparks,
The cloud-hung dawns together,
And made precisely similar remarks
Disparaging the weather.

I thought, ah yes, I thought of lots of things,
Of shattered toys, of dainties that we'd gobbled,
Of how we'd hankered for the moon or wings,
And most of all how frequently we'd squabbled;
And, as I mused, the envy passed away;
And so, in this poor ditty
Congratulations to the brute, I say,
Blent with a touch of pity!

One that has only wooed when skies are fair,
Flattered your every charm with praises fulsome,
Toyed with the tangles of your golden hair,
Little he knows your temper when one pulls 'em;
He has not seen the sulks, the rising squall,
He has not pierced the riddles

Of what, I think, your nurse was wont to call
Miss Clara's taradiddles.

Lawks, when he does! but still one never knows;
He may be just that paragon of mortals
Who never treads on other people's toes,
And, when they tread on his, serenely chortles;
If that be so, I feel the less aghast
That fate divides two figures
Who, still remembering their childish past,
Would fight, no doubt, like niggers.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In the poem in your last number, *The
Plaint of an Association Football*, I was surprised to read:

"And ten stern men on either side stood hungrily around."

I always thought there were eleven a side. Yours, PUZZLED.
[If "PUZZLED" will kindly read a little further on he will
come to the goalkeepers. They weren't hungry.—ED. PUNCH.]

"There has been talk for years about constructing a subway from
the Temple to the Law Courts. When a bencher or a popular K.C.
has been killed, perhaps the quarrels will be arranged and the subway
be constructed. It would be a great boon to lawyers."

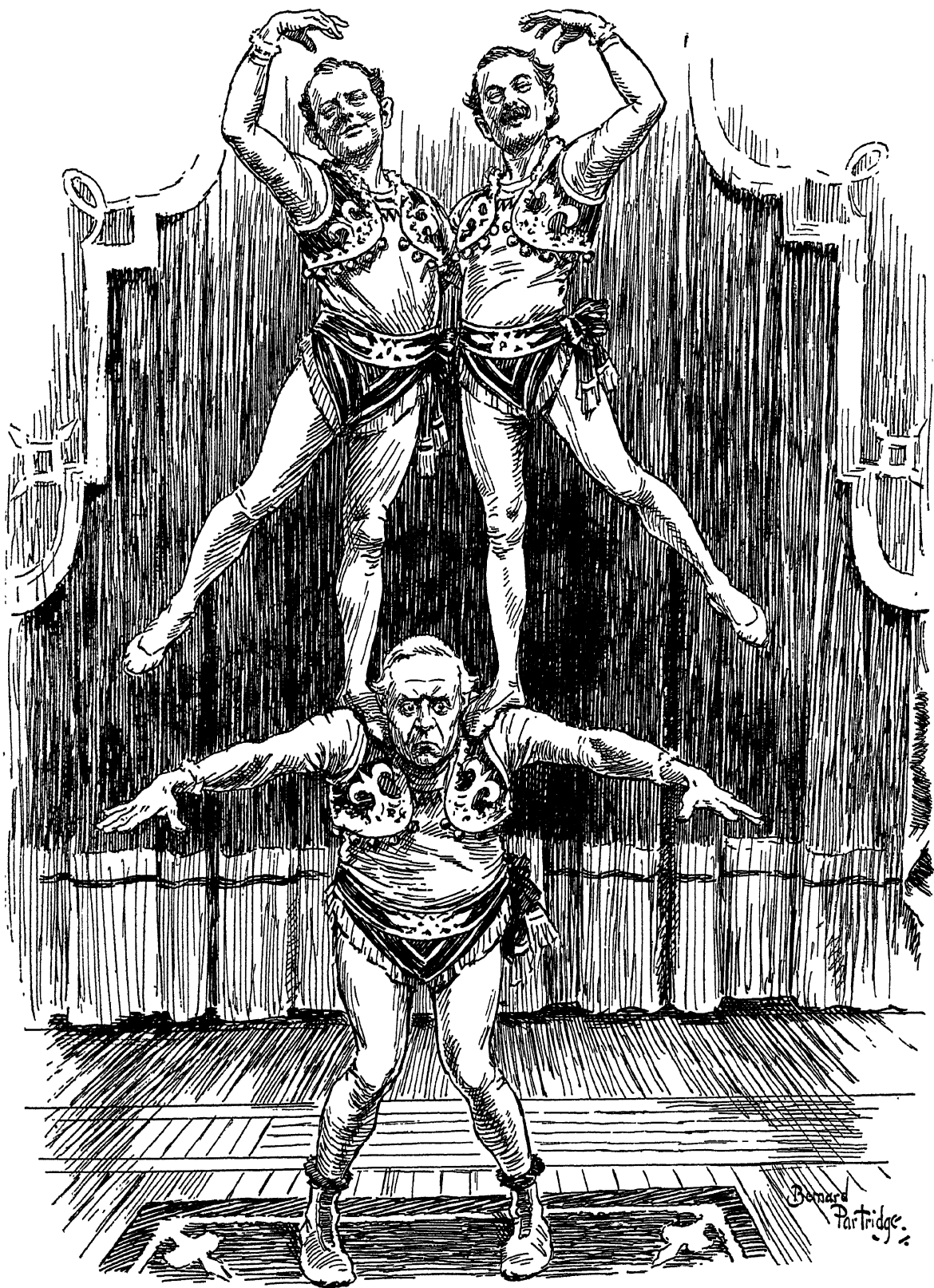
—*Scottish Law Review*.

We regret this imputation as derogatory to the high tradi-
tions of the Bar.

"Complainant said she was married in Edinburgh in March, 1903,
where they lived for a time, and one child was born, in January, 1904.
Half-a-year later he left her mother's house, where he had been
residing, because he was asked to contribute to her maintenance."

—*Eastern Daily Press*.

Lazy little beggar!



“SUPPORTERS” RAMPANT.

AN HERALDIC INVERSION.

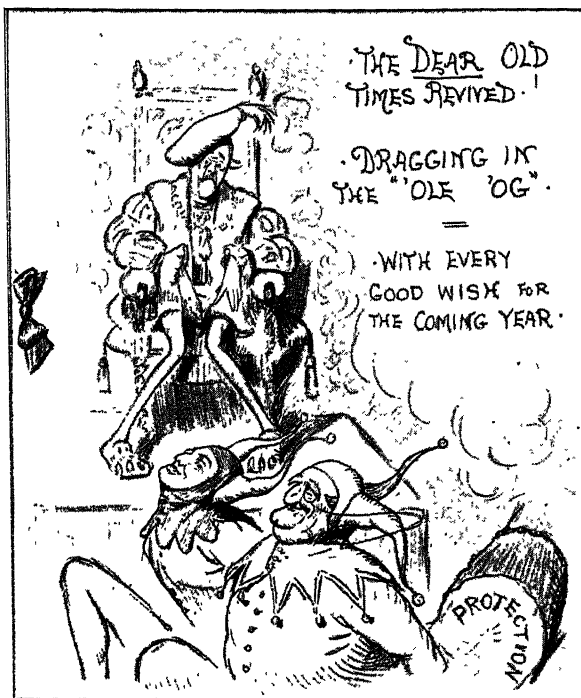
SOME CHRISTMAS CARDS WHICH HAVE BEEN SUPPRESSED BY THEIR RECIPIENTS.

WISHING YOU A MERETRICIOUS MESS



A LITTLE ROBBIN'.

TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE FROM A BACKGROUND LANDLORD.



THE DEAR OLD TIMES REVIVED!

DRAGGING IN THE "OLE 'OG".

WITH EVERY GOOD WISH FOR THE COMING YEAR.

TO MR. BALFOUR FROM A FREE TRADE UNIONIST.

RINKOMANIA.

THE wild furore created by the vogue of roller-skating may be best measured by the enthusiasm with which its devotees are taking up the idea of applying foot-wheels to other popular pastimes. The coming Spring, for instance, is certain to see a number of golf-rinks laid out, and though skate-football has not yet caught on (partly owing to the quarrel between the Amateur Tumblers and the Professional Castors Association on the subject of the back-charge) Lord MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU and the Hon. C. S. ROLLS are already practising with a 60-swallow-power motor-boot at Brooklands.

The literature of a sport is another sure index to its popularity, and no more tasteful brochure has appeared for some time than *Rink Wrinkles*, which gives a full history of the pastime and an explanation of its fancy figures, the prettiest of which perhaps is that in which the rink has wheels attached to both hands as well as to his feet. It has been cleverly called the quadrupedalogram.

WISHING YOU A MERRY ISTHMUS AND A "SCRAPPY" NEW YEAR.



TO PRESIDENT TAFT FROM A BLUEJACKET OF U.S. NAVY.

AN UNPOSTED CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

My dear Mr. Simpson, I've often been told That unmarried females should never be bold; If I merit the charge this must be my excuse, That in matters of heart you're extremely obtuse.

You call twice a week and subside in a chair, And fasten upon me a languishing glare, But the words will not come though I see that you try; Oh, dear Mr. Simpson, why are you so shy?

As you've noticed, young Footleby fancies me too; I admit that he can't hold a candle to you; But yet he may win if you will be so slow; I can't be kept waiting for ever, you know.

Oh, Edwin, for so I may call you in ink, I'm not nearly so hard to approach as you think, In fact, I just crave for the chance to confess That the aim of my life is to be Mrs. S.

The £1,000 prize for *bonâ-fide* Suffragettes (taught entirely by British rink-masters) for a skim between Piccadilly and the Poultry, starting at 12 noon on heavier-than-air skates, has not yet been claimed from the princely coffers of *The Daily Mail*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"His memory will always abide with me as that of the most unswervingly conscientious politician I have known." Thus Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL in his *Memoir of Sir Wilfrid Lawson* (SMITH, ELDER). Those privileged to study the character of Sir WILFRID at close quarters will acquiesce in this judgment. Honest conviction, possibly to some degree constitutional aversion from intoxicants, made him an inflexible teetotaler. From early years he devoted himself to a crusade against the drink traffic. As a rule the zealot who devotes his finest energies to "putting down" something or other that has attraction for his neighbours is not a peculiarly pleasant or a widely popular man. For at least a quarter of a century WILFRID LAWSON was not only one of the most highly esteemed but one of the best-liked men in the House of Commons. In his denunciation, whether of the Trade or of what he regarded as meddlesome foreign policy, he spared no one, not even his beloved leader, Mr. GLADSTONE. But he was ever so good-humoured, often so witty, that his animadversions left no sting behind. With due modification he acquired the position in Parliament held in ancient Courts by an astute jester. He opportunely said things that would have been suffered from no one else. "Gay wisdom" was the happy phrase by which DISRAELI described his contributions to debate. I think, on the whole, he was wittier in private conversation than in his studied speeches. For these his impromptus were always written out in his study, and there was no attempt at concealment of the MS. notes on which they were written. In the give and take of ordinary conversation his humour flashed forth with the added delight of unexpectancy. A considerable portion of the volume is made up of a diary Sir WILFRID kept, in which he noted down the course of Parliamentary events. The narrative is marked by shrewd judgment and lightened by many stories.

I forgive Mr. EDMUND SELLAR for putting a bull and a red parasol into his first chapter, and for making unabashed use of a knowledge of tea-planting in Ceylon for the purposes of novel-manufacture, because he has introduced a gentleman clothed in the mantle of Mr. Pickwick into *Where Every Prospect Pleases* (BLACKWOOD), a title which ought, in fairness to the reader, to have continued, "And man is none so vile." Mr. Tanqueray (no relation to other literary parties of that name) is a middle-aged, good-hearted Englishman who gets into such absurd scrapes that the heart of the reader is warmed to him, especially when he starts for the voyage to Colombo, equipped with no other luggage than his eloping daughter's wedding trousseau. The young people in the story are not very stimulating, and it is hard to beat up a

fervid interest in their love affairs, or in the account of a Rugby football match, played with all the pomp and circumstance of a public-school story, between Colombo and Up-country. The heroes, and the ladies who applaud them, are harmless and nice enough, but if ever I go out to court the spicy breezes that have inflated so many collection bags (though I am told that it is over "Java's isle," and not Ceylon's, that they "blow soft" in the more correct version of the hymn), it will be the prospect of meeting Mr. Tanqueray, tea-planter, that will please me most.

The other day, in the hope of finding out whether real Americans talked like the man who married *The Submarine Girl* (PAUL)—he called himself "*Theo Throckmorton* of New York every time"—I patronised the Savoy, and, disguising myself with a toothpick, a cock-tail and oysters à l'Americaine, sat and listened to the conversation of my neighbours. And, lo and behold, not one of them said "Shake," or "Say now," or "I guess," or "Every time," and

not one of them was goldarned or euchered. But if *Throckmorton* was not the real thing what about *The Submarine Girl* and her story? How could I believe in a notorious Nihilist (of Irish extraction) who, during a visit of the Tsar to London, carried about in her pocket, by way of a joke, as she afterwards explained, a sham bomb? It seemed to me that the joke, like the bomb, had nothing in it. But it led to her being so closely pursued by *Popplepoff*, an agent of the Russian secret police with practically no sense of humour, that she and he and *Throckmorton* got shut up together in the American's submarine,

and only escaped from *Popplepoff's* myrmidons by submarining off round the world. On the way they bumped up against the real original *Flying Dutchman*, made friends with *Vanderdecken* and his crew and sailed in her to Capetown, where *Vanderdecken* passed as an eccentric British nobleman (really the poor peers are not quite so behind the times as all that), and *Popplepoff* married the Dutchman's mother-in-law. I am afraid I am like *Popplepoff*. I don't see where the joke comes in. Perhaps I am taking *The Submarine Girl* too seriously. But then so does Mr. EDGAR TURNER, the author of her being.

"An otter was shot at Exmouth yesterday by George Holman, a boatman, while reclining on a Holman, a boatman."—*Western Morning News*.

It sounds an easy shot. (Now then, chorus, please, gentlemen, "*Holman, a boatman, a boatman.*")

"GRAND Classical Landscape. By Deleneavit after Pietro de Cortona. The only landscape done by that old Master."—*From a Catalogue*.

On the contrary, Deleneavit (or Delineavit, to give him his usual spelling) was notoriously one of the most strenuous and catholic of the Old Masters.



The Necromancer (to Assistant). "HIE THEE SWIFTLY TO THE TOWN, JOHN, AND BRING HITHER A CROSS-EYED, LEFT-HANDED, RED-HAIRED, SECOND-SIGHTED, SEVENTH SON OF A SEVENTH SON, WITH A MOLE ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF HIS NOSE. I'M FIXED IN THIS CONFOUNDED CIRCLE, AND I'VE FORGOTTEN THE WORD THAT REMOVES THE SPELL!"



FACING one another in their corner-seats, they had the air of *commis-voyageurs*, journeying in great comfort at other people's charges. It was something in the cut of their cloth caps that betrayed them. By still more subtle signs I determined that one was travelling in laces and the other in hose or legwear.

A third person, in the corner opposite to mine, was concealed behind a copy of *The Times*; but he, too, might be a commercial, and indeed, judging by a large bookish parcel in the rack above him, I guessed that he should be travelling in literary goods, possibly some illustrated series such as was pressed upon me in my freshman's year—*The Abbays of England*, perhaps; or *Wits and Beauties of the Court of Louis Quatorze*.

I am always glad to pick up pearls of wisdom from my fellow-passengers, and when Laces and Legwear attacked the question of the hour I threw out a prehensile ear in their direction.

"Well," said Laces, "and what's your fancy for the Elections?"

"Tariff Reform should just about pull it off," said Legwear. (I deduced that Legwear was a Conservative.)

"Ah, but what about the Lords?" said Laces. "The country is sick of 'em." (I gathered that Laces was a Radical.)

"The Lords have always been popular," said Legwear, "and they've only added to their popularity by this appeal to the People."

"You may call it that," said Laces; "I call it war on the People and on the rights of Parliament. The hereditary system is played out."

"It's as good a system, any day, as the system of Parliamentary Elections. One would think, to hear you fellows talk, that the Commons were the flower of the country, instead of consisting of just anybody who happens to come along. Who are they? Men who chance to have a little more money or leisure than they know what to do with; men on the make; men who want to join a better club than they could get into otherwise; men who like to hear themselves talk; out of the whole pack not fifty who stand because they simply want to serve their country; scarcely a score who are chosen because they are the absolutely best men for the job."

"Anyhow," protested Laces, "they *are* chosen; they don't get there simply by the accident of birth."

"There's a good deal to be said for the accident of birth and upbringing," said Legwear, "if your father happens to be a distinguished man of affairs. And if the distinction dates further back there is at least family tradition to help to keep you right. In any case a Peer is independent of popular favour. He hasn't to lick a voter's boots, or slobber over his babies, in order to get a seat in Parliament."

"Which means that he represents nobody."

"Well, and how much are we represented by our so-called representatives? The minority—they're nearly half the country—never get represented at all. And who are these people who represent the slightly larger half? What are the

facts about the men that you and I voted for, last election? We both voted for men we had never clapped eyes on—you for the Squire's eldest son, who was nominated on the ground that he was a likely chap for subscriptions to clubs and happened to be a Liberal because his father was; and I for a carpet-bagman from Lord knows where, sent down by the Caucus. And these are the men whom you describe as the heaven-sent choice of the People. They are nothing of the sort. The People vote for party posters, not for men."

"Well, we've got some good posters this time."

"Nothing so good as the Chinese Slavery posters of 1906, though I see that you have a fairly smart one to illustrate the Old Age Pensions lie. That ought to do some useful work among the timid and ignorant."

"My dear fellow, if I were you, I shouldn't talk too much about Old Age Pensions. Your Tories weren't very enthusiastic over that Bill."

"They preferred a contributory system, and quite right too. But they won't shirk national obligations. The real danger for Old Age Pensions comes from *your* party. If you get in again and let your Socialists cut down the Navy, good-bye to Old Age Pensions. A crushing war-indemnity won't leave us with any spare cash for charity; and you can hardly expect the German Government to pay 'em."

"You're surely not raking up that old bogey?" said Laces.

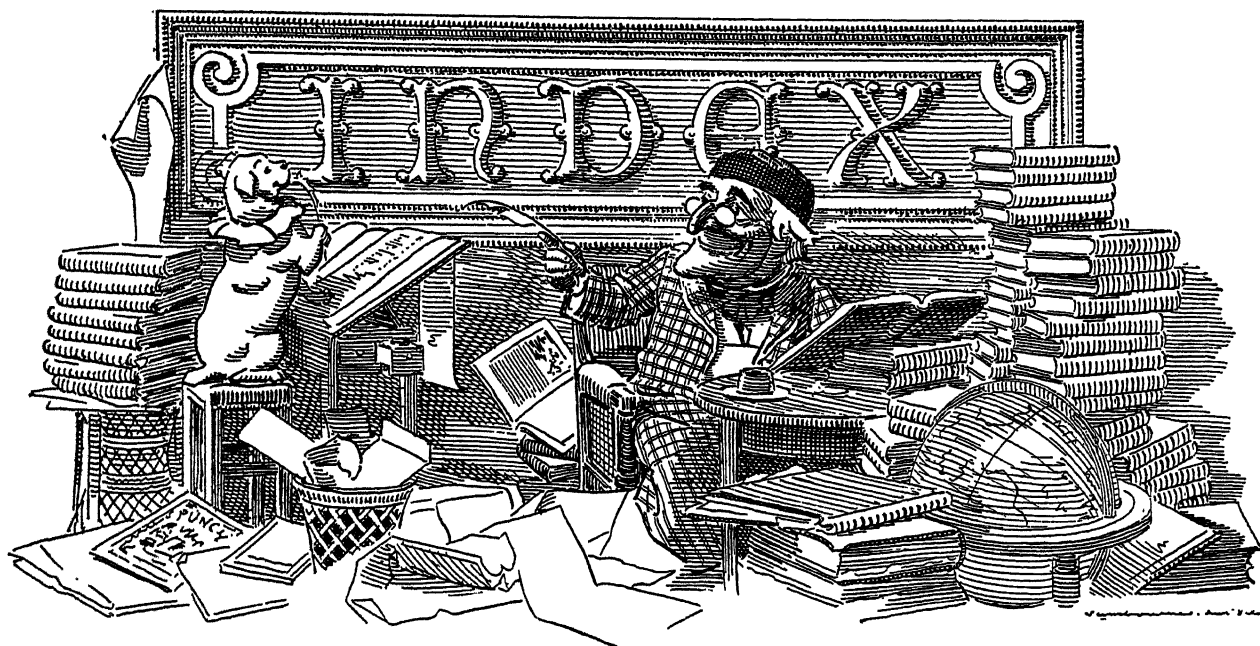
"In the first place," said Legwear, "it's not a 'bogey,' but just the most substantial object under our noses; and in the second place it's not 'old.' It was only born a few years ago, and most of its growing has been done under the present Liberal Government. There's not much point in claiming the credit for Old Age Pensions if you neglect to insure them with an invincible Fleet."

During the last part of this discussion I had observed a tremor of emotion passing over the figure opposite to me. *The Times* was now lowered, and I beheld a countenance of extraordinary geniality and benevolence. "Gentlemen," said its proprietor, "I will not take sides in your argument, but I do beg to endorse the view of the last speaker, namely that a strong Navy is a necessity for the insurance of our Old Age Pensions. Yet we need a further insurance if Old Age is to be not only pensioned but happy. Such an insurance I carry with me."

On that he rose, and, turning to reach up to the rack, discovered a hump, by which I had no difficulty in recognising the Sage of Bouverie Street. Taking down his parcel, he undid it and exposed a number of goodly tomes; of which he selected two identical specimens. These he handed with a very captivating smile to the two politicians, saying, "Gentlemen, this is my insurance for a happy Old Age; usually of a contributory character, but in your case tendered gratis by way of compliment. Permit me to present each of you with a sample of my

One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh Volume.





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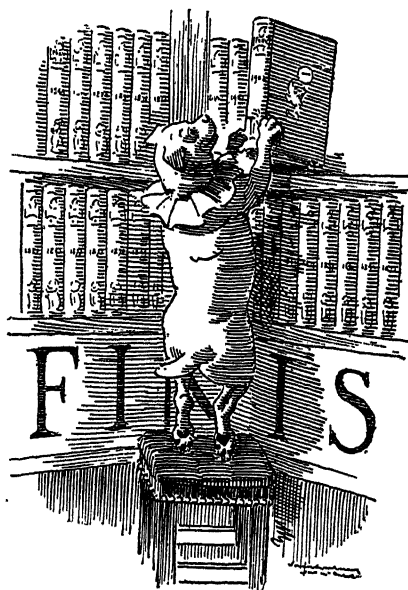
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